The Famous

HISTORY

OF THE

RISE and FALL

OF

MASSANIELLO.

In Two Parts.

WRITTEN

By Mr. *THO. D'URFEY.*

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Dramatis Personæ.

DON *Tiberio*, Prince of *Bissignano*, Duke of *Mataloni*.
Don Pedro di Caraffa, his Brother.
Cardinal *Filloncini*, Arch-Bishop of *Naples*.

Massaniello, alias *Tomas Annello* of *Amalfi*. — First a Fisherman, and after made Captain-General of the *Neapolitans*.

Pedro di Amalfi, his Brother ——— a Ruffian.
Julio Genovino, ——— a Jesuit, his Counsellor.

Perone. — A famous *Banditti*; at first, accomplice with *Massaniello*, afterwards brib'd against him by *Mataloni*'s Faction.

Rock Brasile. — A Roguish Insolent Scrivener; afterwards made Secretary and Adjutant to *Massaniello*.

Bartallo ——— a Butcher.
Valasco ——— a Taylor.
Jacomo ——— a Miller.
Gaspar ——— a Smith.
Scipio ——— a Cobler.

Principal of the Mob, belonging to *Massaniello*.

WOMEN.

Dona Aurelia ——— the Vice-Queen.
Bellerania ——— her Sister.
Dutchess of *Mataloni*.
Blowzabella ——— Wife to *Massaniello*.
Belvidere ——— a Tanner's Wife.
Ursula ——— Wife to *Pedro*.

A *Servant Wench*, with other Women, Wives, Sisters, *&c.* belonging to the Mob; together with *Suitors*, *Priests*, *Choristers*, *Singers*, *Dancers*, and *Attendants*.

The *Scene*, *Naples*; the *Time*, Four days.

To the Right Honourable

THOMAS Lord *LEIGH*,

OF

Stone-Leigh, in the County of *Warwick*.

My Lord,

WHen the Great *Atticus* retir'd from *Rome*, to employ his happy Hours amongst Rural Pleasures, tho his Contentment by that resolution, might be judg'd most Dear to him, at a distance from the Town's Hurry and Noise, to indulge with the charming Quiet, and sweet Diversions of the Country, yet nevertheless, the Merit and Vertue of such a Patron being too highly Celebrated, to let any envious Space be a Bar to their Addresses; *Horace*, *Ovid*, and the rest, never fail'd in their Poetical Correspondence, nor in often Dedicating to so great a Judge, their choicest of Labours.

'Tis from this Scien, my Lord, that my present Ambition Sprouts and Grows; and tho the Work I present, is not so worthy as it ought to be (aspiring to this Honour;) and likewise tho my Acquaintance and Knowledge of your *Lordship*, is scarce old enough to warrant this Presumption, yet you have so large an Interest in *Fame*, that I am well assur'd, your unquestion'd Reputation will Dignify the one, and your of-

fer'd Courteſie, and generous Affability, Excuſe and Pardon the other.

The moſt material part of other *Dedications*, I am ſenſible, are generally ſtuff'd with the Patron's Praiſes, and tho my *Lord*, your generous Hoſpitality, your admirable Temper of Mind, and many other flouriſhing Vertues, which the World owns you to be Maſter of, may juſtly exact from a Poet his beſt Skill in an *Encomium*, yet fear to Offend, or leſſen the value of a Modeſt Courteſie, which in its own Nature, is above all that I can Write to Extol it, makes me deſiſt from a Theme fit to Inſpire the beſt of Pens, and Improve the richeſt of Fanſies.

'Tis doubtleſs the depraved Quality of the preſent Times, which makes that often appear Flattery, which conſidering the real *Merit* of the Perſon, may properly be but *Juſtice*. The greateſt Wits of former Ages, I am ſure, were of this Opinion, that never ſpar'd with their higheſt Elegance, to Illuſtrate the Character of their *Patrons*, who in return, with their choiceſt Favours, expreſs'd their Gratitude, without Bluſhing, or believing that to be a *Compliment*, which was Naturally a due belonging to their *Merit*.

When Sacred Virgil *by* Auguſtus *ſate*
To read the Work he was to Dedicate,
The Praiſes ev'n Extravagant did ſeem,
Yet Cæſar *did not think he Flatter'd him.*

But

But this in our Adulterated Age, is now looked on as an Offence, and conſequently the Meritorious miſs of their *Plaudit.* Be pleas'd therefore, *My Lord*, to believe, I *Think* what I dare not *Write*; and if your *Lordſhip* will be pleas'd to accept of this way of introducing my ſelf into your Favour, it will be as well the greateſt Happineſs, as higheſt Honour,

My LORD,

To Your Lordſhip's Eternally Obliged,

And Moſt Humble Servant,

Tho. D'urfey.

PRO-

PROLOGUE

By Mr. *Pinkethman*, [holding a Paper with Prick'd Notes, in his Hand.]

IF I'm of Age, to know what's Good from Bad,
I must declare our Patentees are Mad;
They've known my Comick Humour all along,
And yet this Morning sent me here——— a Song,
A nimble dapper Dancing-Master too,
And bids me chuse, for nothing else will do.
Mad, Mad, stark Mad. Let's see, Sol la, me, fol. [Sings.
Zooks, how like Midnight Screeker shall I howl;
For can they ever think I will comply———
I *Dance, I Sing;* * *they'd as good bid me Fly,* [Capers awkerdly.
For as toth' first, my English Bulk's not made;
I want an Air for Monsieur's *Capring Trade:*
And for the next,———
If they expect, I'll be a Capon for't,
I'd have 'em know, my Salary's too short;
I'd do much for Diversion of the Town,
But not do something to lose all my own.
Ah, Sirs, you are the cause of these our Streights,
You still have been our dire malignant Fates:
By your lewd Humours first, which when we follow'd
Our Smutty Plays out of our Doors were Hollow'd,
And Zealous Spirits 'gainst our Function Bellow'd.
And then besides, your Critick Quality,
Makes such a wretched Drug of Poetry,
That we are forc'd, to help our Withering Bays,
Strangers to Hire, of Sigismundian *Race,*
At Price so dear, we purchase Voices Killing,
They're Laughing at us, when we think 'em Trilling.
Oh, what vast Sums, since our late Vein of Plotting,
Have both our Houses paid, for Quavering and for Cutting:
So much, that I in Melancholy Case,
With looking Gravely, have quite spoil'd my Face:

They

They may be Merry, as their Gains provoke,
But I, a Loser, have forgot to Joak.
I was a taking Fool some time ago,
But now as out of Fashion as a Beau;
My Trade's quite spoil'd, I cannot vend my Ware,
Ah, would to Heav'n I were a Dancing Bear,
Or any other Monster, but a Player,
A singing French Baboon, just come from Lorrain,
A Hedg-hog, giv't but out that I am Foreign,
I'll draw the City Fops, *and Suburb Whores,*
And Cheat the Town by Sixes, and by Fours.
But since our Poet is resolv'd to day,
Once more to entertain you with a Play,
A famous Story, and known lately True,
Mixt with good Humour, and good Musick too,
Which there is in it, give the Devil his due:
I'll once more hope too, it will please your Fansies,
As well as if it were all Songs and Dances.
And if some Foes their Malice should pursue,
Let but our Friends do generous Justice too,
We'll Criticks fear no more, those Play degraders,
Than Wise Men did of late the new Invaders.
The first, our Heroes of sharp Understanding,
On Wit's fair Island, shall oppose from Landing.
Th' last, which some say, meer Courtesie retards
From coming, being Civil to our Guards,
Should, e'er their Hot-brain'd Frenzy hither call 'em;
Oh, how our Terrible Train'd-Bands would maul 'em.

EPILOGUE,

EPILOGUE,

By Mrs. *Rogers.*

FOr fear ill-Humour in your Hearts ſhould reign,
And that you ſhould be in the Damning Vein,
At my Suit, that am not oft ſo bold,
Suſpend your Judgment, till the Tale be told.
A Rebel's Riſe, we only now Preſent,
The next Part ſhews his Fall and Puniſhment;
And Unjuſt Judges you may well be thought,
That Sentence, e'er you have heard out the Fault.
For my own part, plagu'd with no envious Fury,
Were I to ſit among the Poet's Jury,
He ſhould come off, and have a Plaudit free,
For th' Character of my kind Lord and me:
A Husband vent'ring ſo to ſave his Wife,
And ſhe, for his ſake, ſlighting her own Life;
Our good Example, is enough to day,
Were there no Merit elſe to ſave the Play:
Turtles whom Love, ſo mutually does Wound;
Such Rarities——where are they to be found?
Therefore Gallants all, that your Spouſes love,
Pleas'd with the Subject, muſt our Scenes approve:
And you, fair Ladies, that have Husbands dear,
Concern'd muſt in the Poet's Cauſe appear;
Nor let the Virgin Stars forget to ſhine,
As they expect a Lover like to mine.
As for the reſt that ſlight theſe ſolid Matters,
The wild Town Doxies, and the Marriage haters,
If them you cannot Convert, you can Confound;
Give but your Hands, and let Conſent go round,
Their Hiſſes ſoon will in your Claps be Drown'd.

The

The Famous HISTORY OF THE Riſe and Fall of *Maſſaniello.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Noiſe within of Shouting, and crying Down with the Gabells; *Down with* Mataloni, *and* Viva, Viva Maſſaniello; Viva Maſſaniello. *Then Enter* Genovino Solus.

Genov. SHout on, ye Sons of Clamour, louder ſtill,
And fright the Grandees with obſtreperous Noiſe,
Whilſt I ſecure in Darling Policies,
Am pleas'd with the ſucceſs of my Deſigns againſt this vile ungrateful City *Naples.* Did ever Jeſuit Wrong'd die Unreveng'd, if he had power to effect it? No, the working Brain would burſt quite through the Skull, with the exceſs of Boiling Rage fermented, ſooner than leave that Scandal on our Order, That we forgive thoſe that Affront the Prieſthood. They lately choſe *Philomerino* Cardinal, and the officious Nobles throng'd the Conclave to ſhut out my Deſerts from being Preſident, as I ſo long Expected; which to revenge,——I've ſubtilly wove my ſelf into the Councels of the new Rais'd Plebeian, *Maſſaniello,* who tho a Fiſherman,—has yet a Spirit of unmatched Force; a Head too as well turn'd for Miſchief as this here——and who now with Reſolution and Senſe, not found before in ſuch Courſe Breeding, has ſtirr'd the People to put down the *Gabells*; ſome Numbers are already roſe, and—*Mataloni* and his Confederates, the Marks they ſhoot at. That Bow I'll help to bend; —— Oh!—here's the Idol Cardinal and the Great Duke——
They Plot their own Affair;
I'll to the Rabble and do Miſchief there. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Cardinal, *Duke di* Mataloni, *Don* Peppo *and Attendants.*

Mat. Five hundred Boys, let 'em not Fright your Eminence, Switches and Rods will send 'em Home agen.

Card. My Lord, I am not Frighted, yet let my Caution be of some uſe, if only to prepare Your Grace to take into conſideration the danger of ſuch ſudden Inſurrections.

Don Pep. What Danger can there be? Theſe Hot-brain'd Youths that march about with Weapons made of Canes, I'll undertake at th' ſight of a Whip and Bell, Like foiſting Curs, ſhall skulk into their Corners.

Mat. The hungry Mice are hunting after Cheeſe, a Cat will ſcare 'em all; —beſides the number is inconſiderable.

Card. They encreaſe hourly, and Men begin to follow 'em; not only ſo, but Headed, as I hear, by a Bold Fellow, who tho but a Fiſherman, has yet ſtrange Courage and uncommon Parts; one who I'm told, has, when his Net lay Idle, ſat often down to read in Politicks, and in his ſpare time ſtudy'd to catch Men.

Don Pep. Yes, Chapmen,—my good Lord,——Men for his purpoſe; Stewards of Families, or Clerks of Kitchens, Men proper to buy up his Fiſh.

Mat. Ha, ha, ha, ha. I hear indeed a Ruffian, one *Maſſaniello*, is the Ringleader of a Rout of Beggars, Fellows that wear half Breeches and no Stockings, cry out againſt me, choſen by the Vice-Roy, and th' reſt that Farm 'em, for impoſing *Gabells* on their Commodities: Your Grace no doubt, has heard too That I grow Rich—with ſuch Oppreſſions.

Card. The Rabble's Voice, My Lord, can give no Scandal. 'Tis bruited ſo indeed.

Don Pep. Tripe-eating Rogues.

Card. My Lord, my holy Function does oblige me to preach up Moderation, and to counſel thoſe I want Power to Govern—And I could wiſh Your Grace would make your ſelf more lov'd by th' People, who, I confeſs, cry loudly on th' Exactions you late have cruſh'd 'em with: Nay, they now ſpare not to ſay the King's Abus'd,—and that your Avarice puts all theſe Fetters on 'em.

Mat. My good Lord Cardinal, you were juſt now for preaching Moderation; but now methinks your Talk ſeems byaſs'd Intereſt, and as the Rabble Dictate.

Card. I muſt be plain.

Don Pep. And Sincere, good my Lord: And ſince that word has ſcap'd your Lips ſo Gravely, I muſt beg leave as plainly too to tell your —— humble Eminence, that this upſtart Humility of yours, is of too new a Date to gain great Credit; your Scarlet Robe wore late a bluſhing Dignity, more us'd to awe the Rabble, than to ſooth 'em.

Mat.

Mat. Were the Church ſlander'd, then what Chains, what Irons, what new Device in th' terrible Inquiſition, muſt plague the Heretick People?

Card. Nay, my Lords, Let not your Paſſion ſo far blind your Reaſon, as to miſtake me, ſince my only aims are to promote Peace among us, —which I fear the People mean to hinder.

Don Pep. Damn the People.

Card. Obſerve my Lord, that Curſe has Echo'd back again into your Ears, and only hurts you, not the People. [*Shout within.*

Mat. Hah—let's hear him, his Eminence is Preaching.

Card. Some Inſtructions I think in truth are proper; therefore Hiſtorically take this with you, my Lords, and I have done. What greater Plague can there befall a City, than a Diſunion and divided Intereſt? What deſtroy'd *Carthage*, but two mighty Factions, the *Barchiniani* and th' *Hanoniani*? What maintain'd War in *France* for Sixty Years, but Jars 'twixt th' Houſe of *Burgundy* and *Orleans*? Or what late brought to *England* Deſolation, and cauſed ſo many ſeveral bloody Battles, wherein were Eighty of their Nobles Slain, but th' Faction of the Houſes, *York* and *Lancaſter*? And nothing, be aſſured, can urge our Ruine ſo ſoon as that in *Naples*. —A City is like a Ship, Diviſions are her Leaks,—and whilſt the Mariners fight, the Sea runs in and drowns all.——I have done, only one word more—The *Neapolitans*, as I've obſerv'd 'em, are not like a Top,——they will not ſleep with Scourging. Farewell my Lords. [*Exit Cardinal.*

Duke. This dreaming Churchman, pamper'd and grown rich, fears every little Guſt will blow his Houſe down.

Don Pep. Ay, that's the Moral of his Hiſtory—his Bags; the *Cardinal* quakes even at the thought of Plunder.

Duke. How now *Gervaſio*, what's the News?

Enter Gervaſio.

Gerv. The Rogues are gathering ſtill, they're now Two Thouſand.

Don Pep. What Boys or Men?

Gerv. Both now, and roar like Thunder.

Duke. Muſhromes bred out of Dunghills. Brother, ſtay here whilſt I go to the Vice-Roy to demand ſome of his Guards to quell this Petty *Hydra*: In the mean time, if any more of the Raſcals ſtraggle this way —ſpeak not in Rage, but fright 'em with Whips and th' Gallies,—I'll be with ye ſtrait. [*Exit* Mat.

Don Pep. Fright 'em, yes, faint-hearted Brother, Timorous *Mataloni*, I would do more than fright 'em, for your Office—which if my Plots are proſperous,—I ſhall not long deſpair of; fright 'em, Confound 'em, I ſhall ne'er have Patience to let the Villains waſte their Garlick Breath in

anſwering me a word—I ſhall thruſt their Souls out.

Maſſaniello within, crying his Fiſh. Roches, Roches; come buy my Flounders, come buy my Flounders.

Gerv. That's he, my Lord, that's *Maſſaniello*; that's their plaguy Ringleader—I know his Voice.

Don Pep. The Raſcal comes upon us; ſtand back *Gervaſio*; let's obſerve 'em a little.

Enter Maſſaniello, *cloath'd like a Fiſherman, with a long Pole and a Baſket of Fiſh hanging at's Back; with* Bartallo, Valaſco, Jacomo, Gaſpar, *and* Scipio, *cloath'd like their Functions.*

Maſſan. Buy my Flounders, come buy my Flounders.——*Bartallo*, where's *Perrone*, my Brother *Pedro*,—and the People?

Bart. Taking down the Arms of the Emperor *Charles* the Fifth, my Glorious Boy, according to thy Order, to carry to the Market-place.

Maſſan. 'Tis well, thoſe Arms are Badges of our future Freedom, for it ſhall come to that, my Lads; be well aſſur'd it ſhall, now we are up.

Gerv. How the Rogue ſwells and battens in his Impudence; Gad I don't like him, he has a deviliſh Look.

Don Pep. Peace, we ſhall take down his Swelling preſently,——let's hear a little more.

Maſſan. Well, my bold Brethren, and how d'ye like Proceedings ha?

Omnes. Bravely, bravely; beyond Expectation.

Maſſan. The *Gabells* ſhall all down, Boys, there's my Hand on't; never ſhall more Exactions be in *Naples*.

Omnes. A *Maſſaniello*; a *Maſſaniello*.

Maſſan. How many Butchers are come to day, my noble Brother of the Cleaver, hah?

Bart. Threeſcore and five, my Child of Thunder—all brave Fellows, Rogues us'd to knock out Brains hourly, without Conſideration, and paddle in Blood up to the Elbows;—there's ne'er a one of 'em but ſhall take an Enemy by the Lugs,—ſtick a Knife in's Gullet like a Calf, and hang him up with a Hook in's Noſtrils—ſay but thou the word, my brave Backſword Man.

Don Pep. Here's a rare Raſcal for ye.

Gerv. Ay, they are curiouſly match'd indeed, if the whole Pack are ſuch Beagles, Heav'n defend me from being the Game they Hunt for.

Maſſan. And what ſays my Vulcan, my Fire-drake here, how many Anvils want their Hammers to day, ha?

Gaſp.

Gaſp. Fifty and odd, and more a coming too; woe be to the *Gabellers* if any of theſe meet 'em,—or a thing call'd a Steward to any of 'em,—ſuch a ſort of a Rogue, let him look to his Sconce I faith.

Gerv. Oh Lord! [*Gervaſio Starts.*

Gaſp. There will be a ſcore of red-hot Forks in his Guts, before he can get out ſo many words to beg their Pardon.

Gerv. Oh bloody minded Hell-hounds, what an Ague have they given me——

Valaſc. The Princes of the Thimble will be there in ſhoals too, following a Colours of their own making.

Jacomo. No Grinding will be neither, the Mill-ſtones reſt in Peace this day.

Scipio. And all old Shoes ſoak Water;—every Cobler leaves off his Work, and runs to ſtitch the Government: ——Not one Profeſſion, but brings in Numbers:—So that by to Morrow, the City will ſcarce hold 'em.

Maſſan. Rare rare News—Sirs, and merrily ſtrait we'll meet 'em, and then go hunt for this Leviathan here, the Farmer of the *Gabells*,—Duke of *Mataloni*,—and when we have found him——

Don Pep. And what when ye have found him—you Mouth of theſe Herring eaters?—What ſtinking Fiſh would you preſent his Grace?

Maſſan. Stinking Fiſh;—here if your Lordſhip's Noſe be ſound, ſmell to my Basket.

Scipio. His Lordſhip;—Who is't *Jacomo*, can'ſt tell?

Jacomo. Ay, ay, a rank Enemy, I know him well enough, 'tis the Duke of *Mataloni's* Brother, *Don Peppo di Caraffa.*

Bart. Don Peppo, Don Pimpo;—what if he be a Don,—Hem, here are thoſe dare look him in the Face, for all his Titles.

Valaſco. Ay, Ay, 'tis not his Whiskers there that can fright us, Neighbours.

Maſſan. Well, what thinks your Lordſhip now, are they Sweet or no?—I confeſs, they don't ſmell of Musk, as your Jacket does there; but for the true ſcent of wholſom Fiſh, I dare vouch for 'em.

Don Pep. Sirrah, Sirrah, for this Sawcineſs, expect the Laſh, and for the next, the Gallies:—Go *Gervaſio*, and take account of his Fiſh;—demand the *Gabell*, if he denies it, Seize 'em.

Gerv. The Dog has a plaguy ſurly Look,—I am half afraid to venture on him: Come Friend, let's ſee, let's ſee your Fiſh; come, come, nay quickly, you had beſt.

Maſſan. What would you ſee Friend?—Hum, doſt love Flounders? Can'ſt eat one raw, Hum. [*Slaps one in his Face.*

Gervaſ. My Lord, d' ye obſerve this?—Did ye ſee the ſawcy Raſcal?

Don Pep. Monſtrous! Is your Inſolence then grown to ſuch a height, that in the Perſon of the Great Duke of *Mataloni's* Steward, ye dare affront

front the Government's Decrees, ordering all *Gabells* duly to be paid.

Maſſan. We dare; and to prove it, the ſaid Government's Decree, and Great Duke's Order, *I* Maſſaniello, *Gudgeon Catcher of this City of Naples; and Friend to the People, Order, henceforth to be Null and Void.*

Scipio. And we'll ſtand by thee;—one and all Boys, one and all.

Omnes. Ay, ay, one and all, one and all.

Don Pep. You, moſt impudent of Scoundrels,—you Order; why what are you?

Maſſan. Why faith, one that has formerly ſold Fiſh for Money, but my Generoſity being provok'd by theſe your civil Commands; I will, for once, give 'em your Lordſhip's Tarrier here free Coſt. [*Flings one at Gervaſio.*

Don Pep. Hah,—is it poſſible?—Well, here are thoſe coming I hope will do me Juſtice,—— [*Lays his hand on his Sword.* [*Shout within.*

Maſſan. That there will indeed,——you hear they are very near ye; in the mean time, no Drawing, my Lord——no ſhewing Weapons, If your Sword peeps, your Throat will be in danger——

Goſp. No, nor no *Gabells* and pleaſe ye, but as much Fiſh and like your Rogueſhip, as you will——there's a delicate Roach [*To Gervaſio*

Bart. And there's a couple of Flounders, as good as e'er Tooth was put in.

Jacom. Nay faith, let's make 'em up a Diſh. [*They pelt* Gervaſio *with Fiſh.*

[*Shout within.*

Valaſco. Ay, ay, the *Gabell* Monger ſhan't ſay we grutch him.

Scipio. No, no, he ſhall be frankly us'd.

Don Pep. The Rabble here, nay, then 'tis in vain to ſtay for the Guards, I muſt run fort,—— [*Exit, they Pelting him.*

Bart. No, no, hold, a word with you firſt, good Mr. Steward.

Enter Perone, Pedro, Genovino, Rock, Braſile, *and the Rabble,* Perone *bearing the Arms of the Emperor* Charles *the Fifth.*

[*They Seize* Gervaſio.

Pedro. How now Brother, what's the matter?

Maſſan. Not much, I have only been playing the rough Game a little, told part of my Mind to *Don Peppo di Carraffa,* and given a diſh of Fiſh of my own Dreſſing, to Mr. Steward there; I mean with the Sawce about his Ears or ſo, that's all.

Bart. And troth, ſince I am come ſo luckily to know his Worſhip's Title here——I mean to give him a deſert of my own preparing too——when my Knife is ſharp enough.——You have an ill Voice Friend, and can ſing the Duke your Maſter's Praiſes but Hoarſly, yet——I'll make you an admirable Choriſter preſently. [*Whetting his Knife.*

Gerv. You will not uſe a Gentleman and a Scholar Rudely, I hope.

Rock. Rudely, no not in the leaſt; why look ye, Friend, I'll tell ye how we'll uſe ye; Firſt, becauſe you ſay you're a Gentleman, and ſo conſequently a Cuckold Maker, and as probably would play upon occaſion,

your

your Game at *Hot-cockles* with our Wives, Siſters, and Daughters——— you ſhall only be ſqueſtred, ſweet Sir, you underſtand me, that's all. And Secondly, As being likewiſe a Scholar,—and no doubt, a Wit,——a Poet, and ſo forth,—the Waters of *Helicon* ſhall ſprinkle your Clod-pate—hey to the Pump, to the Pump with him Neighbours.

Rabble. Ay, ay, Pump the Gentleman, Pump the Gentleman.

Genov. No, no, hold Friends, and hear me a little, I'll take him aſide and Examin him——work upon his fear and hopes of Liberty, till he ſpeaks Treaſon againſt the People, or mould him till he abuſes the Church, then Impeach him and deliver him up to 'em, to knock out his Brains.

Peron. There's the true Humour of a *Jeſuite* to a hair——d'e hear Sir Prieſt—can you think of no Puniſhment for a Delinquent, but knocking out of his Brains preſently?

Genov. None ſo effectual, Friend, as the Caſe ſtands now with the People, who have been often oppreſſed by the effects of this Fellow's Office; and underſtanding Corporal limited Puniſhment, I have cautiouſly obſerv'd, has ran the riſque of future Revenge;——but when the Brains are fairly out, you may be ſatisfied the Underſtanding can do no Miſchief.

Peron. This Fellow's Roguery outvies the worſt even of my Inclinations——that have been bred a *Banditto* from my Child hood, I find I am a Novice in Miſchief to this Prieſt here. [*Aſide.*

Maſſan. Brother, thou ſay'ſt well, it ſhall be ſo, let the Gentleman's Courtly Courage be waſhed away at the Pump,——then uncaſe him like a Rabbet,——to bring him as near as can be to the mode and faſhion of the People—and when his Furr is off, and one Ear left in Pawn for his good Behaviour, turn the Crop-ear'd Raſcal looſe——to complain to his Fellows; for now I think on't, to make a Capon of him——will be too much Honour, we'll do that for his Maſter when we catch him—and ſo away with him Boys.

Gerv. O *Tempora!* O *Mores!*

Pedro. *Mores, mores.*—What, you ſpeak Latin, to affront our Learning, ye Raſcal, do ye; —go, go, away with him Boys, ſowſe him and his *Mores* together.

Omn. Ay, ay,——come away *Mores*,—jog on *Mores*; we'll have no *Mores* amongſt us.

Peron. Hold, hold, Sirs, not ſo faſt——his Maſter was once my Patron, and did me an eſpecial Favour, therefore this once pray let my Intereſt free him.

Maſſan. Your Intereſt,——why how now *Perone*, dare you pretend to Intereſt, when I have given my Orders?

Rock. We'll have no Intereſt nor Orders, but *Maſſaniello's*; therefore once more I ſay, away with the Gentleman, Pump the Gentleman, Crop the Gentleman, I ſay.

Omn. Ay ay,—away with him, away with him. [*Ex. ſome with* Gerval

Peron.

Peron. No Intereſt but *Maſſaniello's*, have my Life and Actions been ſo worthleſs, and is my Character ſo Inſignificant, that he muſt order all—I have been thought a Perſon fi——

Maſſan. For what? To rob a Marketwoman of her Butter?

Per. And ſpoil your Fiſh, you mean, for by that deed perhaps your Cods-head might want Sawſe, hah.

Maſſan. Or at the head of thy *Banditti's* Troop, haſt thou Attack'd a poor Itinerant Taylor, and Robb'd him of his Thimble and his Bodkin?

Per. I've ſomething ſharper than a Bodkin here, ſhall make my Parry good———'gainſt any Grig-bobber or Trout-catcher in *Naples*, if he dares. [*They Draw upon one another.*

Pedro. How now Villain, dare you aſſault my Brother?

Bart. Part 'em, part 'em, keep 'em aſunder.

Peron. I rob a Taylor, a fuſty Dog fiſh.

Valaſc. Look ye Friends——not too much upon the Taylors d'e ſee; a Taylor is not a thing to be too much Joak'd upon; a Taylor can cut a hole in a Coat, as well as ſtitch it up d'e ſee; and therefore Mum, there's no more to be ſaid of a Taylor.

Maſſan. Let me come to him, and I'll paunch the Rogue, I'll uſe him as he does a Rifled Traveller, bore out a Gut, and peg it to a Tree, then whip him round till he has ſpun his Soul out.

Rock. Hey day, what is the Devil in us all on th' ſudden—why my Maſters, are ye Bewitch'd; what a pox, have ye forgot the Proverb, That *when Thieves fall out*—why ſure you can't forget the Proverb—come, come, for ſhame put up; why how the Devil will ye Plunder other Folks Houſes, if ye deſtroy your own Tenements before hand?

Genov. Come, come, reſt thee quiet, Friend, and let 'em try one another, there may be good Policy in't,——for doſt hear, if one of 'em Fall,——we are ſure 'tother has Mettle, and is certainly a brave Fellow.

Rock. Hum——a fine Counſellor indeed, ſo there be but Miſchief done, this Rogue cares not how it comes about.

Pedro. Brazile's i'th' right; Is this a time for Fewds? And ſhall deſire of being Chief, ſpoil all?———you know by this time the City's all in Uproar, the Court Alarm'd too, and ſhall our Jangling grind Swords for our own Throats, that ſo late ſwore to wher 'em for our Enemies Deſtruction? Come, come, let me propoſe to heal this Difference:—— Will ye both conſent the People ſhall decide it, that he who they make Choice of ſhall Command?

Maſſan. What I've already done, was for the People, and therefore you are ſure of my Conſent.

Peron. I'm for the Publick good as much as any, and therefore never will oppoſe their Choice.

Rock. Why, that's well ſaid,——for look ye my Maſters, pray remember the Faggot in the Fable,——*If we hold together, the Devil cannot break us,*

us, but if we unbind and lie aſſunder, every Addle-pate will ſnap us like ſo many Switches; ——therefore prick up your Ears, ye Sons of Sedition, and elevate your Voices ſtrongly; ——which will ye have for your Captain-General——a *Perone*, or a *Maſſaniello*?

Omnes. A *Maſſaniello*; a *Maſſaniello*.

Genov. 'Tis moſt fit and properly Choſen; I think I have made him my Creature. [*Aſide.*] For who can be more fit to lead you on, than he who firſt propos'd your means of Freedom? Proceed therefore my Son, and Cramp theſe Courtiers, and what my weak Brain can aſſiſt thee in, be ſure of and command. I'll do't for Conſcience ſake, not worldly Profit, for Heav'n knows, I only hope to be——

Rock. Arch-Biſhop of *Naples*——or ſo, that's all.

Genov. Recorded in the Chronicle of Time, for carrying on ſo good a Work.

Per. Rare Dog ſtill; ——if Diſſimulation had the effect of Poyſon, how that Fellow's Belly had been ſwell'd by this time; Hum——has this many-Headed Monſter deſerted me too? ——Well, ſince it muſt be ſo, I'll work by Cunning, and ſeem to join with them, in acknowledging their Doughty General here, till I have means and power to Revenge—and then pour on his Head with fierceſt Rancour. [*Aſide*] Well Sir, ſince I ſee the People find ye worthy of this Honour, [*To Maſſaniello.* and that I may ne'er be counted hinderer of this Great Work we aim at——I am content to ſubmit to your Command——and to prove it, thus ſhew my Homage; Shout then once more with me, Friends, and cry, Long live *Thomas Annello* of *Amalfi*, alias *Maſſaniello*, Captain-General of the *Neapolitans*.

Omnes. Long live *Thomas Annello* of *Amalfi*, alias *Maſſaniello*, Captain-General of the *Neapolitans*.—— [*They Shout.*

Maſſan. My Friends, I thank ye, and my brave *Perone*, live henceforth in my Boſom as my Brother; and firſt then, to endear my ſelf the better, I'll give thee my Commiſſion for my Major——Joynt with my Brother in Command and Love. Next my brave *Ajax*, I appoint thee Captain. [*To Bartallo.* My exquiſite Man-maker, thou ſhalt be Lieutenant. [*To Valaſco.*] And *Stichite cum Stampo*, my brave Cobler, Enſign; all my Boys, all ſhall have Offices fitting your Worth and Bravery of Souls; particularly thou, my witty Currier of the Law, my Quarrel-Broker, thou Pen and ink Man, as my Boſom Favourite, I create my Secretary and Pillar of the State. [*To* Rock.

Rock. Thank your good Lordſhip; ——nay, I knew 'twould come to this, for the Crown of my Head has itch'd damnably of late, a certain Sign of approaching Dignity: ——I knew I ſhould be a Great Man, ——Secretary o'th' People,—rare rare Place! Gad I'll make the Money ſtick to my Fingers bravely, as ſoon as ever I come into't.

Massan. Raise high the Arms of the Emperor *Charles* the Fifth, who by his Charter, granted *Naples* Freedom, without curs'd *Gabels*, or these late Exactions; Then let us send a Message to the Palace of *Don Tiberio*, Prince of *Bissignano*, who I design to be our Emissary between the Vice-Roy and our dear lov'd People; and Trusty *Rock*, I appoint to Summon him: If he comply with us and our Interest, he's Safe; if not, immediate Ruine seizes him.

Follow me, Friends all,
To the great Cathedral,
Where we'll hear Mass with shew of high Devotion;
And as we pass along, be this our Cry,
Let the King Live, but the ill Government Die:
Then th' Saints Invoke,——and to do all things well,
First we will say our Prayers,
Genov. And then Rebel—— [*Exeunt.*

The End of the First Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Cathedral dedicated to the Holy Virgin of Carmine, *where* Massaniello *is discover'd lying a Sleep under the Altar, the People Guarding him: Dialogue Sung between* Fate *and* *St. Genaro, *at a distance: Then Musick is heard, and a Song, expressing Revolutions to come; which ended,* Massaniello *rises and Speaks.*

*St. Genaro Recorded Protector of *Naples.*

SONG between *Fate* and St. *Genaro.*

Fate. *FRom Azure Plains, blest with Eternal Day,*
Celestial flowry Groves, that ne'er decay;
From Lucid Rocks that Sol's bright Rays let in,
Where with unclouded Brow,
I sate and view'd the Deeps below,
And saw my Female Drudges Spin;
I Fate am come, thy Courage to improve,
'Tis the Eternal's Doom Engrav'd in Adamant above;
And oh! thou drowsie Deity,
That dost in Slumbers bind
The Body of Mortality,
And calm the stormy Mind;

No

No more, no more his Brain poſſeſs
With the ſoft Charm of gentle Peace;
He muſt awake to bloody Wars,
Unbounded Fury, civil Jars,
And is by Heav'ns decree, for wondrous deeds deſign'd.

St. *Genaro* Protector of *Naples*, deſcends and Sings.

St. Gen. *To mighty Fate all muſt obey,*
And conq'ring Hero's greateſt Kings,
Amongſt the reſt of human things,
Yield to his dreadful Sway.
Yet view thy Book of Dooms once more,
Thou there wilt find one happy hour,
When Naples *ſhall be free from Rebel power;*
'Tis ſure as the revolving year,
And I her darling Saint appear,
To ſtop thy Fury, leſt it ſhould exceed,
And tell thee, tho' permiſſion of this ill
Is Sacr'd Myſtery and th' Eternal's Will,
Yet he that does the Deed,
For doing it muſt bleed.

Fate. *Hear each Neighbouring Deſtiny,*
Who the Souls of Mortals free,
Hear my Voice, and ſtrait obey,
Heav'n commands, the Work muſt ſtay.
Such a number and no more,
Muſt encreaſe your fatal ſtore,
And he muſt die, the task being o'er:
Remember all 'tis ſo decree'd,
That he that does this mighty Deed,
For doing it muſt bleed.

Maſſan. Miraculous Viſion! O Celeſtial Deity! Thou that inſpir'ſt my heart to undertake by Myſtick words dreſs'd in harmonious Sound, things that ſurpaſs Experienc'd Underſtanding; as with thy bleſt Idea in my Dream I have been Extaſi'd —— ſo teach me now [*Kiſſes his Medal.*] the way to act, the Senſe to comprehend theſe Wonders, meant for the relief of *Naples*; with Sacred Power, Charm my plebeian Soul; let but my Country's Freedom crown the Period, my threaten'd Fall I'll then deſpiſe and Laugh at.

Mount o'er all Dangers that would ſtop my way,
And make the proudeſt of our Foes Obey. [*Shout within.*

Here comes my Jeſuit, my new Church Engine, us'd to encourage Fires, not to quench 'em, whoſe Head and Counſels till I'm fix'd, I yield to; but when the Sword I graſp with Power Supream, I'll truſt a Prieſt no longer with my Politicks.

Enter Genovino.

Maſſan. How now, my Brain's Inſpirer, what's the News?

Genov. News that will make the Vice-Roy quake, my Son; we're now full twenty Thouſand, Arm'd and Reſolute, and e'er the Sun plunges in Weſtern Seas——'tis well believ'd, ſhall double twice the number: The eager People throng us.

Maſſan. What meant that Shout?

Genov. They are burning now the Houſe of *Don Rocella*, Farmer of the *Gabells*, with all his coſtly Furniture and Plate, huge Coffers too, pregnant with Gold and Jewels, purſuant to your Order lately made, enrich the Flame, and dazle the Beholders: Then as each wealthy Burthen is thrown in, the People ſhout their Joy.

Maſſan. 'Tis as I'd have it.

Genov. Now will I ſound him in my own Affair, the time is apt, [*Aſide.* Troth my brave Son of Flame, I muſt deal plainly,——I confeſs my Heart was mov'd with ſome Compaſſion at the Sight.

Maſſan. Your Eyes were only dazl'd too, that was all.

Genov. Zeal for the Cauſe, my Son, may be too ſtrong, that raſhly throws away the precious means that can impower and arm the Cauſe-defenders to proſecute their pious Undertaking.

Maſſan. Honeſt Intention muſt impower and arm us, and the deſpoiling of Delinquents Treaſure, will let the world know, 'tis th' impulſe of Conſcience, and not of Gain, that rights the injur'd People.

Genov. Call it not Conſcience, ſay Neceſſity, the word will do as well: ———Th' impulſe of Conſcience; What is't you mean, good Son?

Maſſan. I did believe, that word would ſuffocate his Underſtanding. [*Aſide.*

Genov. Conſcience is but our tendreſt part of Reaſon; and Reaſon urging our Self-preſervation, ſhews it muſt be too by the goods of Fortune: The Church is Indigent, which might be help'd by ſharing Wealth, thus ———ſtrangely thrown away.

Maſſan. The Church is rich in Grace.

Genov. Grace——Grace is no Glebe to gratify the Body, tho it may feaſt the Soul: ———Grace buys no Caſſocks for one, tho 'tother ſhine with ſpiritual Cloathing; therefore I ſay, theſe Treaſures might be ſav'd for pious uſes; my ſelf I mention not, tho my needs perhaps are urgent, but for the Church, for if the Church wants Neceſſaries, its Flock will want Inſtruction.

Maſſan. Oh your Charity binds ye to that for your reward Celeſtial.

Genov. Our Charity! and for reward Celeſtial: Our Charity! why certainly he's Craz'd, he would elſe know a Jeſuit ne'er had any. [*Aſide.*

Maſſan.

Maſſan. But now I think on't, you have clear'd my ſight, and from henceforth I ſhall diſcern much better; for who e'er underſtood the worth of Gold, or like the black Robe, with ſuch ſenſe can praiſe it? Since then you have inſpir'd me with ſuch Knowledge, I am reſolv'd to prize the gaudy Mammon, rake up large heaps, and build my ſelf a Fortune, too ſtrong for Fate to Level: ——This is thy Policy I know, my *Machiavil*, to have me Rich, then conſequently Great——and it ſhall thrive as thou haſt forg'd it; ——for thy ſelf, I know thou art ſo Temperate ——ſo Religious, Devotion and the luxury of Prayer, is thy delicious Banquet; ——feed on my Father,

Feaſt and grow fat with thy Seraphick Toils
Whilſt I regale upon theſe golden Spoils. [*Exit.*

Genov. Whilſt he regales upon 'em——very good, this ſhagged Sword-fiſh Banters me——'tis plain; he'll rake up heaps and build himſelf a Fortune——as I have Plotted—hum—that was not my meaning; and ſince he will not underſtand me right, perhaps I'll make the meaning—his Deſtruction; this fruitful Brain can work the other way; can, nay, I now reſolve on't, it ſhall do't, ſince he'll afford me nothing but Devotion to fatten with, I ſhall not court his Keeping; he ſays, I feaſt on Prayers, Seraphick Joys; but I know he's a Dunce, and now he's gone, —he lies.

Rock. Valaſco.

Valaſc. Sir. *Enter* Rock *and* Valaſco.

Rock. Come, bring a Table, a great Chair, Pen, Ink and Paper,——quickly, come ſtir, ſtir—and don't think to ſit ſtill Croſs-leg'd at your Work, as you did when you were a Tayſor; remember you are a Clerk now—and in place to mend the State—not with a Needle, but a Pen, ye Rogue.

Valaſ. Well, well, d'e ſee, your Worſhip knows well enough how I us'd to flouriſh my *S*hop-Bills——I put down all our Trade for Flouriſhing, that all our Pariſh knows——I made the beſt *M*'s, *O*'s and *B*'s d'e ſee of any of our Trade; *M*, for *S*tay-Tape, *O*, for Lockram, and *B*, for Canvas; I out-did 'em all cleverly, therefore I warrant ye your Worſhip need not doubt my Clerkſhip. [Rock *reads a Paper,* [*Exit to fetch the things.*

Genov. Oh! here's that impudent *S*coundrel, his new Favourite; this Fellow muſt have Office and Preferment, when I muſt be neglected, 'tis very well, let me conſider a little.

Enter Valaſco *with a Table, &c.*

Rock. Hum, let me ſee a liſt of the Delinquents: their number, Thirty two:—Ah. How every one of theſe will bribe me, to ſave their Houſes from burning, which ſha'n't be obtain'd with a little, that *I* reſolve on; rare, rare Fortune! gad I'm Tranſported at it.

Genov. Oh, now *I* have it, *Perone* muſt be my Engine; his late diſguſt againſt

againſt this proud Fiſh-General——is but hid over with ſome ſubtle Embers, the Fire will ſoon break out agen, and ſhall not want for blowing.

Rock. How now, what makes this Prieſt here, with a clowdy Low'r upon his Forehead too, as if the Devil and his Conſcience had been juſt quarrelling about ſome *State Stratagem*——hum, this houſhold Pagod, with a Breath like an Eaſterly Wind, this Reverend Caterpillar ſhan't ſpoil my Fruit I'm reſolv'd on't. D'e hear there, 'tis the General's Pleaſure, that all forbear this Place, appointed for Examination of Delinquents.—Oh, is your Reverence there, *I* cry you Mercy,——but you muſt excuſe me, *I* muſt know my Place. [*Sits down to the Table.*

Genov. Your Place, Sir.

Rock. Yes, my Place, Sir,——nay, nay, don't think to fright me with your Picture of the *Inquiſition* there, your terrible Phiz in Frowns, *I* ſay, I ſay agen, *I* know my Place, Sir.

Genov. And I mine, Sir, is not this the Church?

Rock. The Church——good Domine, what then, was the Church made for no more uſes than yours? Was the Church built only to rooſt the Rooks, I mean the Jeſuits—Piſh, don't ye ſee we make a Garriſon on't. How now, Captain. *Enter* Bartallo.

Bart. We have ſeiz'd on the Horſes, and pleaſe you, for the General's uſe, where muſt they be put?

Rock. Hum—ſtay a little—put,—why put 'em up in the North Iſle, juſt by the Pulpit.

Genov. Here's fine Management! bleſs me, is that a place for Horſes?

Rock. Horſes, yes, Sir, and why not for Horſes?—gad, as things go now, I think 'tis fill'd with a better ſort of Cattle, than with your Tribe, by much; for if a Horſe can't do the General better Service than a Jeſuit, my Politicks are very barren.——Well, what now, Lieutenant.

Enter Scipio.

Scip. Why and like your good Honour, Mr. Sec. Sec. Secar——

Rock. Well, well, Mr. Secretary; I know what thou would'ſt ſay; what a pox, does my Title ſtick in thy Throat?

Scip. Ay, ay, Mr. Secretary, and pleaſe ye, there's the great *Don*——within, *Don*— *Don*— why look now, if my Brain ben't as ſpungy as an old Shoe Soal, *Don*—*Don*—wheigh—why what a Dickins ails my Pate now? I us'd to be as ſharp as an Awl, wheigh—the Great great Man and pleaſe ye, that you ſent the Writing—the what d'e call't, the Sammon to this Morning.

Rock. The Sammon, the Summons, ye Block-head you; ah, this Fellow will never make a Stateſman:——Oh I know him now, 'tis the Great Prince of *Biſſignano, Don Tiberio*, whom I have frighted hither by the General's Order. *Valaſco*,—go you and introduce him—and d'e hear,

hear, put on your face of Buſineſs and look Grum upon him—'twill draw his Purſe the ſooner.

Valaſc. I warrant ye—I'll look upon him d'e ſee, as another great Don us'd to look upon me, when I went to carry in my Bill.

[*Exeunt* Scipio *and* Valaſco.

Rock. Come, come, Sir, no more of your Chancel Grimaces, your Brow Lectures now,—here's matters of State going forward, which I know you ail long to have a finger in,—but Mum for that, my good *Maſs John*—ſome wiſer than ſome; therefore *Preſto* I ſay,—and let your Learning pleaſe to withdraw it ſelf inſtantly into your *Study*; —ſhew, ſhew your Back-ſide, *I* beſeech ye, Sir.

Genov. I ſhall, Sir, and ſhew it whole too, which yours ſhall not be long, if Whips with Wyre, retain their laſhing faculty, if it do's, then ſay this Brain's fit only to make Sawce on; and ſo *I* give ye to old *Belzebub*; now my intention's right, you may depend on't. [*Ex. Genov.*

Rock. Pox on him, what a Jerk the Rogue has given my Apprehenſion, for tho *I* know *I*'m now too Great to be in danger of ſuch a Puniſhment, —yet his words have made me as uneaſie—as if the Cat with Nine-tails were juſt coming croſs my *Shoulders*.——*I* have deſerv'd Whipping, and worſe than Whipping, *I* confeſs, in many Paſſages of my Life, but *I* think that's more than he knows; *I* was thirteen Years together bred up under a Roguiſh Pettifogger, where *I* learn'd to be a Law-Cheat, to take all Advantages by the fore-top that afforded Money, and bid perpetual defiance to Honeſty and Conſcience, yet ſtill *I* 'ſcap'd—and now the Dice run higher, *I* think my ſelf in a Poſt rather to cauſe others to be Whip'd, than to be Flaug'd my ſelf. Oh here's the Prince—hum, now for a ſullen moroſe Look, a damn'd ill-natur'd Phiz—like a City Magiſtrate pronouncing Sentence of Death upon a young luſty Highwayman, that he was ſatisfy'd a little while before, had made him a Cuckold.

Enter Don Tiberio *with a Purſe, and* Valaſco.

D. Tib. Well my mighty Sir in Office—now *I* have given ye your Fee, which by your *Signs* you taught my Apprehenſion, what progreſs will you make in my Affairs? Where muſt this *Summons* lead me?

Valaſc. Why yonder, d'e ſee, *Sir*,—yonder's the *Secretary*, and as keen at his Buſineſs as a pair of *Sheers* upon a Cutting-board:——Hark ye, *Sir*, *I* muſt tell ye he's plaguy deaf of this hithermoſt Ear—and the Drum on't is not to be penetrated, unleſs by the chink of Money; that Purſe perhaps may ſtand your Friend, or elſe it will be a hard matter to make him hear, yet I'll try him;—*Sir*, *Sir*,——here's the great *Don*——the Prince you ſent for, come to———

Rock. The Duke of *Cavano*'s Houſe too——noted, that burns to Morrow.

D. Tib.

Don. Tib. By Heaven, my Kinſman, one of our Houſes Principals——and if I heard the Gorgon Head ſpeak right, he ſaid his Houſe——muſt burn to morrow——hear ye, you Sir, you Miniſter of Fate and deeds of Horrour, what ſaid you of the Duke of *Cavano*?—he will not anſwer me, or hears me not.

Valaſc. Oh I told ye, Sir—he was very thick of Hearing.

Don. Tib. And yet my Purſe can cure it.

Valaſc. Hum——the Purſe has a particular Vertue indeed; Gold has its precious faculty—for Ears as well as Eyes, Gold will do it cleverly.

Don Tib. Thou art a very Rogue, through all thy Senſes.

Rock. The next, the Duke of *Mataloni*.

Don Tib. Hah——my Friend too——Hear me thou——Son of *Mammon*, *I* charge thee anſwer me,——and for a Bribe, take here this golden Offering——but ſpeak, I conjure thee. [*Gives the Purſe.*

Rock. Valaſco,——ſet the Gentleman a Chair.

Don Tib. What muſt befall my Friend, my Boſom Intimate, dear as its innate Gueſt, my Heart——my *Mataloni*.

Rock. He is Proſcrib'd, his Wife is to be Seiz'd, and their Houſe burnt and Plunder'd.

Don Tib. When, when, thou Author of damn'd News?

Rock. At Seven this Evening;——and now, Sir, no more Queſtions, you've had your Penniworth;——nor is it uſual with me to afford ſuch rich Diſcoveries ſo cheap.

Don Tib. At Seven, curſt Chance, how much it wants of that now, *I* know not, nor how to be Reſolv'd, for here am *I*, on forfeit of Eſtate and Life, Summon'd to attend the General of the Rabble——and ſo incapable to aid my Friend——yet ſtay, ſome Notice might be given:—Doſt hear, my Friend, what Hour is't think'ſt thou now? Curſe on his ſordid Soul, he's Dumb again. [*to* Valaſco, *he Grimaces, but won't ſpeak.* This damn'd mercenary Rogue expects Money——only to tell what a Clock 'tis; well there, there's another Sop, good *Cerberus*——now wilt thou tell me?

Valaſc. I on my Conſcience, think it may be Five,——and pray Sir, be Patient, you'll be hear'd preſently, the General d'e ſee, is coming.

Don Tib. Theſe are rare Rogues in Office, they uſe a Nobleman like a Dog-whipper:——Hark thee, Friend, one thing more, if your ſpeaking Clock be not quite run down, *I* muſt requeſt, and there's all *I* have to purchaſe it, which is, to call one of my Servants hither, for *I* have forgot a Paper at home, which concerns me extreamly.

Valaſc. It ſhall be done, and cleverly. [*taking the Money.* [*Exit.*

Don Tib. Pve yet, *I* hope, time enough to ſet down in my Tables their horrible Reſolves, and to forewarn the Duke of his approaching Danger. [*Writes in his Tables.*

[*Enter*

Enter Valaſco, *with a Servant.*

Valaſc. Come hither with thy beſt ſpeed, convey theſe Tables to the Duke of *Mataloni*——run as thy Life were in thy haſte concern'd—he will Reward thee well.

Servant. I Fly, my Lord. [*Exit Servant.*

Rock. Are the Chandlers Wives diſpatch'd to the Hoſpital, to Rave there, whoſe Husbands were Hang'd this Morning?

Valaſc. All, all, and pleaſe ye——I ſaw a Dozen of 'em roaring together in a Flock; and 'twill be a warning to the reſt, I'll warrant ye, how they uſe falſe Weights and Scales.

Rock. Nay, I doubt not but we ſhall bring things to ſome order in time. Adſo——my Lord the Prince, what are you here ſtill? —Alas, my Head is ſo buſied with things of Importance, that I proteſt I had forgot your Highneſs;——well I ſuppoſe you would fain know the General's Buſineſs with ye——but as for that matter, without——

Don Tib. Without, if he means more Gold, he muſt Coin it, for on my Honour, I'm drawn dry already.

Rock. Without, I ſay, the Means to procure the Secret, it will, I ſuppoſe, be Impoſſible: ——Hem, hem—Times are alter'd, my Lord, they were yours once—hem—hem, now we come in for our ſhare.—Hum,—Odzooks, here comes the General himſelf——Pox on him, this was a little too ſoon tho, or *I* had had that Ring on his Finger there for another Diſcovery.

Enter Maſſaniello, Perone, Bartallo, Scipio, Jacomo, *and the Rabble.*

Maſſan. The Houſes I Proſcrib'd, let 'em all down, but on your Lives, no more, without my Order; the Plunder too, *I* will conſider on—and henceforth, remember, without the form of *Speaking*, to underſtand your Duty by my Motion.

Jacom. We ſhall, moſt Noble *Sir*, wag but your Hand, Thumb, Finger, or but Nod,——'tis done as quick as Lightning.

Maſſan. Begin you at St. *Carlo*,——throw your Brand at *Cavano*'s Palace; and my Favourite Captain, beſure you ſinge the Traitor *Mataloni*, let not a poſt remain to bear his Structure, but let your fury burn his Goods as greedily as late he ſuck'd the Life-blood of the People——away.——

[*He waves his Hand, they ſtart out.*

Omnes. We're gone, brave General.

Maſſan. There's Diſcipline; this looks like a Commander.——Hah, yonder's the Prince, *Perone*, a word with thee.——Thou ſee'ſt that Lord there—he is the only Man I'd choſe 'mongſt all the Court, to negotiate Matters between us and the Vice-Roy;——within this Paper is my Will contain'd,——I'm poſitive here, and ſo I would have thee, If he denies what there is offer'd to him—tell him he ſhares the Fate of *Mataloni*; —go, take him aſide, pretend I've weighty Buſineſs, and cannot hold Diſcourſe with him my ſelf.

Perone. Leviathan Impudence, but I'll ſmother all yet, let him ſwell on, and he will burſt himſelf—— [*Aſide.*] My Lord, the General's Head being full of Buſineſs, has order'd me to unfold his Pleaſure to ye.

Enter Pedro, *and whispers* Massaniello.

Don Tib. His Pleasure,—insolent Slave,—this is another upstart Devil, he looks too as if he all his Life had smoak'd in *Pluto*'s Kitchen; not deign—a word, Sir, what is his Mightiness so cram'd——

Perone. Softly, my Lord, he has quick Ears, and then——come, no more words, but follow me.

Don Tib. I vex in vain—'tis madness to oppose 'em. Oh! Fortune, Fortune, whither wilt thou hurry me? [*Exit with* Perone.

Massan. What are the Women up too, say'st thou, Brother, and *Blowzabella* my Wife, at their Head?

Pedro. Most Captain-like Ifaith——my Spouse is got amongst 'em too for Company; these at the head of Numbers, strut in the Streets, and Arm'd with such variety of Weapons, 'twould e'en puzzle Arithmetick; —they're ready for an Attack too, an Attack.

Massan. Hah, hah, hah.——What Goose or Turky wall'd round with powerful Crust, are they for Storming?

Pedro. 'Zooks, they talk of battering Castle-walls, and I know not what; and my Sister *Blowze* is so wrapt up with the thought of Plundring the Dutchess *Mataloni* of her Jewels, that her very words are nothing but Pearl and Diamonds.—Hark'e, here they come Ifaith—now observe and wonder.

[*Shout, and strange Sounds made within.*

Enter Blowzabella, Ursula, *and Rabble of other Women, dress'd Ridiculously, and Arm'd with several sorts of Weapons, bringing in three Prisoners.*

Blowz. Bring in the Prisoners, and keep your Ranks—Close my Lasses,—Wheel to the Right, to the Right, to the Right about; there see now—Where's the General? Where's the brave *Tomazo?*——Oh, art thou there my *Scanderbeg*, come Kiss me, and then tell me—how dost thou like me,—hah?

Massan. Like thee, hah, hah, hah, why this is Wonderful; prithee Wife, what mean'st thou? —What Work hast thou been cutting out, hah?

Blowz. Plundring, Plundring, My Lad, Plundring, Stripping Lace off of Petticoats, and pulling Gold Rings off of Fingers.——In short, I have been Bobbing for a sort of Female-Grigs—they call forsooth your Gentlewomen,——could'st thou imagin, whilst thou wert fishing for Courtiers, that I would sit idly at home fleaing of Eels? ——No, no, Child, *I* rose as thou didst, own'd and carry'd the Cause; then gath'ring my She Swash-bucklers together, Arm'd instantly, and where'er we saw a Silk-worm crawl, we Seiz'd her; see, here's one of 'em, this, this is forsooth a Gentlewoman, and as I'm told, belong'd to the Vice-Queen:——You may suppose the Dress *I* have put her in, has somewhat alter'd her, but upon the Honour of a Fish-wife, she's a Gantlewoman every inch of her.

Massan. Why Faith that may be, but her Air seems to have very much of the Vulgar in't at present.

Ursula. This is the superfine *Madam de Rocell*, Wife to the Prior, Farmer of the *Gabells*, she had Brooches of Diamonds about her when *I* met her first, and Bobs of Pearl in her Ears as big as Pears; alas—what pity 'tis, that Madam should

ſhould be ſtrip'd, but Madam, I hope you'll Excuſe it, we are rude Common-People Madam——your Servant good Madam, in Troth 'tis great Pity.——

Pedro. My Spouſe there may ſhew her ſham Pity as ſhe pleaſes, but if I had met Madam in a bie Place—I believe I ſhould have made bold to have ſtript her a little further——Gad ſhe has a dainty Face for all her Rags, and puts me ſo in mind of a plump black-ey'd Beggar-wench I had once.

Maſſan. But what's the 'tother there?

Blowz. And this here is one of the Marrow-puddings of Trade, a Citizen's Wife, a ſleek, fine, fat, little finical thing, that would melt in a Courtier's Mouth like a Comfit: I took her Oagling at her Shop-door, and truſs'd her up under my Wing like a Gizard:——ſhe had her Gems and her Pearls too,—beſides a fine golden Gown, that her Cuckold bought her by Cheating the People, at Twelve i'th' Hundred;——there ſhe is a little moody, *I* ſee, at her odd Rigging;—her Husband may take his Tortoiſe again, if he pleaſes, but for her Shell—that's diſpos'd of.

Maſſan. Bradamant—why ye all have done Glorioufly——glorioufly—and what's to be the next Exploit, dear Wedlock, hah?

Blowz. The Dutcheſs of *Mataloni*, we have contriv'd it, therefore leave it to our Management, and if before to Morrow Noon, thou ſee'ſt me not trick'd in her Jewels like an *Indian* Queen,——then ſay, which ſome believe impoſſible—a Woman's Miſchief has Miſcarried.——And to ſhew thee that we are capable of doing greater things than you imagin, you ſhall ſee us Exerciſe, and pray obſerve what Diligence has learn'd, Handle your Arms there.

[*A Dance here, ſhewing their Exerciſe.*

Maſſan. 'Tis well, and Soldier-like—go on then, my *Bellona*, and you, Brother, to the Gate of *San Lorenzo*;

March with your Troops, and as you paſs, ſtill cry,
Let the King Live, but the ill Government Die. [*Ex. ſeverally.*

SCENE II.

Enter Mataloni, Dutcheſs, *and a* Servant, *the Duke holding the Tables in his Hand.*

Dutch. Oh, I can never bear it, my dear Lord, that moment you depart, my Life-blood follows.

Matal. Why then, let Fate contrive its bloodieſt Scene, I'll ſtay and dare all Accidents, graſp thee thus——within the circle of my eager Arms, and ſmile on the grim Hell hounds that would part us.

Dutch. Could *I* go with thee, Heaven, what would *I* venture! what Walls would *I* climb, or what vaſt Deeps would *I* plunge! for tho *I* ſhew a Woman in my Tears, my Courage——yet for you would hazard Wonders.

Matal. I know thou could'ſt, thou quinteſſence of Goodneſs, do more than Woman;—but Oh, *I* muſt not ſuffer thee! *I* know thou would'ſt, with me, leap from the Window into the Moat, as *I* muſt, for my Safety, but I'll not do't to hinder thee,——no, 'tis but Death, if *I* ſtay here——and 'twill be that without thee.

Dutch. Oh, name not Death, I had forgot that Horror!

Matal. Give Friend, your Lord, my beſt Acknowledgment, but tell him, I'm reſolv'd to ſtand my Fortune.

Dutch. Not for the World———Oh, pardon me dear Life, my Womaniſh Folly, I had forgot your danger, you are proſcrib'd to Die if you are found, yet I would keep ye here: Oh, racking Torture, was e'er Miſery ſo truly great as mine? ——Go, go, my Lord, my Doom in thoſe curſt Tables, is but trivial Impriſonment, and perhaps a daily Baſting by the Rabble, Village Curs, or Cold, or Hunger, matters of nothing,—but yours is Death, my Lord, Life's deprivation; —the full guſt of Horror blows with that word, upon me—endleſs Woe, Deſpair, and all the Miſeries of Humanity fall then at once upon my wretched Head,

And make me, that ſo late implor'd your ſtay,
Diſtracted beg ye now to haſte away.

Matal. Great Providence, whoſe all-controlling Will, haſt for our Crimes, ſent down this Plague on *Naples*, and mak'ſt the ſparks of bright Nobility, lie hid in the vile Aſhes of the Rabble, behold with pity, Beauty in diſtreſs, with Vertue join'd, than that more Charming far;

Oh, let her ſtill thy Care peculiar be,
And always bleſt, what e'er becomes of me.

Dutch. Oh, hear me too—thus low with bended Duty, *I* beg the Power that taught us firſt to Love, to look on him moſt perfect in that Paſſion, and beſt deſerving it in its Perfection:

To guard his Life, Celeſtial care employ,
And I ſhall find all Bleſſings in my Joy.

Matal. One dear Embrace then, and ſo part. [*She Weeps.*] What yet again? Nay, I muſt Chide ye now, we both have Pray'd, and muſt not doubt Succeſs.

Dutch. Oh, pardon me, within my Breaſt is ſuch a Sea of Sorrow, ſome muſt o'erflow the Banks, I cannot help it.

Matal. I'll make the Fences ſtronger with freſh hopes of our quick Meeting and repeated Joy, ſo once more Adieu, Sweet.

Dutch. My Life's ſole Joy, Farewel.

Matal. Come, bear up boldly, and now to the fatal Window, through which my Brother is already gone, unſeen by the Blood-hounds that have us in the Wind, and ſtop all other ways and avenues: One kind Look more, and turn that way, Sweet.

Thus when o'ercome by fierce Diſeaſes power,
The ſad Phyſician gives his Patient o'er.
Thus does the Tyrant of our Lives, controll,
And thus divides the Body from the Soul. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Perone *and* Genovino.

Genov. YOU may believe me.

Peron. And may be abus'd; you have not yet enough, Sir, clear'd your Credit.

Genov. You ſhall have further proof, my venturous Actions ſhall henceforth juſtify my Inclination, and back the force of theſe bold Words, which are,

That from my Heart, I loath this Upſtart Fellow;
This headſtong Fool; this Muſhroom, *Maſſaniello.*

Peron. You ſay enough; but may one truſt a Jeſuit, knowing his Principles?

Genov. When the truſt propos'd relates to his Revenge, be ſure you may.

Peron. Nay, Sir, I will be ſure; for to deal plainly, I have not yet been bred with any Candor for Perſons of your Order.

Genov. I believe it, and will not ſtick to ſay, perhaps with reaſon, the People generally, have ſtrange Notions of us, and you, I ſee, are biaſs'd by Opinion.——'Tis true, Church-Intereſt, and the forward Zeal we uſe to prop its Power, raiſes us many Enemies, ſome whereof, burſt into rude and vilifying Terms, and in plain words, Abuſe us.

Peron. Yes indeed, I have often heard 'em deal ſo plainly with ye, to ſay, You're all a pack of Rogues.

Genov. Ha, ha, ha,—'tis likely—but you muſt know then, Sir Captain, theſe were all Sophiſters.

Peron. How, how, Sophiſters?

Genov. Even ſo, you may depend on't; I know it by their word of double meaning—for Rogue was meant no more than Politician, a witty Rogue, a ſubtile Rogue, a rich Rogue; the word is oft miſtook, but means no harm; why Knave, 'cauſe 'tis obſolete, is now Corrupted, which meant of old, a Servant, and no more: Then, Sir, as you may be a Knave, yet Honeſt, ſo we two may be Rogues, and yet no Villains.

Peron. At this rate, this Fellow will make it out, that a Son of a Whore may have an honeſt Woman to his Mother.

Genov. But come, Captain, pray be particular—a little more;——What noted Crime are we found guilty of?

Peron. Ah—numbers, numbers, Sir, more than your Beads can furniſh ye with Prayers to make atonement for, but one among the reſt moſt Scandalous; they ſay, you'll ſet your Penitents a Gaming for *Maſſes* for their Souls, and that the Fortunate delivering you that ſtill ſit by, his Winnings, has his ſins Pardon'd him for his luck at Cribbage.

Genov. Why look'e, as to Penitents dole for *Maſſes*, truly there may be ſomething in't, and practicable, but that we play at Cribbage, is a Story, our Game is always Putt, we know no Cribbage.

Peron. Oh, with your Reverence's leave, I know you'll vouch all Games, rather than loſe the Stakes: But come, toth' Point. Suppoſe thou art Sincere in this Affair, what's to be done with *Maſſaniello*? What ſhall we Murder him—— ha Boy?

Genov

Genov. Convey a Bullet cleanly through his Head,——not Murder him, no, no, that were Undecent.

Peron. Nay, nay, I know he uſes the Church ſcurvily, that is he denies 'em Money, and that's a Damning Sin.

Genov. Oh, paſt hope of Pardon.

Peron. And if I ſhould Murder him——

Genov. Why ye ſhould have Abſolution, the thing is excellent Service, but the word grates.

Peron. And what Security for no Betraying?

Genov. The ſacred Word and Honour of the College, who all will join in the Confederacy, to animate the giddy Hot-brain'd People, and in his ſtead, to make you General: Come, Captain, 'tis in vain longer to hide your cloſe Deſign, a Jeſuit's Head is waking, when others are in Dreams; we have found out your Correſpondence with *Carraffa's* Faction, and know you are Intrigu'd with *Mataloni:* ——Since then we know this, yet make no diſcovery,——you ſee the Danger's equal, therefore may truſt——let us be Rogues, or otherwiſe, 'tis no matter.

Peron. And you will bring your Brethren to vouch this.

Genov. Go with me and be ſatisfi'd, however the World taints us for Treacheries, we are true to one another;——come, be Wiſe, reſolve on *Maſſaniello's* Fall——then Riſe.

Peron. Well, Sir, lead on, and as I find this real, a Throat may ſoon be Cut.

Genov. I ask no more. Be then our General, and take the Church's Bleſſing. [*Croſſes him.* [*Exeunt.*

Enter Maſſaniello *Guarded, and* Don Tiberio. [*Petitioners waiting with Papers.*]

Maſſan. My Lord, I lately ſent you my Decree, have you reſolv'd upon't?

Don Tib. What Sir, to negotiate the Peoples Buſineſs.

Maſſan. With the Vice-Roy; yes, 'twas ſet down ſo.

Don Tib. In what Sir, with my Honour I can ſerve 'em, I'll ne'er refuſe to do my Country good, provided 'tis no blemiſh to Nobility.

Maſſan. My Lord, you ſo much Idolize Nobility, that you'd even make the very word a Scare-Crow, but we are no ſuch Children to be frighted; Nobility,——what's that but Power and Riches, the Will to Govern, and the Means to do ſo; a Titular Nobleneſs, is vacant Air, a trifling Sound of no Validity: What care I how the Herald's Art can Blazon, ſince I've Power and Riches, I've Nobility, or good my Lord, what am I in your Fancy?

Don Tib. You are I know not what, ſomething that 'mongſt all Tongues, muſt want a Title; you are beyond Prodigious, Language fails and Reaſon's at a loſs, that would Expound ye; your Pardon Sir, I am but newly practis'd in the Trade of Flattery and Diſſimulation.

Maſſan. What, and yet a Courtier! Damnation! is that Poſſible? Did ever Creature breath in that rank Air, that was not skill'd in both thoſe Qualities? ——Not Flatter nor Diſſemble, ſay not Live; for riotous Meat and Drink, nor gawdy Cloaths, Hounds, Horſes, Whores, your conſtant Properties in their Perfection, are not half ſo natural as Flattery and Diſſembling to a Courtier.

Don Tib. I ſhall not make this good, Sir.

Maſſ. Shall ye Comply? [*Enter Rock and Petitioners, who give Papers to* Maſſ.
Come, come, you muſt, 'tis Death, if you deny. *Don.*

Don. Tib. Was ever Plague ſo mortally Severe? Had ever Kingdom ſo debas'd a Curſe? the Noble Blood of my great Anceſtors boils in my Veins with Anger and Diſdain, and yet the Frown of this Plebeian Fellow, ſpight of my Nature, Aws me; ſure 'tis th' effect of Witch-craft, Hell is juſt ſetting up a Common-wealth, and all the Devils conſpire againſt Nobility.

Rock. Your Wife Sir, with the Dutcheſs *Mataloni* Rifl'd and Plunder'd, are juſt coming in; —ſhe's as good as her word Faith, ſhe has ſtuck her ſelf all over with Jewels, as thick as a Sir-loyn of Roaſt-Beef is with Roſemary at *Chriſtmaſs*, —I had a fling at her Grace too, I told her a Lye, and had a Diamond-Ring worth a hundred Ducats for't.——Rare, rare doings, Sir,——gad little did I think of ever living to ſee ſuch bleſſed days.

Enter Blowzabella, *awkerdly dreſs'd and deck'd with Jewels; then Dutcheſs* Mataloni, *led by* Urſula, *and the Dutcheſs in mean Habit, Weeping.*

Maſſan. Attend all to Morrow Morning, and I'll give ye Hearing [*to Petitioners*

Don Tib. Bane to my Eyes——who would thank Providence for that dear Gift, that was confin'd to ſee ſuch diſmal Sights as theſe?

Urſul. Why Siſter, you don't mind my Brother there.

Blowz. Oh—I look the Greater for that, ye Fool, Husbands and Wives ſhould be careleſs of one another;——beſides, what have I Trick'd up my ſelf thus for, but that every Body ſhould ſee me now, and I ſee no Body; beſides, this is nothing——the next time I Dreſs, the Son, Moon, and Seven Stars——ſhall look like Farthing-candles to me. Siſter, prithee mind *Tomaz* now, do but ſee how he ſtares at me; I'll take no notice of him, but pretend to be full of Buſineſs, as he does.

Maſſan. She thinks ſhe's Fine, I warrant, 'sDeath and Hell,——was ever any thing ſo Monſtrous——as courſe Deformity in gawdy Trappings, I naufeate it, but muſt not ſhew it now.——Hah, what was that! methought a Dart ſhot from that Mourning Beauty——pierc'd through my *Soul*; my *Soul*, tho of a piece with my courſe Body, yet feels the ſmart, obeys the power of Beauty, and makes me ſay aloud——*She's* Admirable.

Dutch. No more, my Lord, let my Misfortunes hide me for ever from your ſight, and I do beſeech ye, leave me.

Don Tib. Thou Beauteous Partner of my deareſt Friend, thou charming Form that now mak'ſt *Sorrow* amiable; I will, but yet believe, thou *Shrine* of Vertue, 'tis only that I may the better ſerve thee; my *Stars* have here condemn'd me to their Intereſt, an Intereſt that I hate as I love Honour; and if that metamorphos'd Female Brute there, has any ſpark of Womaniſh ſoftneſs in her, ſhe ſhall in ſpite of Nature, uſe ye well. [*They Whiſper.*

Blowz. Carry the Priſoner to the place I order'd.—What ſay ye, *Sir*, would ye ſpeak with me?——Hum, well, what is't?

Maſſan. She goars and wounds me ſtill; and now methinks the whole, compoſure of my Frame, is alter'd—I tremble and am aſham'd to know my ſelf.—Hah, what did I ſay I Trembl'd, 'tis impoſſible, can my Heart tremble, that is ſteel'd with Power? Trembling implies a Fear; what can I fear, that have unqueſtion'd Power to command all, and can enjoy what e'er that Power poſſeſſes: —Agen—there's no looking on her, I'm all o'er Flame o'th' ſudden:——

Well,

Well, 'tis but ask and have, I'll ſend her word *I* like her, and if ſhe prove peeviſh, fright her a little with her Lord's Proſcription and ſhe yields preſently.—*Rock*, come hither, Thou ſaw'ſt that weeping Woman there.

Rock. Who, Sir, the Dutcheſs? Ay, ſhe's a delicate bit faith,—gad I like her very well.

Maſſan. You do ſo.

Rock. Yes, Sir, under favour, I intend——I intend———

Maſſan. What is't you intend——hah?

Rock. Why Sir, *I* intend, *I* intend to———

Maſſan. Sir———

Rock. I ſay Sir, I intend to make her do your Excellency Juſtice.

Maſſan. You ſhall do ſo, go get her for me preſently.

Rock. Get her, What does your Honour mean?——Have you a Paper ready? VVould you have her Sign any thing?

Maſſan. Yes, Sir, and Seal too.——Therefore good Monſieur Secretary, I would adviſe you to practiſe your Employment, and make her ſupple d' hear? Supple for me, fit to take my Impreſſion, and let your Liking ſlag, Sir Ink-Bottle; theſe are your Ears yet I ſuppoſe———

Rock. They are ſo, I ſuppoſe my Lord, I have had 'em a pretty while.

Maſſan. 'Tis well; if you would have 'em ſo remain, be Diligent; you underſtand me. [*Exit* Maſſaniello *and Guards.*

Rock. Hum—ſits the VVind there—underſtand ye? Yes, yes, a Pox on ye, ye have given us all occaſion to underſtand ye; we know now what he means by a pinch by the Ear, a tweak by the Noſe, as well as if he had ſpoke *Spaniſh*:——He, *I* find, has a mind to the Dutcheſs himſelf, and *I* as principal Officer in Truſt, muſt ſollicite her for him; 'tis ſo, there's no avoiding it, if *I* deſign to keep my Place, this muſt be done; and *I* ſee now, 'tis in vain to think to make my ſelf a Great Man, without being a Pimp into the bargain. [*Exit.*

Don Tib. VVill it pleaſe you to give me an Anſwer to my Suit, Madam?

Blowz. VVhy look'e Sir, cry Mercy——*I* think you are a Prince tho.

Don Tib. And your Ladyſhip's Humble Servant.

Blowz. Hum, that may not be much a-miſs, as things may happen, Od'sfiſh, the Man's well made———

Don Tib. 'Tis Madam, in favour of the Dutcheſs, let me deſire——

Blowz. Oh, gad ſo, the Dutcheſs my Priſoner; and you deſire—why look, my Lord, if we ſhould all have our Deſires, what would the VVorld come to? VVhy you may deſire one thing, and *I* may deſire another thing, when as things may happen, you can neither have your thing, nor *I* have my thing; oh my word, this is a great thing to conſider of——and you muſt think *I* know my Poſt, my Lord, what *I* muſt do; great things now.

Don Tib. Pox on her, has ſhe forgot already the great things ſhe us'd to do, when ſhe ſold *Sprats* at the *Caſtle-Gate*?——Ah, how the *State-Mackarel Surveys* me; it may chance, that *I* may have a Hook for her, if it be ſo, the Dutcheſs ſhall gain her end I'm ſure.

Blowz. VVell, *I* ſwear, *I* think *I* have not ſeen a more likely Perſon, the Man truly has, as one may ſay, a mighty promiſing Countenance; well, he has ſo, and he has a *Suit* to me, good agen; and perhaps I've a Buſineſs for him to do,

very

very well ſtill; why the World is alter'd now, and things are chang'd from what they were, and Odsfiſh, I muſt not be as *I* have been——what, *I* muſt do great things now.

Don Tib. I'm ſtill in hopes, Madam, you are thinking how to gratify my requeſt.

Blowz. My Lord, you ſpeak well, gratify; you would be Gratify'd you ſay, and deſire my Priſoner may be tenderly us'd, and have Servants about her; well, my Lord, and how, pray, would you gratify for ſuch a Favour?—— Come, you are a Courtier, *I* am at preſent diſpos'd to ſee a little of thoſe Finicals; ——How d'e begin?

Don Tib. Why, firſt, Madam, with all reſpect imaginable, *I* approach—

Blowz. Odsfiſh, is that approaching? Why, my Lord, you ſtand ſtock ſtill.

Don Tib. At a reſpectful diſtance, Madam, always when we addreſs to Great Perſons. With Familiars; 'tis true, we often approach to the Lips.

Blowz. Ay, ay, to the Lips—Odsfiſh, that's better by half, if you muſt approach, approach as you ſhould approach, to the purpoſe, my Lord.

Don Tib. Madam, this Favour is too great.

Blowz. Puh,—never ſpeak on't, my Lord, *I* am not ſo ſtrait-lac'd, but *I* can be familiar with my Equals upon occaſion, and if you have an inclination to approach once agen, my Lord——

Don Tib. The Devil—this is worſe than her refuſal; —— Oh, how *I* hate an Oyſter that opens of its own accord—but come, once more for the Dutcheſs's ſake, I'll defy Garlick——

Blowz. So, my Lord, and now what think ye of my Perſon and Appearance? Pray be a little curious——here's no Rumper above, my Lord, nor no crooked Legs below.

Don Tib. Oh, Madam, your Perſon, like the reſt, muſt be Admir'd

Blowz. 'Tis true, Fortune us'd me a little courſely formerly, as to ſell Fiſh, or ſo—but as to a Perſon, bring me any of your fine Ladies to diſcourſe with me, or ſo, and Gads-fiſh, then you ſhall ſee.

Don Tib. Ah, you are ſo very exact by Nature, that methinks thoſe Jewels might well be ſpar'd——

Blowz. Why truly Nature has not been niggardly, but by giving me theſe Jewels, Fortune I ſee, deſigns to be honeſt, and be out of my Debt, and *I* muſt uſe her now ſhe's in Humour.

Don Tib. How the Dowdy has ſtuck her ſelf in the dear Dutcheſs's Ornaments, and how like a Devil midſt the Starry Region—does ſhe appear: But huſh——*I* muſt at her agen——[*Aſide.*] Come, Madam, do but diſpatch this Grant, and then you bind me ever.

Blowz. Well, my Lord, let's walk in, and as *I* find your Reaſons are ſubſtantial—*I* ſhall incline the more.——A handſom Man I'll be ſworn he is—— and approaches very well—why look'e things are alter'd now, and if my Huſband ſhould chance to be a Cuckold, why 'tis no more than what's in Faſhion; *I* muſt not be as I have been, what, *I* muſt do great things now——Come, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Dutcheſs, Rock *whiſpering* Urſula *at a diſtance.*

Dutch. How near are thoſe poor Wretches to deſpair, who dare too nicely ſcan the Acts of Providence! And, Oh, how groſly vile is poor Mortality, when it too highly values its Weak Reaſon, and fanſies Heav'n has done its Merit wrong——if *I* ſhould number all my paſt Offences, can they deſerve this Scourge, this worſt of Miſery? Yes, if Heaven thinks ſo: Let me then be Obedient, and like Great *Cato*'s Daughter, bear Misfortunes with more than *Roman* Conſtancy; yet if Grief grows too ſtrong, here is the Means, this dear Reliever Reſcues me for ever, [*Shews a Viol*] Yonder are my Perſecutors, and ſome new Plague I find, is hatching now between 'em: Fate do thy worſt, let my dear Lord but 'ſcape 'em, theſe Miſchiefs I'll contemn, and ſeem as Merry ——as if their Villanies were my Diverſion.

Rock. Once more I tell ye, you muſt deliver up your Charge to me, *I* have Buſineſs with her from the General, things of Importance Women, weighty Matters; there is a preſſing Affair going forward—you muſt give way too, therefore be gone *I* ſay, your Husbands are yonder, toaping a full Bowl for joy of the good Plunder, at the Duke of *Caivano*'s; go, go, and colour your Gills there, and leave this Lady to my management.

Urſul. Ay, with all my Heart, methinks I long to ſee how my Husband *Pedro* looks in his fine Golden Coat. Adſheartlikins, *I* warrant he's as proud as 'twere any *Don* himſelf. [*Exeunt.*

Rock. Hem, hem, Madam, in ſhort, you muſt know, Madam, that is, Madam, if you don't know already, that I am his Excellency's Secretary.

[Rock *pulls off his Hat awkerdly.*

Dutch. His Excellency's Secretary! bleſs me, how can I deſerve this Honour? pleaſe ye, Sir, to take a Chair. [*He ſits down.*

Rock. You have very favourable Stars—Madam, for as you ſay, this Honour is not beſtow'd on every one—eſpecially without Money. [*Aſide.*

Dutch. But how comes it, I beſeech ye, Sir, that I am made thus Happy?

Rock. Why, you muſt know, Madam, that the General, who neither ſees, ſays, nor does any thing without me, thought fit to take my hint of Commendation of that Forehead, Noſe and Mouth of yours, after which too, to ſpeak Unvulgarly, *I* expreſs'd my ſelf in praiſe of the Lilies and Roſes in your Cheeks, your white Neck, and ſo forth, and at laſt, gave him ſignification, that you were altogether a very tolerable Perſon.

Dutch. Thou art in all Significations Intolerable I'm ſure. [*Aſide.*] Indeed, Sir, you oblige me extreamly, and I can't forbear ſaying, that I am not a little proud, ſetting aſide the General's liking, Sir, of the obliging Applauſe of a Perſon of your Merit and great Office.

Rock. Hum, 'tis ſo, I muſt be the Man I ſee, ſhe begins to be ſweet upon me already. [*Aſide.*] Why faith, Madam, I muſt needs think thoſe that are Wiſe, will alwaysdiſtinguiſh a Perſon of Place and Truſt; you may Cringe and Compliment Kings and Keyzars, if you pleaſe, but to us you muſt come, if you'd have your Buſineſs done.

Dutch. True, Sir, *I* know it very well—and therefore ſince I've th' honour of your liking, what's matter what the General ſays or does?

Rock.

Rock. Ah, what a bewitching Smile was there——she has charm'd me so I cannot speak a word, and I must be a Traytor in spite of my Teeth. ———

Dutch. Besides, to shew my self grateful, *Sir*,—and give ye Praise for Praise, in my fancy now, that Chesnut Phiz of yours, but especially that Nose, prognosticating strange Events, is wondrous Taking.

Rock. I have her fast, for if she likes my Nose once, the rest follows in course.———But hark'e Madam, is this in Earnest? Am I so fine a Person faith —I should be glad to have some favour from ye as a proof.

Dutch. A Favour, you shall, take this Cordial and drink my Health—'tis a warm Philtre will encrease your Flame: To shew you too 'tis an especial Favour, I'll use it with a Gust, when there's occasion; come, Sir, take six Go-downs.

Rock. Hum—what a Plague does she mean? It can't be Poison sure—Gad, *I* don't like the colour on't; why faith, Madam, *I* must beg your Pardon, *I* an't dry at present.

D. Oh, Luxury! Great Men, Sir, are always Thirsty; —come, you must take it.

Rock. But Madam, I have sworn never to drink between Meals.

Dutch. How, Sir, know then, since you such Grace refuse,
Fortune thus flies ye, and Revenge a Rogue pursues. [*Exit Dutchess.*

Rock. That is, she'll tell the General, and he shall Hang me——gad *I* must after her and prevent that tho, for all my Fooling. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Cardinal *and* Mataloni.

Matal. My Lord, if ever humble Penitence yet influenc'd a Heart, believe, mine feels it; Oh, let me kneel and kiss your sacred Robe, thus low beg Pardon for my past Offence, then from my Soul thank you for this Discovery.

Card. 'Tis too much, my Lord, pray rise, Heav'n knows, how the vast bulk of your Misfortunes oppress my Heart, deep sense of which, and pity to your Lady, who is involv'd too in the general Ruine, has made me willing to divulge this Secret, which a bigotted Jesuit, craz'd with the Plot even forc'd into my Bosom.

Matal. Hell of Barbarity! a Brother do this, a Brother plot my Ruin and my Wife's, for in her Death, is mine, with greatest Horror, and this too only for ambitious Vanity, to forge another Plot—without my knowledge, even as his Hot-Brain pleas'd.

Card. There's th' Arch-Contrivance, he knew your tender Passion for your Lady, a Prisoner now in *Massaniello*'s House, would ne'er give your consent to act revenge by Fire; and therefore to effect his double Plot, you and *Perone* were to be Ignorant, for different Ends, you on your Lady's score, and he as being design'd a Sacrifice with *Massaniello*, who, they give out, shall fall by Sword or Pistol; but 'tis indeed resolv'd by firing Mines under the Market-place, and when the Throng is most, to blow up both, and to accompany 'em, your Lady and a hundred thousand Vulgar.

Mat. Prodigious Villany!

Card. Of Powder for this Action, fifty Cantara's—are stow'd in several Pla-

ces under Ground, enough to ſhake all *Naples* into Ruines, and glut Revenge with ſuch a horrid Maſſacree—no Age could ever Parallel.

Mat. My Fleſh trembles and Blood grows cold, even at the apprehenſion: Unnatural Viper! for a Brother's Name from henceforth I renounce, as alſo a Brother's Nature, by thy accurſt Example, for 'tis paſt doubt, that with my Wife and the reſt, when this moſt dreadful Blow had once been given (had not your gracious Clemency ſav'd me by this Diſcovery) I too had ſhar'd this Ruin.

Card. That's not unlikely, for your Brother's aim, compacted with ſome Dons of his rank Faction, we find, is now for ſetting up himſelf, when *Maſſaniello* and the reſt were Dead, Chief Farmer of the *Gabells* in your ſtead.

Mat. I ſee it now, plain as the Sun at Noon, thou venerable Parent of my Life, for this Diſcovery gives me all that can be call'd in Life a Bleſſing, ſaving her who is much dearer than my Life, my Soul: How ſhall I pay my Thanks? How pour out my full Heart? And how Adore thee?

Card. Calm, calm your ſelf, my Lord, and—ceaſe this Rapture, I'm paid in the good Action.

Mat. May all Stains be wip'd for ever from that Honourable Scarlet, for this your Piety——Oh, this baſe *Carraffa!* this bloody Brother! But yet 'tis no more than what the Scheme of his paſt Life has promis'd, a Nature ever prompt to Cruelty, hardn'd in Ill, he oft would ſet me on to plague the People, and do things Unnatural, of which the *Gabells* late impoſed, was one,——and which being too ſevere, has now Undone us.

Card. My Lord, I ſee your Senſe is now ſerene, and therefore I ſhould be moſt Uncharitable to twit ye with your former raſh neglect: Oh! what a ſacred Tutor is Affliction? T'inſtruct Humanity, and give erring Nature the means to know it ſelf.———Farewell, my Lord, excuſe Paternal Love and honeſt Care, if it now ſound too harſhly in your Ear; ——the Lot is caſt, you muſt divert this Stratagem, or ſhe you love amongſt the common Crowd is loſt for ever; they are now coming hither to their laſt Conſultation; I was Invited, but made ſhift to excuſe it; indeed *I* lik'd it not, *I* wiſh the Rebels quell'd, but cannot wiſh that way; —but you muſt ſtand the brunt, and countenance 'em, ſay as they ſay, and work your Ends the better:

Be Wiſe then, 'tis the Criſis of your Fate,
One Hour loſt now, the reſt come all too late. [*Exit Card.*

Mat. How have I been miſtaken in this Man; this Great, and yet this good Man? This is indeed a Churchman——ſtudied in Morals too, and has a Conſcience: If the Body of the *Roman* Prieſthood were like him, juſt in Actions as in Words, Preaching no more than they would Execute, nor buſied but in caſe of general Good, how many Converts would approach the Altars,

Suck up their hallow'd Breath, and Kneel and Pray?
That now neglect, and heed not what they ſay.

Enter Gervatio.

Gerv. Oh, my Lord, is your Grace here? That's well, your Brother and the reſt of the Cabal, are juſt upon Entring, *Perone* too with the *Banditti*, and a whole bundle of *Jeſuits* following——gad the Miſchief will thrive, I'm ſure, becauſe they

they have a hand in't: We ſhall broil this King of Herrings now I'faith——I han't forgot the Raſcal's Fiſh-Treat; a Pox on him, he has made me hate the name of Fiſh ever ſince.

Matal. This Raſcal is my Brother's Creature too, a Bear-Cub, that he could lick into what Shape he pleas'd.—Well, ſuck your Paws, d'e hear, and grow Fat with hopes of your Revenge, but leave me to my Thoughts. Oh, here they come;

Now rank Diſſimulation, act thy Part,
Tongue, huſh my Rage, and Looks diſguiſe my Heart.

Enter Don Peppo, Perone, *and ſeveral Banditti.*

Gervaſ. The Jeſuits are coming,—and one bold daring Fellow among 'em, who ſays, he'll begin firſt and fire the Train under the Upſtart's Houſe.

Don Pep. Huſh, my Brother's here——not a word more now, bid him——do't, and tell him he ſhall be great as his own Wiſhes——— [*Aſide to him.*

Mat. Well, are all things in a readineſs?——Who fires the happy Piece at this proud Fellow?

Don Pep. Who but the brave *Perone*, the Soul of *Naples*; his Harquebuſs is Charg'd, and his Heart willing.

Per. Ay, ay, my Lord, let me alone to fire him.

Mat. I heard the t'other Raſcal talk of firing a Train as they came in; 'sDeath, the Scoundrels quibble with me——and can ye aim well, Sir?

Per. I think I can, my Lord——I have kill'd Black-Birds without a Reſt before now; but if I ſhould fail, here are ſome more will ſecond me, what ſay ye, my bold Lads, hah?

1 *Band.* Why Captain, give but the word of Command, your Enemy lies there, look'e, be it who 'twill.

2 *Band.* Captain—I'll not only kill who you have a mind to, d'e mark me, but if you command me, I'll Eat him afterwards.

Per. There's a brave Fellow now, my Lord.

Mat. A prodigious brave Fellow indeed——Damnation! what Devils have I about me? But what are theſe? [*Enter* Genovino *and other Jeſuits.*

Don Pep. Oh, theſe, Brother, theſe are Friends, woven in our Plot, Fathers of the Church, who with the reſt of 'em, reſolve to aſſiſt us.

Mat. Nay, then't muſt be a Powder-plot, I'm ſure.———Hah, I have it now, and Death ſhall never alter me.——But firſt, for a Decoy; well, Gentlemen, this Undertaking will be Dangerous, and therefore requires Warineſs and Diligence——you'll find me ready at a Minute's warning, but firſt, I muſt Diſguiſe my ſelf, which done,

Believe, ye all command my Head and Heart——
Villains, to Ruine ye, not take your part. [*Aſide.*] [*Exit* Mataloni.

Peron. Methought the Duke your Brother went out Cloudy.

Don Pep. No, no, his Head is only buſie about his Diſguiſe——he has ſome reaſon tho, if he knew all.——[*Aſide.*] Your Reverence is Welcome; theſe Fathers, I ſuppoſe, come from the reſt, all ſworn Friends to our purpoſe.

Genov. All, all reſolved, my Lord——they'll firſt aſſiſt with Prayer, and then with Powder, all ſworn to quell the Church's Enemies,———And now,

my

my brave Captain, since I've so well perform'd the trust you gave me, I hope you'll think a Jesuit may be Honest.

Per. Honest, yes, to his promise to do Mischief, *I* never doubted that; but come, I'm glad to see you here however.

1 *Jes.* When the Laity Rebell against the Church, the Mischief that comes of it, lies on their Heads, tho the Church Execute it.

Don Pep. There's Sophistry for ye——he calls the non payment of Church *Masses*, Rebellion against it—but let him talk, he's a sure Rogue of my side; ——he is to fire the Market-place. [*To* Gervasio.

Gerv. A gad, and I'll warrant he'll do't—he has a Face like a very *Salamander* it self.

2 *Jes.* Oh, bloody-minded Villains! If my Discovery to the Cardinal, put no stop to this Business—*I* shall ne'er Sleep agen:——Oh, Conscience, Conscience. [*Aside.*

Genov. My Sons, be then Couragious, and go on—to do a deed will gain perpetual Glory; and to excite the Cause, pray hear this Fable; *The Birds and Beasts, had once a fierce Dispute, how both their Kinds should make one Government;——this side set the Lyon up as Monarch o'er 'em, but th' Feather'd Kind were for Democracy; both Parties daily strong Excursions made, but neither for long time, the Conquest had—till at the last a sly old Politick Fox spoke to his Comerades thus;*

——My Friends, this War
must end by Stratagem, and not by War.
I'll undertake when next the Birds appear,
To catch a Hundred Thousand in a Snare——
And then the rest must yield, the Case is clear.——

I think, my Sons, this needs no Application, therefore go on.

Don Pep. The Father speaks like an Oracle, let's Embrace, and then go on.

Omnes. Ay, ay, let's go on, let's go on. [*Embrace all.*

Per. Away then, each to his several Charge—and when the cheerful Sun begins to gild the Market-place to Morrow, in all his Pride I'll fell this Giant down.

Omnes. And we'll to the utmost Second brave *Perone.* [*Exeunt all but D.* Pep.

Don Pep. Now soar my well plum'd Hopes, and— gracious Fortune once fix thy Wheel, and on the highest Spoke set me but up; if I fear falling, Scorn me: Methinks my Heart's grown larger since my Plot.——Into what a Labyrinth of knotty Mischief have I involv'd these over-heated Fools, who severally believe they gain that Prize, which they all work for me, to their Destruction; for at that very Instant that bold *Perone* hunts *Massaniello's* Life, so to succeed him——his own, with all the rest, fly up in *Fumo*: The Jesuits too are Tools; for that once done, some Troops of Spanish Dons already rais'd, ——Confederates all in our intended Greatness, shall crush those Moles to nothing.——But hold,—my Brother and his Wife, whose Fate are both inevitable—there's the worst twinge——but what are Brother, Sister, Kindred, or Friends, to him, that bold Ambition onward guides.

Ambition that made Angels once Rebel,
And from Celestial Throne, sink down to Hell. [*Exit.*

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Pedro, Bartallo, Jacomo, Gaſpar, Scipio, Urſula, *and* Belvidore, *ſitting at a Table as Feaſting.*

The Fiſherman's SONG.

OF all the World's Enjoyments,
That ever valu'd were,
There's none of our Employments
with Fiſhing can compare:
Some Preach, ſome Write,
Some Swear, ſome Fight;
All Golden Lucre courting,
But Fiſhing ſtill bears off the Bell,
For Profit or for Sporting.
Then who a Jolly Fiſherman,
A Fiſherman will be,
His Throat muſt wet
Juſt like his Net,
To keep out Cold at Sea.

II.

The Country Squire loves Running
A Pack of well-mouth'd Hounds;
Another fancies Gunning
For Wild-Ducks in his Grounds:
This Hunts, that Fowls;
This Hawks, Dick *Bowls,*
No greater Pleaſure wiſhing,
But Tom *that tells what Sport excells,*
Gives all the Praiſe to Fiſhing.
CHO. Then who, *&c.*

III.

A good Weſtfalia Gammon,
Is counted dainty Fare;
But what is't to a Salmon
Juſt taken from the Ware?
Wheat-Ears and Quails,
Cocks, Snipes, *and* Rayles,
Are priz'd while Seaſon's laſting,
But all muſt ſtoop to Crawfiſh *Soop,*
Or I've no Skill in Taſting.
CHO. Then who, *&c.*

IV.

Keen Hunters always take too
Their Prey with too much pains;
Nay, often break a Neck too;
A Penance for no Brains:
They Run, they Leap,
Now High, now Deep,
Whilſt he that Fiſhing chuſes,
With eaſe may do't,
Nay more, to boot
May entertain the Muſes.
CHO. Then who, *&c.*

V.

And tho ſome envious Wranglers,
to jeer us will make bold,
And laugh at patient Anglers,
who ſtand ſo long i'th' Cold:
They wait on Miſs,
We wait on this,
And think it eaſie Labour,
And if you'd know,
Fiſh profits too,
Conſult our Holland *Neighbour.*
CHO. Then who a Jolly, *&c.*

Ped. COme, let's have another Song, my Jolly Lads, and then 'tother Brimmer, which ſhall be once more, Confuſion to all Gentry.

Gaſp. Ay, come, away with't——but I think we have their Heads upon the Anvel pretty well now, Neighbour.

Bart. Ay, ay, we may lay by our Hammers and our Cleavers; now Brother, ——the Sword is the Tool of Confuſion now, and ſo let's drink about.

Jacom.

Jacom. Gad, I was ſo fine, my Wife did not know me to day; I gave her a Buſs at the Mill-door, and Odzokers, the Jade took me for a Courtier, ha, ha, ha.

Gaſp. 'Tis a ſign a Courtier has been about your Hopper then, Brother, ſome body or other has been taking Toll in your Abſence; what, the Mill muſt go round, Brother, the Mill muſt go round, ha, ha, ha.

Scip. Ay, ay, tho the Soal be rent from the Upper-leather, as the ſaying is, That work muſt go forward—gad, would my Neighbour would drop once and give the Crow a Pudding, as the ſaying is, that *I* might take a Stitch with her, ſhe's a rare freſh crummy Laſs;—ſhe's no Pin-buttock, not ſhe Iſaith.

Bart. Why well ſaid, Neighbour,—faith I'm of thy mind—I'd give a diſh of Marrow-bones,—nay, all the new Rigging of my Captain-ſhip here, to beat up with her for a Voluntier.

Scip. Come, Colonel *Pedro*, let's have Madam *Urſula's* Health round, and give you Joy of your new Title, good Madam, and then to Madam *Belvidere* there——Health to your good Lady ſhips both.

Pedro. Why, well ſaid, Lieutenant,—come with all my Heart.

Urſula. And I'll yours in Rheniſh-wine and Sugar; what we muſt drink Coſtly now, I'm a Lady, and then we'll hear another Song; this Muſick with Drinking, is very pretty.

Belvid. 'Tis ſo, Sifter; but for my part, *I* love a Song that raiſes the Spirits and makes one merry.

Pedro. Why well ſaid, my Laſs of Mettle, this was a notable Ditty Iſaith: Prithee *Jacomo* do but obſerve my Wife in her new Rigging there; a Pox on her, ſhe looks for all the World like thy Mare when ſhe has a Martingal on.

Gaſp. Come, come Boys, ſtrike up there while the Iron's hot, let's have a Song and a Dance——come. [*Song and Dance.*

Enter Rock *haſtily.*

Pedro. Oh Mr. Secretary, Welcom——but why ſo late, my man of Politicks? why thou'rt ſix Bumpers behind at leaſt.

Rock. Ay, a Pox on't, and ſhan't have time neither now I'm come, to drink one of 'em.—Odsheartlikins, you muſt leave off Junketing immediately, for the General's juſt coming hither to hear Cauſes; *I* brought a damn'd Fellow to him this Morning, a lowring, horn-fac'd *Banditti* Rogue, who pretended earneſt Buſineſs, that has put him ſo upon the fret with ſome Diſcovery, that there's no ſpeaking to him, he ſnaps and ſnarls at one juſt like a Dog in a Coach-box——Oons, he call'd me Pimp and Clod-pate juſt now, only for telling him what a Clock 'twas, tho he ask'd me the queſtion. [*Table taken off.*

Bart. Adſo, away with the Bottles then.

Pedro. Do ſo, and let's talk of ſome new Intelligence to find out the Duke of *Mataloni*,—that will put him into Humour—preſently.

Rock. Here he comes, and that Devil *Banditti* with him ſtill; *I* wonder who he is——'tis a plaguy poor Raſcal—and I'm ſure, had not a Penny about him, becauſe he gave me no Fee——for which *I* would have kept him from the General——but 'twas ſuch a ſurly Dog, and thoſe damnable Whiskers ſtruck ſuch an Awe into me—that Egad he made me do what he would, in ſpite of my Teeth.

Enter

Enter Maſſaniello, *and* Mataloni, *diſguis'd like a* Banditti.

Maſſan. Thou haſt well deſerv'd thy Life; and thy Diſcovery is of ſuch weight, as makes me ſtill thy Debtor.

Matal. Have you given Order to Secure *Carraffa*?

Maſſan. 'Tis done, and Spies are likewiſe on *Perone*, to watch his Motions, who at this Inſtant, *I* hear, waits for Admittance.

Matal. 'Tis well; and all the Avenues that reach the Powder, are they taken care of?

Maſſan. All, all, with ſtricteſt Diligence.——My better Genius, how ſhall I pay my Gratitude——tell me thy Circumſtances, that *I* may reward thee—for ſaving me, and two Thirds of the People: Whence, and what art thou?

Matal. One of Fortune's Bubbles, blown up and down a while about the World, and when *I* break, am Nothing: My Race and Birth-right, if you can believe me, perhaps are yet too good for what *I* ſeem, but that may be my Pride, ſo heed it not: If you'd have more know me then by my outſide, which in the Figure *I* at preſent bear, expreſſes me—a Rogue.

Rock. Pithy and ſhort; it does ſo indeed.

Maſſan. This Male-contented ſlander on thy ſelf,——bears yet a reliſh of ſome hidden Honeſty; thou ſhalt be mine, and ſuch a Truſt I'll give thee, as by its Profit ſhall reward this Service.

Matal. Pray, Sir, not too much of your Truſt, I may deceive ye; for what *I* have done, perhaps *I* had my Reaſons, but if you burthen me with Place and Office——*I* ſhall do like moſt of the reſt in ſuch Caſes; *I* ſhall ſerve my ſelf in the firſt place, *I* tell ye that before hand.

Maſſan. Oh, this Bluntneſs better recommends thee to me, it ſhews thou art no Courtier, no favourer of accurſed *Mataloni*, nor the damn'd *Gabellers*, therefore obſerve me, ſome of the Traitors are by this time Seiz'd, and raſh *Perone* attends his certain Ruin.——Withdraw a while, till *I* diſpatch ſome Buſineſs, which done, we'll diſcourſe farther; in the mean time, *I* tell thee, *I* am pleas'd with thee.

Matal. And *I*, if my Deſign ſucceed, moſt happy. [*Exit* Mataloni.

Maſſan. Brother, *I* order'd you to burn the Plunder, but you will have your way, *I* ſee.——What my Bull's-head Captain and the Cobler, Embroider'd too—and the Women foiſting here too, pſhaw, pull off your Trappings, and ſend thoſe things away,——we have no Smock buſineſs now.

Pedro. Smock-buſineſs,—gad if *I* had ſaid as much, the Tanner's Wife there would have broke my Head I'm ſure;—what a Devil ails him.

Bart. Why, Whiskers that went out there, has bewitch'd him, *I* believe.

Pedro. D'e hear Spouſe, I ſee he's in a damn'd ill Humour, therefore prithee be gone.

Urſula. Marry gap, what's he too good to ſpeak to us Civilly.

Maſs. How now, What Noiſe is that?

Rock. The People are mad, I think, they throng the Market-place ſo, that they ride upon one another's Backs; the Jeſuits Horſe one another like wild Stallions;—*Perone*'s Exalted too, and to my thinking, would fain get foremoſt.

Maſſ. Brother, and the reſt of ye, keep here this Poſt, and on your Life, obſerve my Motions.——Are any yet let in, [*Sits down at a Table.*

Rock. Yes, three or four Delinquents, who were Try'd this Morning by the Court your Lordſhip ſet up for ſuch Cauſes, and who now are ſent to you to receive Judgment; They are a Baker and a Fiſherman: But in the Rear of theſe,—appear two Ghoſts or ſtarv'd Skelitons, whom the Prince of *Biſignano* ſends hither to plead their Cauſe themſelves to you, ſtrange fleſhleſs Creatures, I would not have you ſee 'em Faith; their Bones rattle as they walk like a Bag of *Cheſs-men*, and theſe accuſe a Lawyer,——a rich Lawyer, a Friend of mine, my Lord, of Roguery——poor Ideots, they are like to get much by't.

Maſſan. We'll admit 'em all, but let *Perone* keep at diſtance till they're diſpatch'd.

Rock. Valaſco,——d'e hear. [*Whiſpers* Valaſco.

Valaſc. It ſhall be done—— [*Exit* Valaſco.

Enter Baker, Fiſh-monger, *and two Women Ragged and Diſfigur'd, with ſhagged Hair about their Ears, and looking pale and lean, as if juſt Starv'd; then enter the Lawyer, who Whiſpers* Rock.

[Rock *ſits down and looks over Papers.*]

Maſſan. Read the Bills of Accuſation againſt theſe Delinquents ſeverally, then let me know each Man particularly.——Firſt, What's he?

Rock. So pleaſe ye, a Baker——Try'd and Convicted in your Lordſhip's Court of Juſtice——*For that he not having the fear of any thing before his Eyes,* and a world of ſuch formal Stuff, my Lord, ſold Bread to the Poor ſixteen Ounces in ſix and Thirty too Light—and that too moſt of it Dough bak'd—to lie heavy on his Cuſtomers Stomachs, that they might not find out his Cheat.

Maſſan. Hum—for Bread Dough-bak'd, and too light ſixteen Ounces, well, let his Oven be heated preſently, and in it bake that Baker; bake him, d'e hear, to a Cruſt——then dole him round in Parcels of ſixteen Ounces weight to all the Poor that are Injur'd.

Baker. Oh, that ever I was Born——Mercy, my Lord, Mercy.

Maſſan. Away, Bake him, I ſay—on your Lives ſee it done. Proceed, who's the next? [*Exeunt ſome with the* Baker.

Rock. A Fiſherman, who brags he is Related to your Lordſhip, his Crime is, That being ſent by a poor Labourer, who works by the Week abroad, to his Wife, lying in with Twins, with ſome Fiſh proper for her condition, ſhe pulling out her Purſe to pay him, he robb'd her of it, for want of which, ſhe and her too Infants are ſince Starv'd.

Maſſan. Pſhaw, is that all,—why if they are Dead, the Pariſh is eas'd of an Incumbrance; Ods me, and now *I* look on him better, this honeſt Man is a Relation of mine indeed, for if I han't forgot——

Fiſh. Oh lack a day, Maſter *Thomas Annello*—why ſure you can't forget your Couſin *Bobber* the Smelt-man——why I am your Siſter's Son, and pleaſe ye; and you may remember, how Merry we were laſt *Lammas* at the Herring catching——well gads bobs, Couſin, I'm huge glad of your good Fortune.

Maſſan. Thank'e, thank'e—good Couſin; a Chair there for my Kinſman.

Fiſh. Hem, Hem—— [*A Chair brought and he ſits down.*

Maſſan. Well, Couſin, and prithee what is this fooliſh Buſineſs about this Purſe—why I warrant thou took'ſt it Joakingly, didſt not—thou hadſt occaſion for a little Money—for ſome Frolick or ſo, I warrant. *Fiſh.*

Fish. Ha, ha, ha, ha.—Why in Troth Cousin, I had so, you have nick'd it; Gads bobs, you know I was always given to Frolicks and to play Arch-tricks, —and I think this was pretty enough:—You shall hear how 'twas.——The Woman you must know, Cousin, was newly brought to Bed, and lay grunting for Fish, and the Fool her Husband, had no more wit than to send me to her, when she might as well have come to Market her self, if all be true as I have heard of 'em—well—in came *I*—out came her Purse—and whip, says *Jetbro*, I had it in a Moment, so scowr'd off—and over a Brimmer Laugh'd heartily afterwards, with my Brother Topers, at the dissembling Carrion——and faith; as you say, Cousin, I think there was good Service done in't, for the Dam and her Cubbs, would have certainly incumber'd the Parish—and to deal plainly, —I hear I have prevented that, for they're all Dead—ha, ha, ha, she'll want no more Fish in haste, nor her Brats squall no more for the Sucking-bottle, ha, ha, ha.

Mass. So—and for this notable good Service, this same pretty Joak, Cousin, these foolish Lawyers have Convicted thee.

Fish. Senseless Law-Rogues, they have in troth, Cousin—but I knew I had a sure Card of you; nay, the Pimps thought to fright me, with Raw-head and Bloody-bones too, and told me, that my Blood drop for drop, should be shed for theirs, and that the liquot in my Veins, who am one of the Family (of the famous *Annello's* of *Amalfi* should run through the Streets, like the Kennels in a Rainy day:——What says the brave top of our House, shall it, shall it, hah, Cousin.

Massan. No not a drop Cousin—there's my Hand on't——let the bold Spirits of my noble Kindred, Kill, Starve, or Drown, or Poison whom they please, must knavish Law or foolish Justice controll 'em in this Juncture too, when they hope to be Preferr'd? No, 'tis enough that they are Kin to me—— and why am I in Power, but to Exalt 'em?

Fish. Right, my dear Cousin, right—Gads bobs, I could kiss thy Foot, hem! hem! Oons, I'll be reveng'd of those Law-Rogues that Try'd me, as soon as ever I'm Preferr'd. [*Aside.*] Well, well, and dear Cousin, you were talking of Exalting——when, when must I be Exalted——hum—I am nearest Related of any——I am your Sister's Son, you know.

Massan. Why Cousin, within this Hour.

Fish. Shall I faith, Gads bobs——I will kiss thy Foot now [*Falls down and kisses his Shooe.*] But where, where, dear top of the renowned *Annelli* of *Amalfi*—where?

Mass. Why, upon a Sign-post.

Fish. A Sign-post——ha, ha, ha,——well, well, Cousin,—I know you're a rare Joaker; a Sign-post, very pretty faith, ha, ha, ha. [*They Seize him.*

Massan. Go some of ye, and Exalt my Cousin, that is, Hang him instantly upon a Sign-post.

Fish Ah Cousin, dear Cousin, you carry the Jest too far now, you do I'faith.

Massan. Hang him in Chains——but let no Blood be spilt upon your Lives, he is my Kinsman, and I've given my Word; and so adieu good Cousin—d'e hear, before you do it decently, and let him be with Ceremony Exalted.—— Come, the next, the next.

Fish. Exalted, O Lord! why are ye in Earneſt then? Why Couſin *Thomas*, ſure you Joak—dear Couſin *Thomas*—ſure you Joak. [*They drag him out.*

Maſſan. Away, I ſay.———

Lawyer. Hum, this is ſomewhat odd, my Friend.

Valaſc. Oh—a poor Rogue——I knew he'd be Hang'd, for all the General's Joaking.

Lawyer. Well, my good Friend—take care d'e hear, and there's your Fee—I have given the Secretary a hundred Ducats already.

Valaſc. Why look'e, Sir,—you have given me two Ducats here, if you don't come off d'e ſee, as cleverly as a husk from a roaſted Cheſnut, why then my two Ears are at your Service:——I heard the Secretary ſay as much juſt now——and he, he can do any thing; you ſhall ſee him wind the General about his Hand like a skein of Silk. [*The two Women give* Maſſaniello *a Paper.*

Maſſan. What monſtrous things are here, that freez my Blood with Horror of the Crimes, and make me mad with Wonder!—bleſs me, what Figures too, I'll read agen——the Prince of *Biſſignano*'s Letter.

Your Excellency is to know, your Suiters are a Widow and her Daughter; the Widow's Husband, ſome ſeventeen Years ſince, Dying, left his Brother a Lawyer, his Executor, to pay her ſixteen hundred Ducats for her Dowry, and as much for her Daughter's Portion, inſtead of which, to defraud both, he hath Villanouſly and Unnaturally Immur'd 'em between four Walls in a Cave, giving out, They were Dead, and ever ſince fed 'em there with Bread, roots and Water; their Miſeries will appear viſible before ye, and your Juſtice on the Offender be Nobly Remarkable,——

Biſſignano.

Incomparable Villany, I'm amaz'd at it; come forward Wretches, and Expreſs your ſelves—Which is the Widow of you, and which the Daughter?

Pedro. If thou wilt Marry now Captain, here's a rare Bargain for thee——here's one won't be proud of her Bills and Bonds—this Widow will go off cheap enough—and the Maiden Daughter too—I believe, would hardly ſtand priming and mincing upon ſuch an occaſion, ſhe has a Skin there would make a rare pair of Fox-hunting Boots.

Bart. Are they Birds or Beaſts, I wonder—and of what World are they? For ours, in all appearance, they're utter Strangers to——I warrant that Scoundrel the Lawyer, is in a ſmoaky Sweat now—Ods bobs, this Cauſe of his looks but ſcurvily.

Widow. If Miſery extream can deſerve Pity—or injur'd Innocence can hope Redreſs, give ear to my ſad Story, and do Juſtice, for all that Paper mentions, is moſt true, full Seventeen Years forced by that barbarous Brother, we have told the Hours in that loathſom Priſon, fed with the droſs of Earth, unwholſom Roots, Bread candied o'er with Mould and ſtinking Water, all that could make Calamity grow dreadful, and yet not Kill us, we have ſuffer'd daily; The damp cold Earth our Beds, hard Stones our Pillows, and nightly viſited with roapy Snails, that crawl'd upon our Faces, big ſwolen Spiders, the ſcream of Weezels, Rats, and Croaking Toads in Conſort joined, was ſtill our hateful horrid Muſick, whilſt diſmal Darkneſs added to the Horror.

Lawyer. My Lord, I beſeech your good Lordſhip, let her prate no longer ſhe was Mad my Lord—ſhe was Mad—And 'tis true, I kept her a little Hardly—

but

but 'twas only to bring her to her Wits agen——Hark'e, Friend, I would the cretary would put in a word now. [*To Gervatio.* [*Aside.*

Gerv. O no matter, no matter, he'll bring ye cleverly off at laſt, whether he does or no, Man.

Maſſan. Go on there——What ſay you?

Daughter. The Summer's choaking heat, and Winter's cold, both which with their alternate Miſery torturing our Bodies, have quite changed our Natures, our Skins like barks of Trees, our Hair like Furies, with Eagles Talons on inſtead of Nails, and Savage all, but in doleful Sound, breathing from our numb'd, ſtarv'd and tormented Bodies—our Voices, that cry out aloud for Juſtice, for Juſtice, that our wretched Trunks may feel one Hour's Pleaſure, tho we die the next.

Maſſan. You ſhall have Juſtice, ſound ſubſtantial Juſtice, as the Fact merits. or your Revenge could ask; Go take that Lawyer there, that rank rich raſcal, that common Murderer of *Common-Pleas*, that *Capias*, that foul blotted *Writ of Error*—take him, d'e hear, and ſtrip him firſt Naked, then Immure him between thoſe very Walls where theſe have lain, let his Food be Wax and Parchment, and his Drink, the Liquor that has Damn'd his Soul, his Ink;

And whilſt the Widow his Eſtate enjoys,
Let him Rave, Groan, and Languiſh till he dies.

Law. Mercy on me, why Friend, Friend, the Secretary don't ſpeak a word for me.

Valaſc. Hum—why faith your Buſineſs does not come off ſo cleverly as I thought it would, and I can't part with my Ears very well neither; but d'e hear, Sir, let 'em Starve ye if they dare, let 'em take your Eſtate, I warrant he'll maul 'em when you're Dead cleverly, never fear, Man.

Law. When I'm Dead, Oh miſerable Comfort! have I Cheated ſo many to be a prey to Cheats my ſelf at laſt; Oh, *Lawyer*, *Lawyer*, what will become of thy Soul?

Enter Biſſignano, Perone, *Banditti.*

Ped. Brother, the Prince attends to ſpeak with ye. [*Exit with Law. and Women.*

Maſſan. Is Execution done then? [*To* Biſſignano.

Biſſig. I ſaw it all perform'd,—and with Alacrity; *Carraffa* and his Faction all are Dead, the Jeſuits alſo, only *Genovino*, who, as it ſeems, intending to diſcover 'em, has ſav'd himſelf, but all the reſt have Suffer'd; the eager People gave a looſe to Cruelty, their Heads and Hands cut off, and ſtuck upon Poſts, adorn the Market-place, and all their Bodies mangled and torn to pieces by the Rabble.

Maſſan. 'Tis well;—your Ear, my Lord [*Whiſpers.*] 'Tis moſt certain ſo, therefore ſtand ſtill and mark th' Event.

Biſſig. I am Amaz'd.——

Maſſan. Fellows in Arms, eſpecially *Perone*, the chief of my bold Undertakers: Hear me; ſome Plots are late found out againſt my Life, the Authors of it Seiz'd and Executed, and ſince for the People's good, I think my Safety—may be material, let all ſtand at diſtance but thoſe I appoint, till I Explain my ſelf; What ſays the brave *Banditti's* Captain there? Is it not reaſonable?

Per. Your ſingling me out, Sir, to ask that Queſtion, is ſomewhat odd methinks——.

thinks—but let us ſtand as you pleaſe—I think I all along have kept my Diſtance as well as any, I grutch ye no Reſpect that I know of

Maſſan. Surly, but yet my Friend, you know, he's Honeſt, honeſt as his damn'd Brethren in a Robbery—you'll find it ſo, let Honeſty be try'd; Seize him and Search him inſtantly, and thoſe *Banditti's* there, the Villains come to Murder me. [*They ſeize* Perone.

Per. Ah, ſurpriz'd juſt in the Minute; Oh damn'd ill Fortune!

1 *Band.* Fate, guide my Hand, have at thee. [*Shoots a Piſtol, but miſſes him.*

2 *Band.* And mine ——————

Maſſan. Hah—have they miſs'd me; then thanks to Providence, and thou, dear Figure of my bleſſed Angel, that ſtill defends my Life againſt all Danger, go drag 'em to their Deaths; tear 'em to pieces, and let their Heads be fixed among the reſt.

Per. I was a Fool, or thine had grin'd there firſt. Death I deſerve for that, and ſo Confuſion ſeize ye [*Perone and Banditti are carry'd off.*

Ped. The Raſcals hid their Arms under Cloaks, and by that trick deceiv'd us.

Maſſan. 'Tis well remembred; be it Order'd inſtantly, on pain of Death, no Man to wear a Cloak or upper Garment, of what degree ſoever, they ſhall have no more coverings for their Knavery; From High, to Low, Let all Men walk in *Querpo.* Go ſee my Commands obey'd, and ſtrictly, as their Lives will anſwer it.

Rock. Ay gad, and with all my Heart—for I know a plaguy rich Cardinal that wears a huge long red Coat, and if he does not Bribe me well, I'll ſtrip him to his Shirt in the firſt place; 'sdheart, this new Order will bring in a Tun of Money, —and I'll about it inſtantly—*Gervatio*—come [*Exeunt* Rock *and* Gervatio.

Biſſig. This happy chance, which I Congratulate, ſhews the Divine Powers hold ye in regard; Reſpect them, Sir, and ceaſe your rigid Violence, Burning and Plunder; the Vice-Roy greets ye fair too, and now agrees to grant, for th' Peoples good, Great *Charles* th' Emperor's Charter; my ſelf laſt night was at a Conſultation with him, and the good Cardinal *Fillomarino*—who has beſides the Grant, a Preſent for ye.

Maſſan. I'll Viſit him this Moment; he has a Character 'tis ſaid, beyond the Title even of Goodneſs—Honeſt and Conſcientious, yet a Cardinal; 'tis wondrous, and I ſcarce believe it true.

Biſſig. Truth, may good Angels guide ye to purſue. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Cardinal Solus, *Reading.*

Card. Immortal *Seneca*, whoſe ſacred Morals inflame the Senſe, and eaſe the troubled Minds of thoſe that can diſcern and taſte thy Learning, how valued were't thou in theſe ſad Times, to *Naples*, if every one were skill'd in thoſe rich Jewels, which in their value, are Ineſtimable; but as the Peoples Plague is Ignorance, ſo the dire want of thy Philoſophy, makes ſtill more ſharp to them, the darts of Fortune——What Noiſe is that within? Good Heav'n defend me!—the State's Diſtreſs, makes every little blaſt appear a Whirl-wind—It comes nearer ſtill, this muſt be of ſome Moment.

[*Enter*

Enter Rock *and* Valaſco.

Rock. Bring up the Guards to th' door, ye ſawcy Slaves, how dare ye contradict the General's Order? ——Is it your Pleaſure, my Lord Scarlet-Cap, to affront the Supream power——hoh.——

Card. What mean ye, Sir?

Rock. What mean I, Sir, you ſhall know preſently, Sir,—*Valaſco*—ſtrip him--if you can read without your Spectacles, there's my Warrant for it. [*gives a Paper.*

Card. Well, Sir, I ſee your Power and my Patience, as in other things, muſt alſo appear in this [Valaſco *takes off his upper Robes*] But pray how far does your Commiſſion tend? Not to my Skin,—I hope.

Rock. No, no, my Lord—to your Shirt only—I'll proceed no further, I will not ſhew the Church's Nakedneſs——tho ſome of you give her but Tinſel Cloathing.——To your Shirt, to your Shirt——no further.

Card. My Shirt—alas, Sir, Age has ſo craz'd my Body—and long Infirmity ſo weaken'd me, ſhould you proceed ſo in this cold bleak Seaſon, 'twould Kill me;——have you quite forgot Humanity?

Rock. Oh, my Lord, I know you can Talk——I know you have a large capacious Wit, my Lord, and a large Purſe too; my Lord, if you would ſave your ſhrivel'd Carkaſs, then let that ſpeak for ye, that's the Philoſophy confutes me always, the reſt is paltry, paltry.

Card. My Purſe is the Rhetorick muſt ſave me! no, to bribe Barbarity, is to indulge the ſin—I will not give a Penny.

Rock. Come, come, Uncaſe, uncaſe then, the fine Weather will make you chatter your Repentance ſhortly, I make no doubt on't. [*Enter* Maſſaniello.

[Valaſco *goes to ſtrip him further.*

Maſſan. Hah, hands off there——What are ye doing, Villains?

Rock. Oons, the General—we were only zealous in executing your Order, and pleaſe ye — and becauſe the old Biſhop was obſtinate, we thought to fright him a little, that was all.

Maſſan. Avant, ye Scoundrels, whoſe Souls have more of Dirt than th' baſeſt Dung hills; my Orders were to wear no upper Garments, but you will ſtretch, you will; put on his Robe agen, Rogues, and then be gone. [*they dreſs him agen.*

Rock. He is particular; be gone—ah, y'are a rare Fellow to call a Great Officer Scoundrel, but come—*Valaſco*, a pox on him, we muſt go. [*Exeunt.*

Maſſ. He bears an awful Aſpect——Gravity with Wiſdom join'd, appear in every Feature, and ſeem to force a Reverence——well, what then, Looks do deceive us often.

Card. Is this the Prodigy, the Inſtrument of Heaven, and Scourge of *Naples*? He has a daring Front, quick Eye, and a Vivacity uncommon in ſuch Meanneſs, Fatal, and through th' whole Phyſiognomy is ſomething ſtrangely Terrible.

Maſſ. Th' Outſide's Awful,——th' Inſide now I'll try,
And want of Learning——Reaſon ſhall ſupply.
Well, Reverend Sir, you have ſurvey'd my Figure now ſufficiently, would you know ought beſides.

Card. If the ſtrange Frenzy the Age is ſway'd with, would permit your Temper to Reaſon calmly——I confeſs I would, Sir.

Maſſ. Proceed then, I am Calm, let us ſit down. [*They ſit.*] And to the purpoſe now,—what would you know? *Card.*

Card. What you think of your ſelf?

Maſſ. Why of my ſelf I think—but yet may Err—as you do of Religion—Good I intend I'm ſure——tho in my Practice perhaps are Miſtakes.

Card. But we have no Perhaps, Religion is a firm and ſolid Baſis, a ſure Foundation, and the Matter good too we put in Practice.

Maſſ. So you Preach indeed, but ſhould we come to ſeek a Heavenly dwelling amongſt your *Schiſms* and Artful Hereſies, your Pro and Con, your intricate Church *Sophiſtry*, inſtead of Pious plain *Soul*-ſaving Doctrine, which with ſound Truths ſhould give us ſafe Retreat, not *Babel* in all its height of monſtrous Jarring, e'er ſhew'd ſuch ſtrange Confuſions.

Card. The Church cannot Err; ——

Some of her Mortal *Sons* through frailty may.

Maſſ. And thoſe cauſe all their Flock to go Aſtray.

Your Learning only ſerves to guild your Fallacies; your Words and Deeds are never of a Piece;

You prate of Heav'n, tho 'tis Earth you love,
Your Hearts are here, tho Eyes are fix'd Above.

Seven deadly ſins blot out the Cardinal Vertues; rank Avarice, abhorr'd Hipocriſie, ſharp Tongu'd Detraction, and inveterate Envy, hot Leachery, and Charity quite frozen; with your dear darling ſin, King-killing, Murder, neſt in the Boſom of your Politick Conclave.

Card. I am Amaz'd, a Fiſherman to talk thus, 'tis moſt Miraculous. [*Aſide.*

Maſſ. Crimes of all Natures,

That ever did or ſhall Infeſt the Globe,
Lie cloſe and brood under your Scarlet Robe.

Card. Nay, now your Paſſion is predominant, you break your Promiſe.

Maſſ. Only a little Zealous for my Cauſe——I give you the ſame liberty, ſpeak boldly.

Card. So I ſhall, and Honeſtly, and therefore muſt take leave to ask a Queſtion.

Maſſ. Do, I will Anſwer.

Card. Are not you a Rebel?

Maſſ. I know not by my *Soul* ——'tis a *State* Title which yet I want a Definition of, but I will ask the People—their Logick ſhall diſcuſs it, and then I'll tell ye: ——In the mean time, to anſwer with a Queſtion, reſolve me Cardinal, are not you a Hypocrite?

Card. My Conſcience prompts me to reply to that without delay, or more demurring,——No.

Maſſ. Well ſhould I grant you once it may be ſo,
I'm ſure your Tribe can't ſuch another ſhow.

Card. A Hypocrite,——Oh let theſe bubling drops that outwards force their way from their old Fountains, through very ſhame, that my unhappy Age ſhould be affronted with ſo vile a Queſtion, declare my deteſtation of that Crime——you do not know me, *Sir.*

Maſſ. Perhaps nor my ſelf neither. Now I have Anſwer'd ye; thoſe Tears have ſhock'd me, I relent o'th' ſudden. [*Aſide.*

Card. Then I will teach ye, *Sir*, to know your ſelf, for ſhould I fail to ſpeak for fear of Death, or ſtand in awe of your unweildy Power; or as you have diſgrac'd

disgrac'd my Sacred Function, by stripping off my Robe, tho my Life were next, yet should I Sue or Flatter ye, to save it——poorly beg Pity, then I were a Hypocrite, then you might think me a corrupt Time-server, then you might brand me; no, no, rash young Man, a Good Man never fears to die, his Sands are still before his Eyes, he sees 'em run,—and all his pious Deeds proportion'd to 'em——this makes me dauntless; this controuls your power,——and spite of Tortures, strengthens me to tell ye you're a Rebel.

Mass. Very good——go on.

Card. A most notorious Rebel; a vile Name that bears the greatest and most odious Infamy, breaker of Laws, contemner of Religion, Author of Murders and unnatural Riot, Fire, Plunder, and most horrid Devastation. Are not you this?

Mass. In part, yet not a Rebel——I love the King, and for him and my Country, have undertook this dangerous Enterprize; the People were oppress't with loading *Gabells*, and in th' Oppression, the King's Honour tainted, which I resolve to abolish, tho I die for't——and so I do this, so by my Labour I give ease to *Naples*, so the grieved People are by me Enfranchised, may I be torn in pieces by the Rabble, my Head be mounted on a Pole, my Body dragg'd through the goary Streets, whilst each vein spouts Blood out like a Conduit, I am happy, proud of my Fortune, shall contentedly die, and gladly yield my Soul without a Sigh.

Card. Miraculous still——the more I hear him speak, the more I wonder.

Mass. If my design to quell some of the Court—whose Avarice cramp'd us all, be call'd Rebellion——or justly punishing of those, be Murder.——To palliate that, I've only this to say, it is the Times Distress that causes it; uncommon Crimes have forc'd down Heaven's Vengeance,——and suppose me, tho unworthy, chose the means to work its Ends by.

Card. You must not suppose it,—'tis Impious and the height of Arrogance; 'tis making Judgment of Eternal Wisdom, and Heaven the Author of the Ills you do—you rather ought to think, nay and believe Vengeance will fall on you if you repent not.

Mass. My Heart melts strangely, my hard stubborn Heart; Oh, what a power has Piety——

Card. What sacred Vision or Inspiring Prophet gave you commission to be Tyrant here?——suppose the People Wrong'd, are you Omnipotence to scourge the Wrongers, and anticipate Heaven's Justice, through proud Will and rash Presumption—come, come, Repent, cast down your Usurp'd Power——and reverence Heaven, that thus far suffer'd ye,——and turn'd to Benefits foul Disobedience, but cease from future Ill.

Mass. This is a good Man, Deceit can never have such fair Appearance; his words have turn'd my Eyes into my Soul, and his sound Reason changed my very Nature:——Thou Reverend best Instructer of my Soul, thou hast convinced me, and I now am Penitent: and if my Actions since for th' general Good, may be forgiven by Heav'n and the Vice-Roy, this to perform, by all that's Sacred, *Carmine's* bless'd Virgin, and your holy self——soon as the Articles of *Charles* the Emperor are Ratify'd to th' People——to renounce all my Command and Power, and return to my poor Occupation, Fishery;

There with my peaceful Nett my days pass o'er,
And never dream of proud Ambition more.——

Card. Now thy good Genius prompts,——'twas ſpoke Divinely; perform this Vow, and yet be bleſs'd for ever;——and from the Vice-Roy, I have here Commiſſion to ſay, thoſe Articles ſhall all be Ratify'd, and *Gabells* quite Aboliſhed——beſides a Preſent from him to your ſelf.

Maſſ. Oh, let me kiſs the Feet of my Director,——and beg his Pardon for th' Irreverend Sin late acted, in the rudeneſs to Diſrobe him——I am a Dog, a ſordid groſs Plebeian, untutor'd in Humanity, a vile clod of Earth, and you ſhould Spurn [*Falls at's Feet.*] me hence, leſt I defile ye— but Pardon, I beſeech ye, leſt Diſtraction make me commit an Outrage on my ſelf.

Card. 'Tis all forgiven, and forgot; thus from my Heart I give ye Abſolution: And now pray riſe, and hear what I'm in Charge of from the Vice-Roy, who as a forerunner to his future Favour, preſents ye with a Suit of rich Apparel——and will himſelf meet ye at your appointment, there to confirm the Articles.

Maſſ. I'll meet him with all Joy, but for his rich Preſent, alas, my gracious Father, I'm unworthy——for a poor Fiſherman theſe I have on, are rich enough in Conſcience.

Card. Your Perſon indeed, that goes each day Cloath'd with Renown, Apparel can ne'er Imbelliſh more; but yet 'tis proper now, not as a Fiſherman, but Captain-General of the *Neapolitans*; th' Honour of which, obliges ye to wear a Garb befitting; beſides your condeſcenſion to the Vice-Roy.

Maſſ. I am convinc'd, and now will act a Courtier, ſince you will have it ſo.

Card. Hark, the Cathedral Bell Rings, I muſt attend, will you be there?

Maſſ. I'll wait upon your Eminence, and after meet the People, who deſire ſome Muſical Diverſion, for joy of my late 'ſcape: I'll firſt be Fine, and then receive their Kindneſs.——Thus till the Charter is confirm'd, I'll Revel in fluttering Gayety and frollick Mirth:

Which done, the gawdy Traſh away I'll ſpurn,
And to the Canvas I now wear, return.

The End of the fourth Act.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Mataloni *Solus.*

Mat. OH, mighty Love——how is thy wondrous Power ſhewn in the dangerous round of my hard Fortunes, and what a narrow *Iſthmus* ſtands between my future Comfort, and my preſent Ruin, led on by thee, tho almoſt in Deſpair——to free my Soul's beſt Joy, my *Belleraiza*; I've 'twixt the Paws of a fierce Monſter ventur'd, whoſe rancorous Heart thirſts for my Life; whoſe Hatred, would make a Feaſt of Cruelty upon me, and gorge my Blood with Woolviſh Appetite——yet for my Love, my Wife, I venture all—and only now want glorious Opportunity to bring it to Perfection—— my late Diſcovery has fix'd me in the Heart of this bold Fellow—— this bold, nay, I may ſay, this wondrous Creature; for is it not a Prodigy in Nature, that a baſe Boy, poor, ragged, and barc-footed——nay, even the loweſt of

of the wretched Vulgar, ſhould in an Inſtant, as by Inſpiration, be qualified to hold Diſpute with Cardinals, negotiate State Affairs of grand Importance; draw out a powerful Army to Rebel, Command 'em, and with a Nod, a Beck, an uncontroll'd Motion, ſubject all *Naples*; *Naples*, the Queen of Cities, Mother of Hero's——Metropolis and Rendezvouz of Princes, and in her full ſix hundred Thouſand Souls, as Abſolute as any natural Monarch——tis above Wonder—Let me wait Heaven's Pleaſure then, for now it is not in my power to cruſh him, but with the Ruin of my ſelf, and Love; here is his Ring, which gives me powerful Truſt, and Privilege to paſs the Guards at any time——This may be of great uſe to my Deſign; beſides, he treats me now as his beſt Friend—and Spy upon his Enemies—I'll feed him with ſuch hopes——hark, they are coming from Maſs—in Pomp, I hear, and a Solemnity is made to entertain him—well, let him mount,

Ambitious Fool, daſh'd by the turn of Times,
The harder falls, the higher that he climbs.

Enter Trumpets, Kettle-Drums, and Hautboys, a Martial Symphony, Cardinal, and Maſſaniello *in a Fiſhing Habit; then* Don Tiberio *leading* Blowzabella *ſtuck with Jewels; then* Pedro *leading* Urſula, *then* Bartallo, Rock, Valaſco, Jacomo, Gaſpar, Scipio; *they ſtop, and* Maſſaniello *ſpeaks.*

Maſſ. Let twenty Troops be drawn up round my Houſe; then let two Thouſand Halberts line the Gate-way, and on their Lives, no Noiſe—nor none preſs further. If it were proper your Eminence could taſte a little of our Entertainment, I ſhould be happy, but ſince Religious Temperance obliges otherwiſe, I ceaſe my Suit—Is there ought elſe, my Lord, you would Command?

Card. Only your Licence for an Hour, to Viſit Sir, the Dutcheſs *Mataloni*.

Maſſaniello ſtarts.

Maſſ. My Lord, you ſhall have Licence. How her very Name, ſpite of my Reſolves, does kindle my late Flame. Come hither—*Rock*—what ſaid the Dutcheſs to my Suit? [*Aſide to him.*

Rock. Why, Sir, at firſt, ſhe was at her Hums and Haws a little, but I manag'd her ſo, that her Stomach began to come down apace.

Maſſ. Oh, ſhe is ſweeter than *Arabian* Odours.

Rock. Ay, Sir, and whiter than the new fallen Snow.

Maſſ. She is ſo, but prithee praiſe her not, it Tortures me.

Rock. Not Praiſe her, why, Sir, is there any harm in't, or if you ſhould Enjoy—her, is that ſuch a Miracle?

Maſſ. Enjoy her, 'sDeath, that word has ſhot me through——no more, I charge ye—my late made Vow of Honeſty and Vertue, and the awful Look there of that Holy Man—they ſhall, they muſt reſtrain me, but then Beauty and ſuch a ſweet Revenge on *Mataloni*—Oh, how my Veins ſwell!

Rock. Pſhaw, pſhaw, Sir, I hope you a'nt ſcrupulous—why, I'll make her as ſupple as a Glove for ye, there ſhall be no need of Courting.

Maſſ. Well, I'll think further on't, in the mean time, you muſt go wait on my Lord Cardinal to her.

Rock. The Cardinal——what a Devil, muſt I Pimp for him too—pray my Lord, conſider my Place, good my Lord.

Maff. Oh, his is only a Viſit, and no more.

Rock. A Viſit—gad I don't like him—he's Gray, but not very Good, I believe.

Maff. My new *Banditto* Friend there, ſhall go with ye too——*Graſſo*, come hither, thou ſeeſt the Love I bear thee, and the Truſt I have impoſed; take then a Secret from me; go with the Cardinal, to Viſit the young Dutcheſs; the Ring I gave thee, gets admittance to her——then plant thy ſelf cunningly to hear their Talk—and afterwards let me be a partaker—hah, wilt thou be diligent?

Mat. Nay, if ye doubt me, y' had beſt employ another.

Maſſ. Enough——I do not, my good Lord Cardinal, theſe will direct ye to the Dutcheſs's Lodging.

Card. Sir, you Oblige me——— [*Exeunt* Cardinal, Mataloni *and* Rock.

[*Muſick ſounds, and a Banquet ſet out here*]

Blowz. Well, my Lord, I am mightily pleas'd—you like my Dreſs ſo well, and I think, tho I ha'n't been bred at Court, and perhaps may want a little of their Air, as they call it——yet theſe Jewels don't diſfigure me. Odsfiſh, this upon my Breaſt here, coſt a thouſand Ducats, and this upon my Rump here, as much more. [*Turns round and ſhews her Jewels.*

Don Tib. Oh, Madam, and adorning ſo graceful a Perſon too, they receive an extraordinary Advantage——I wonder thoſe ſhe Plunder'd of 'em, ſhould tell her the Price. [*Aſide.*

Blowz. Humh—Adorning my Perſon—Well, my Lord, you have the pretticſt words pop out now and then to oblige me——Odsfiſh, you have, that I could hear ye all day methinks: But come, let's hear the Muſick, and Eat and Drink, and be Merry.

Pedro. What, my Brother is not in the Dumps ſtill, I hope.

Urſul. No, no, but State Affairs lie a little heavy you muſt think——Why truly *I* find my ſelf a little Graver ſince I was a Lady, than *I* was before.

Blowz. Come, my Lord General—Odsfiſh, what are ye poſing on the Muſick, and Banquet ſtays for us —— you act a Courtier rarely indeed; why, you are as dull as if you were a Gudgeon-catching; come away, and ſeat your ſelf for ſhame———what, we muſt do great things now.

They Seat themſelves, and then follows a comical Entertainment of Singing and Dancing; which ended, Enter Genovino *and Soldiers, with the Heads of* Carraffa *and* Perone *on Poles, another bearing* Mataloni's *Habit.*

A Dialogue between two Fiſh-Wives.

1ſt. Fiſh. *HOw comes it now good Mrs. Sprat,*
You are ſo Impudent of late?
I' endeavour to foreſtall my Wares,
And thruſt your Noſe in my Affairs,
What is't you would be at?

2d. Fiſh. *What means the Blowz? my actions ſhew,*
I ſcorn both your Affairs and you;
I hope my Trade is not ſo ſmall,
To help it, I ſhould yours foreſtall,
Sure 'tis not come to that? (high,

1ſt. Fiſh. *Come, come, I know you carry't*
But yeſterday the Neighbours ſwore
That you did all the Herrings buy,
That I had bargain'd for before.

2d. F. *They lye, I am the very'ſt Jade*
That e'er at door a By-blow laid,
If I did any Herrings buy,

Pd.

I'd have ye know,
Ye filthy Sow,
I've other Fish to fry. (*Quean,*
1ſt. F. *Come, come, you did, you did, ye*
And in the Ale-houſe croſs the Green,
To Breakfaſt drill'd my Husband by.

Both Sing together.

2d. *I'd have ye know.*
1ſt. *Ye did, ye Quean.*
2d. *Ye filthy Sow.*
1ſt. *Ye did, ye Quean:*
2d. *And drill'd my Husband by.*
1ſt. *I've other Fish to fry.*

2d. F. *Ye dirty Mawks—would I but go*
To graft my ſpouſe a Horn or ſo,
I've Cuſtomers of Lords or Knights,
Would be my Friends both days and nights,
And take it for a favour too. (*own*
1ſt. Fiſh. *Thou long haſt brag'd of this I*
When only Scowndrels of the Town,
Were ſtill employ'd to till your Ground.
2d. F. *Of which your Husband's one.*
1ſt. F. *He was, but he ſoon found his*
dangerous caſe,
He knows thou art not Sound. (*light,*
2d. F. *Not ſound—you Trollop—by this*
To vex thee, now I'll tell the truth in ſpite;
He does love me, thy Husband's mine,
Our Hands, our Lips, our——we join;
And when we ſit and Sing, and Play,
Has wiſh'd thee Hang'd a hundred times
1ſt. F. *I'll ſlit that Noſe.* (*a day.*
2d F. *He ſays, that Mouth*
Is like the Pole, 'twill reach from North to
And if your there ſo wide (*South.*
You know full well,
The Tales men tell,
What they ſuſpect beſide.
1ſt. Fiſh. *Ye Carrion.*
2d. Fiſh. *Ye Mawkin.*
1ſt. Fiſh. *Ye Slattern.*
2d. Fiſh. *Ye Puſs.*

Both together.

I'll teach you to ſlander me thus, thus & thus.
I'll teach you to Cuckold me thus, thus & thus.

Genov. 'TIS to bear a Brain——ſo well I've Plotted, I am unſuſpected of the late Conſpiracy——and now have formed another *Proteus* Plot, to ſeat my ſelf ſecurely.

Maſſ. What mean thoſe Objects?

Genov. The Heads of your two Mortal Enemies—*Carraffa* and *Perone*, the People bring to add to your Diverſion; and *Mataloni* had not Hell aided him, had never eſcap'd; I was ſo near him, that I reach'd his Skin here, but the Snake crawl'd away.

Maſſ. Damn the Jilt Fortune,——had I hook'd him too, my Heart had been at Eaſe; Oh, with what pleaſure could I employ this ſword to rip him open, theſe Teeth to bite his Heart, theſe buſie Fingers, to tear the Beard from off his hated Face, as now from this Curs'd Traitor, damn'd *Carraffa*.

[*Pulls off the Beard from* Carraffa's *Head.*

Genov. I hunted hard, tho I miſs'd my Game; and tho ſome of my Brethren were found Tardy—of which ſome twenty ſix being ſince Impeach'd—I have ſeen Executed—yet I hope the General heard of my Diligence.

Maſſ. I did, my Politick Father, thou art Honeſt.

Genov. Thou art a Coxcomb, and I'm ſatisfy'd. [*Aſide.*

Maſſ. But this *Mataloni* ſtill goads my Heart——hah, have I no way to Revenge my ſelf?——Yet now I have it—his Wife, his Wife muſt do't, I'm now reſolv'd on't—I'll ſend this Prieſt to fright her further, and then Attack my ſelf—A Bottle or two more, will make me fit——the Prince there muſt know nothing

nothing——I'll leave him therefore here——Go once more, mount the Traitors Heads. And, Brother——and you my Officers, I invite ye to my Closet for an hour, to drink a private Brimmer——come along Boys, we'll have one Glass before we part, Success to our next meeting in the Cathedral.

Omnes. Bless the General, Bless the D. [*Exeunt all but* Don. Tib. Blowzab. &c.

Don Tib. 'dsheart, they are all gone, and have left me to be Baited. [*Aside.*

Ursul. Gadslid, did ye ever see such Sneaks as the General and my Major are, if they ha'n't flinch'd from the Glass, to go and parboil their Guts with Coffee now——there's no Spirit in Spanish, poise on't, I hate such Trifling——if we come to be Merry, let's go through stitch; where do's the Prince's Health stand? [Blowzabella *sits and throws Pellets at the Prince.*

Belv. Here 'tis, and o'er the Left-hand Thumb it comes to himself; here's your Health, my Lord—would I had him in one of our Tan-pits at home. [*Aside.*

Blowz. Ah, he's a precious one——— [*Pelts him.*

Don Tib. I must get out some way or other, this rampant Fish-Wife will pelt my Eyes out else.

Blowz. My Lord, I think I heard you say, you were never Married, and truly you deserve to be Priz'd for't extreamly——Odsfish, a Batchelor has such a peremptory sort of way with him to Married Men; Oh, faugh, a Married Man's quite another thing, I know't by my Husband.

Don Tib. So, if Cuckolding this Fish-General now were a Revenge sufficient for the Nobility——I think I'm in a fair way to Oblige 'em.

Belv. Madam *Ursula*, what thinks your Ladiship of another Song?

Ursul. Why truly Madam, very well, if your Ladiship will oblige us.

Belv. Nay, Madam, the best Voice must be preferr'd always.

Blowz. Nay, nay,——rather than let both your Ladyships bustle about it, I'll do it my self——my Lord the Prince, prithee come and sit nearer me——and don't lie glaring at me with your Twinklers, but come and hear my Song, 'tis a merry one I'll promise ye; now how d'e like it. [*Sings here.*

Don Tib. Oh, 'tis most Ravishingly well, Madam—thus am I oblig'd to Lye two or three times a day at least to keep my self in Favour. 'dsDeath, there's no getting off: Oh, *I* think *I* have it—[*Pulls a out Paper*] Odso, *I* had forgot a business of Importance, which the General should have seen before; *I* beg your Prrdon, Ladies, *I* must be abrupt and go seek him.

Blowz. Pshaw, not yet, my Lord, not yet, 'tis time enough to seek him come, come, pray let our Business be done here first.

Don Tib. Oh, Madam, 'tis from the Vice-Roy, and of prodigious Consequence: Curse on my Fortune, that envy's me this pleasurable Minute, but I'll dispatch and return, Ladies, with all haste imaginable.

Blowz. Well, you know my Closet, my Lord—and since you must go, pray dispatch quickly—and you shall find us there; we'll go and settle our Stomachs with a dram or two of my Water; for you must know, my Lord, *I* make such Water, such heavenly Water, it will make a young Fellow frisk up to the Moon, and an old Fellow's Heart dance the *Canaries.*

Don Tib. I am instructed, Madam, your Humble Servant: 'Tis well I found this Excuse—*I* should have been Drunk too, if *I* had staid, *I* find. [*Ex.* D. Tib.

Blowz. Well, Odsfish, he's the Prince of a Man every way—and we'll have

his Health agen before we part, I'faith; Come, let's enjoy our selves, we'll think no more of the sneaking and pinching of our former days, but hug Fortune, and take Pleasure in by Belly-fulls; come along, Lasses: What, we must do great things now. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Mataloni *and* Rock.

Rock. She's in her private Alcove there—and the Cardinal's gone to her, *I* suppose to help her in her secret Devotion, these Churchmen are rare Terriers, they can hunt in a dark Corner rarely. Od, she's a lushious Creature, Friend, hast ever seen her? When he's gone, I'll try if *I* can Ferret her my self.

Mat. Curst Imp of *Beelzebub*, what does he say? But d'e hear, Friend, I'm order'd here unseen, to observe their Actions, let us withdraw then—the General at yonder door would have you to wait his coming—and then give me Notice.

Rock. Well, Sir, *I* hear ye; *I* do most damnably hate this Fellow, and yet *I* dare not quarrel with him—and yet the Rascal interlopes upon my Business—and *I* find, creeps into the General's Favour every day more and more—and must Ruin me in time; say you so, why then be wise, Friend, and Ruin him first—send him packing, and if thou hast not two penny worth of Courage, Oons, buy two penny worth of Rats-bain, and that will do't every whit as well. [*Ex.* R.

Mat. I've sent that Fellow on a trivial Errand: because he should not hear the approaching Passages, and see where my dear *Belleraiza* comes; Oh, how my Heart pants with uncommon Joy which my hopes give me of my good Success—she Weeps, hah, and looks pale—and talks with Passion; perhaps these Devils may have wrong'd her Vertue——Oh, Hell, if that be so, I'm lost for ever; *I* am afraid to hear, and yet must listen.

Enter Cardinal *and* Dutchess.

Dutch. Thus every hour they torture me, first, they fright me with my Lord's being Taken, and then follows the Villain's Brutal Love.

Card. Let your kind Heart with this assurance rest, he yet is free and safe.

Dutch. Blest be that Tongue, the pangs and hourly sorrows I must suffer for him, now I shall bear the better—for I expect this Evening a fresh Onset, another odious Love-sollicitation, and now I am prepar'd.

Mat. Prepar'd for it! how my Impatience burns me—I'll go forward and try her now my self.

Card. Oh, this perfidious wicked faithless Wretch! he swore to me, and bound it also with solemn Vows and serious Protestations, to be the Author of no more vile Actions; he promis'd to lay down Arms too, and then take up his old Mechanick Occupation—but his unbalanc'd Head forgets it; thus want of Honour in all base Born Creatures, make 'em so little value things so Weighty.

Dutch. Yonder another of his Engines comes—Oh, how I hate that horrid baneful Face, and the more horrid purpose he's Employ'd in, which rather than consent to, or be forc'd, I've yet a means left in my power to help me, one dear, dear Remedy I've yet obtain'd, to keep my Faith to my dear Lord, and free me. [*Shews the Viol of Poison.*] *Card.*

Card. Take heed beſt Daughter——how you offend the Deity, or doubt the aid of Providence, by uſing Violence on your ſelf, you have heard ſelf-Murderers Puniſhment.

Dutch. Oh, preach it not, good Father—Heaven were unmerciful; cruel Extent, to expect gen'rous Vertue ſhould wait to the laſt Moment for a Miracle.

Card. Heaven guard ye ſooner, I do not doubt it will—your Buſineſs ſeems with us, Sir—what's your Commiſſion?

Matal. The General expects a private Conference with the Lady—the Buſineſs is not proper for your Ear, my Lord.

Card. If 'tis a ſin Affair, as I ſuſpect, it is moſt proper that I ſhould be near, with holy Admonitions to prevent it.

Mat. Prevent the ſallies of hot Love, my Lord, with cold Divinity, 'tis vain, vain Labour, good your Grace retire——to you Madam, I am to tell this News—your Lord is Taken, and by the General's Order, Dies to Morrow, unleſs to night your beauteous Charms repeal it.

Dutch. Peace, horrid Screech-Owle——Oh, for a Baſilisks Eyes to blaſt the Author of the dreadfuleſt Tydings that e'er forc'd through the Ear into the Heart. [*Weeps*] What think ye now, My Lord, of patient Virtue, waiting for Champion Guards ſent down from Heaven, one Hours delay may cauſe the brave Intention too late to be effected; the Raviſher's coming, Hells Gates are open, and he ruſhes in, methinks I hear him already, no more hope of Divine help then—but be ſudden. [*Apart.*

Mat. My Lord, your Abſenſe will be very requiſite.

Card. My Preſence is much more——I will not ſtill—but with my Boſom bare, oppoſe the worſt that Luſt and Rage can offer to her Chaſtity. Oh, thou bright Mirrour of Celeſtial goodneſs, thou Pattern in perfection of bleſt Women, think not I e'er will leave thee till I'm Dead, no, we'll both die e'er Villainy ſhall Proſper; then when the Beams of Immortality have rarified this Clod we wear below,

The glorious Stars of Piety and Love,
Shall we mount upwards, and be fix'd Above.

Mat. Madam, you ſee the Cardinal's Old and Obſtinate, I hope you will conſider better.

Dutch. It is, it is reſolved, I'll do it with a Smile, and calm as Infants in a Lethargy—and ſo prevent the Death of that good Man—that honeſt Biſhop, for he's one I'm ſure.——I have conſider'd, Sir, [*To* Mataloni.

Mat. Now hold my Temper———well, Madam, what's the reſult?

Dutch. Why, Sir, Extremity conquers all Reſolves—my Husband's Death and my own Miſery, are things of Weight———pray take aſide the Cardinal, and mould him but to give me Abſolution, only to ſatisfie a ſcrupulous Conſcience, and then I'll give an Anſwer ſatisfactory.

Mat. Tho that dire Anſwer gives me Life or Death—my fatal Curioſity muſt hear it.—A word, my Lord [*Goes to the Cardinal—then ſhe pulls out the Viol.*

Dutch. Now aid me, Love—ye Powers that value Honour, ſtrengthen my Heart and Hand. [*Is preparing to drink.*

Card. Away—hold, nobleſt Daughter, daſh the Poiſon down, famiſh Deſpair, ſtill let us truſt to Providence.

Mat.

Mat. Hah—the Poiſon——Almighty Powers, what had *I* like to have done! Oh, thou ſweet Angel. [*Ruſhes to Embrace.*

Dutch. Stand off, blackeſt Devil. [*She puſhes him back.*

Mat. Off my Diſguiſe——Oh, let thy ſight be free, whilſt to thy panting Heart, *I* give thy Husband——thy Love, thy *Mataloni.*

Dutch. *Mataloni*, Is't poſſible! Oh, thou Extream of Joy! [*Embraces him eagerly.*

Mat. My Wife, my Soul, my deareſt *Belleraiza*—forgive my late Curioſity, which but for this good Lord's preventing it, had damn'd me paſt Redemption——Oh, thou beſt of Women.

Card. This is th' exacteſt work of Providence.
The ſacred Grace was here ev'n to a Miracle.

Mat. How I've adventur'd, and what Dangers paſs'd, I'll tell at better leaſure, let it ſuffice now——this Ring gives means for your delivery, which we'll this Inſtant put in Execution.

Dutch. New Joy ſo crowds my Heart, *I* cannot bear it.

Mat. Hark'e, ſome body's coming ſure.

Mat. 'Tis ſo; here's th' *Secretary*—hah, and that Villain Jeſuit that broach'd the late Conſpiracy—ſtand ſtill, my Love, I'll get but th' Wind of 'em—and then we are ſafe enough. [*Goes behind the Door.*

Enter Rock *and* Genovino.

Rock. Look'e, they're together ſtill——*I* think the Devil's in theſe Cardinals—when once they get a Woman into their Clutches, they'll never let her go.

Genov. Why, Sir, I hope you don't doubt but we can diſtinguiſh Bleſſings Sir, of which a Woman is not *I* think, the meaneſt, when ſhe is Beautiful and Kind which this muſt be through meer neceſſity, ſhe knows ſhe's in the Trap.

Mat. And ſo are you—good Pole-cat, and your Fellow Vermin there. [*draws.*

Genov. Horror——who is't *I* ſee—the Duke of *Mataloni.*

Rock. The Devil.

Mat. Stir not a Foot, Villains——for if you do, your Souls follow the Motion; and tho your Crimes deſerve immediate Hell, yet from the noble hand of *Mataloni*—thus grovelling down, your baſeneſs keeps ye ſafe.——Come my fair Love, and my moſt honoured Father, this is our happy Moment, let's purſue it. On my Diſguiſe once more, and in my Chamber I've one for thee, my Bleſſing; then through the Guards we'll haſte to th' Vice-Roy's Caſtle, and leave theſe lock'd up cloſe to plot new Miſchief. [*They lock* Rock *and* Genov. *in, then Exeunt.*

Card. Heaven's Care, admir'd *Mataloni*——go lead on.

Dutch. Thus does juſt Heav'n atone for cares of Life,
With the beſt Husband,

Mat. And moſt Charming Wife.

Rock. We have made a rare hand on't; a Plague on your Mouſe-trap, you ominous Vermin, let's ſee now if you can Conjure us out here: let's hear your *Sophiſtry*; break open the Lock there, with a Pox t'e.

Genov. I might as well Curſe your dull Pate, Sir *Scribler*, to let a ſlight Diſguiſe out-Wit ye thus——how came he into Truſt?

Rock. Why the Devil ow'd me a ſpight; *I* brought him to the General firſt, 'tis true, miſtaking him for a *Banditto*——and finding him even bloated with a Diſcovery;——but what's that to the preſent purpoſe? What buſineſs had you

there with the Dutcheſs? 'Twas to know that, drew me hither after ye, *I* had been ſafe elſe.

Genov. *I* had particular Order, *I* was to Pump her.

Rock. Were ye ſo, *Timothy Tranſub*——were ye ſo indeed; and for which pumping Deſign, there's a good Thump for ye Raſcal: d'sheart, another Interloper in my Buſineſs, come on Rogue, are ye good at Procuring, as ſoon as ever ye have got into the Bobtail'd Mode, a ſwell'd Noſe and a black Eye, are proper for ye; I'll make ye look a right Baud preſently. [*They Fight.*

Genov. This Purſe ſhall do me Juſtice inſtantly—I'll be reveng'd, nay, tho *I* looſe the Money, the Spirit moves now, and thou ſhalt feel my Anger.

[*In the Scuffle puts a Purſe into* Rock's *Pocket; they fight on.*

Enter Maſſaniello with a Key.

Maſſ. Heated with Wine, and fit now for the purpoſe; Where is this Charming Dutcheſs, whoſe bright Beauty e'er ſince I ſaw her, has inflam'd my Heart; my Heart, that has poſſeſſion of all Pleaſures that Greatneſs brings in its full range of Power, ſhall Sate its Wiſhes with one Bliſs beyond it, the beſt and deareſt, a fair Ladies Love, then *I* may boaſt, *I* have been truly Happy.—The Cardinal is gone hence, but where's the Lady; and where my Creatures, *Rock* and *Genovino.*

Rock. Ah, he's Fluſter'd, *I* ſee—we ſhall have a rare time on't——would *I* were any where, but where *I* am, tho 'twere in an Oven that had juſt been heated, *I* could not be in a greater Sweat I'm ſure.

Maſſ. Hah, are not theſe they—or do my Eyes deceive me? Is not that *Rock?*

Rock. The Ghoſt of *Rock*, and pleaſe ye, but not the real Subſtance, that was frighted away with an Apparition of the Duke of *Mataloni*, that was here juſt now.

Maſſ. How he tortures me———what, *Mataloni*, Dog-bolt.

Rock. Why Sir, in ſhort then, ſince it muſt out, the *Banditto* Captain that you have Entertained and Truſted—was that Devil, Duke of *Mataloni* in Diſguiſe.

Maſſ. Hell blaſt thy Tongue, and where, where's the Lady, Raſcal?

Rock. Gone, gone, Sir, gone——he threatn'd to Murder us if we cry'd out or ſtirr'd, and then took her away, and Lock'd us in——and by virtue of the Ring you gave him——they're paſt the Guards by this time.

Maſſ. How my Rage Choaks me—*I* could tear my ſelf, daſh my beſotted head, and with theſe hands pull from their Sockets theſe dull uſeleſs Lights——that could not guide my ſenſe in ſuch an Exigent—Senſe, Death and Hell, *I* had no Senſe---no Soul; for had *I* either, or my Sight, or Feeling---*I* muſt know what my Nature ſo Abhorr'd——through the meer force of ſtrong Antipathy. Hah, but now *I* think on't Dog, 'twas your Officious Villany firſt brought him to me———how came it? Anſwer that Slave.

Rock. Alack, by chance, my Lord———meer chance; he ſaid, he had great Buſineſs with ye.

Genov. Ah, Mr Secretary, no more Deceits, reſpect your Conſcience, good Mr. Secretary.

Maſſ. What ſay'ſt thou, art thou privy to any thing? Does he play Falſe with me?

Rock. Not *I*, my Lord, upon my Soul. What does that Raſcal mean?

Genov. My Lord, though *I* ſee his Conſcience is quite ſear'd, yet *I* muſt eaſe my

my own——the Man is Guilty——Accomplice with *Carraffa* and their Faction——and brib'd to aſſiſt the Dutcheſs's Eſcape.

Maſſ. Oh, monſtrous Hell-hound.

Rock. Here's a damn'd Rogue, for ye, here's a Prieſt for the Devil——*I* hope your Excellency won't believe him——for may I be Parboil'd, or Roaſted upon a Grid-Iron my Lord, if ever I ſaw *Carraffa*.

Genov. Oh, vile, vile Sinner,—dar'ſt thou look in my Face and ſay this?

Rock. Look in thy Face—why thou confounded Villain——*I* confeſs, thy Impudence does dazle me—but I beſeech ye, my Lord don't believe him.

Genov. Not believe me, why, my Lord, he own'd it a little before you came, upon which, my Choler being rais'd, we had a Buſtle and ſome Blows, which is the occaſion of this my diſorder both of Head and Habit:—But for a more convincing Proof, ſearch him, my Lord, and without doubt, you may find *Carraffa's* Purſe, in which the Golden Bribe is now about him.

Rock. Search me, *Satan*——ſend all thy Imps to do't, *I* fear 'em not——but come, I'll do't my ſelf——I'll make a plain Diſcovery, my Lord, Empty my ſelf before ye——Oh, Murder, Treaſon. [*Pulls out the Purſe.*

Maſſ. The very Purſe, by *Jove*——and with *Carraffa's* Cypher on't; Oh, damn'd, damn'd Traitor.

Genov. You have made a very plain Diſcovery, in Troth, Mr. Secretary.

Maſſ. *I* will be ſo reveng'd.——Here Father. [*Gives him the Purſe.*

Rock. I am Bewitch'd——I'm not able to ſpeak—Oh, Dog, Dog, Dog.

Maſſ. This Key unlocks all the Doors——where are my Guards there.

Rock. *I* beſeech your Lordſhip, hear me but a word. [*He unlocks the Door.*

Maſſ. Away Contagion——Seize that Traitor there, Whip him round the Market-place, then Hang him in Chains, for Crows and Daws to feed on.

Enter Biſſignano, Pedro, Bartallo, Jacomo, Gaſpar, Scipio 2*d.* Jeſuit *and Guards.*

Genov. *I* think now, Friend, *I* am better than my Word—— *I* only promis'd ye a Whipping, you know——and now have added ſomething more.

Rock. Oh, that my hands were at Liberty, Devil.

2 *Jeſ.* Alack, is he th' occaſion of thy Sentence? have Patience a little, and my tender Conſcience ſhall help thee to a Revenge—My Lord, be pleas'd to read that Paper. [*Gives* Maſſaniello a Paper.

Maſſ. What's here! a Liſt of the Conſpirators in the *Powder-Plot*, and *Genovivino's* hand amongſt the foremoſt——'Tis ſo, I know his Character, and this the Fellow that the Cardinal ſpoke of, who made the firſt Diſcovery——Guards, take that Jeſuit too, and uſe him like the other- - -——

Genov. Oh, Devil, haſt thou deſerted me at laſt?

Rock. So, ſo come along Prieſt;——we ſhall ſee now how that ſleek Back of yours can bear the Laſh—and your Neck become a Halter——and now you may give your ſelf to the Devil too, if you pleaſe.

Genov. Well, the gaping Raſcals ſhall not hear me confeſs any thing; however, I'll be true to our Order—who *I* know, will all vouch my Innocence, pray my Soul out of *Purgatory*, and make me a Saint for ever into the bargain.

[*Exeunt Guards, with* Rock *and Genovino.*

Don Tib. Theſe were both Rogues, and have deſerved their Puniſhment. But now, Sir, to ſome Buſineſs of more Weight; the Vice-Roy and Great Colateral Council—have caus'd the Articles to be Engraved like thoſe of Old of *Charles* the Fifth and *Ferdinand*, all that your Heart can wiſh, to free the People——is there Inſcrib'd with care and diligence. A Marble Monument is Erected likewiſe, where in large Golden Letters is Decyphered the Infranchiſement of *Naples* from all *Gabells*——by Great *Maſſaniello.*——You are deſir'd therefore to meet in the Cathedral Church to Morrow, where after high *Maſs* and Celeſtial Muſick, the Deed's to be on both ſides Sealed and Ratified.

Maſſ. I'll hear no more of trifling Buſineſs now, my Head contains a Tempeſt, my Brain burns fiercer than *Ætna* or *Veſuvius*'s Mounts———I'm mad with Rage, and therefore let all Nature, like me, be in Confuſion; he that ſpeaks of Order and diſcretion in Affairs, is my Foe; my hour, ſhall be Mankind's, and in that moment when *I* Wiſely act, let them be ſtruck with endleſs Lethargy:——am *I* not here Supream? I am; and yet my Soul Wiſhes to Sway the reſt———and that the Globe obey'd my Will—*I* would confine the Winds——ſtop the due courſe of Seas, and make the Sun influence the World by my peculiar Order; but ſince that cannot be, let this ſuffice———

That with a Nod, vaſt Legions I Command,
And from Tyrannick Yoaks have freed the Groaning Land.

Pedro. My Lord, You muſt not mind what he ſays now. [*Exit* Maſſaniello. Love, Anger and Claret, have made him at preſent a little out of Order, but you ſhall ſee he'll quickly come to himſelf again.

Bart. He talks none of the Wiſeſt now, 'tis true, but for all that, I'll wage a fat Bullock againſt one of thy Sacks of Meal, Neighbour, that he goes to Church as ſoberly to Morrow as the Cardinal himſelf.

Jacom. Oh, no doubt on't, no doubt on't.

Scip. Where's *Valaſco*? I warrant now his Maſter's gone to be Hang'd, that poor Raſcal will be out at Elbows agen.

Gaſp. Ay and out at heels too, if thou out of thy Noble Compaſſion do'ſt not help to mend him, Cobler.

Don Tib. Well, Friends, you'll put the General in mind then, you know 'tis a Buſineſs of Concern.

Jacom. We will, we will, my Lord.

Don Tib. He has ſworn to lay down Arms, and yet *I* doubt him, for Power, like new Wine, in ſo young a Head, may well intoxicate and turn the Brain—yet not to do't, uſhers his certain Ruin; for let Rebellion revel for a while, and by th' Almighty's Suffrage——plague a Kingdom, there will be yet an hour mark'd out for Vengeance; this then I Prophecy for *Maſſaniello*;

Though high on Fortune's Wheel he's ſeated now,
A time ſoon comes, when he muſt fall as low. [*Curtain falls*

The End of the Firſt Part.

THe Firſt and Second Collections of Mr. *D'urfey*'s Comical Songs: Printed for *Henry Playford*, at his Shop in the *Temple-Change*, *Fleet-ſtreet*, and ſold at moſt Muſick-Shops in Town.

THE FAMOUS

History and Fall

OF

MASSAINELLO:

OR, A

FISHERMAN

A

PRINCE.

The Second PART.

Written by Mr. DURFEY.

LONDON:

Printed for *J. Nutt* near *Stationers-Hall*, 1699.

PROLOGUE to the Second Part.

As some Stale Luckleſs Miſtreſs of the Town,
With former Lovers out of Favour grown;
Tries Art in vain new Appetite to raiſe,
And bring into freſh Play her ſlighted Face:
In ſuch forlorn condition now are Plays.
The Muſes Grace no longer can perſwade,
We find their Beauty, or your Taſte decay'd.
The Seaſon too our Intereſt does oppoſe,
Warm Weather and May-Fair *are Martial Foes;*
For whilſt th' Great at th' Park in Coaches Loll,
And Dames of bumbler Fortunes foot the Mall,
And Citts divert themſelves at Miller's *Droll.*
We ſtrut alas, who ceaſe no Pains nor Care,
To empty Boxes, and to Benches bare:
Hear what a Diſmal ſound from Hollow Walls,
Fills our ſad Ears when a fierce Hero bawls.
Thus when y'are abſent our own Knells we Toll,
And loſs of you is our departed Soul:
Hard Fate too, that the Sun that brings us Flowers,
And cheers the Nation round with Genial Powers,
Should to all Harveſts be a friend but ours.
Yet thus it is, when as their Zeal's inclin'd
To praiſe his Beams, we pray for Rain and Wind:
In Rain to Marrobone *no Bowler goes,*
And Wind the Ladies from the Circle blows:
But when the Sun ſhines clear, then all are fled,
Whilſt we like Cattle in a Parch'd-up Mead,
Condemn'd to one poor Barren ſpot of Ground,
Run to next Covert, where cool Draughts are found;
There chew the Cud our Audience turn'd away,
And drink to better Fortune the next day.
This your hard uſage oft has forc'd us to;
You will not ſure ſuch Rigour always ſhew;
Our Second Part needs muſt indulge your Taſte,
'Tis th' Rebels Fall, much ſhorter too than th' Laſt.
Let a regard to both, your Humour ſway,
Let ſome be for the Park, ſome for the Play.
As for you Bowling Sparks can you find here
No other ſport as good this time o'th' Year,
Is Side-Box quite forgot, and the Maſqu'd Dear?
Nay then we muſt deſpair we ſhall prevail,
All Hopes are gone, when Wit and Women fail.

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONA.

DON Rodrigo Pons de Leon, Viceroy of *Naples* and Duke of *Arcos*.

Don Tiberio	Prince of *Biſſignano*.
Guiſeppe	Duke *de Caivano*.
Cardinal Fillomarino, Duke *di Mataloni*.	Archbiſhop of *Naples*.
Maſſainello,	General of the *Neapolitans*.
Pedro di Amalfi,	His Brother a Ruffian.
Pimponio,	A Villain and Paraſite, but Witty and Comical, Gentleman-Uſher to *Blowzabella*.
Coſmo and *Pietro*	Two Young Lewd Fellows Companions to *Maſſainello*.

WOMEN.

Dona Aurelia,	The Vice-Queen.
Dona Beleraiza,	Dutcheſs of *Mataloni*.
Dona Fellicia,	Daughter to the Duke *di Caivano* and her Niece.
Blowzabella,	Wife to *Maſſainello*.
Urſula,	Her Woman.

Suitors, Muſicians, Maſquers, Singers, Dancers, and Attendants.

The Scene *Naples*, the Time Four Days.

THE

THE FAMOUS

Hiſtory and Fall

OF

MASSAINELLO.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Viceroy, Caivano, Cardinal, Mataloni.

Vice. STILL does Heaven's Anger reign; ſtill is poor *Naples* cruſh'd by the weight of proud Rebellious Power: Nature, and the whole Face of Things are alter'd, and ſeem to yield the ſway to Mad Confuſion: Yet in the Hurry of our ſtrange Misfortunes, methinks I feel a ſpark of Joy, my Lord, * to ſee you ſafe, and having heard your Story, at once rejoyce and wonder.

* *To Mataloni.*

Mat. I humbly thank your Highneſs; and declare amongſt the Plunder of the Haraſſed Nobles, tho' I have felt the worſt Barbarity, Rebels could act, or Malice make inveterate; Yet my relieving my dear *Belleraiza*, tho' my unnatural Brother loſt his Life for't, has clearly wip'd off Fortune's Injuries, and made me once more happy.

Caiv. And to Parallel your Joy, my Lord, let me exert my own: I have a Daughter dear to me as Health, or the Life-blood that warms my Aged Heart; Train'd up in good by an Indulgent Mother, and ever ſince Kind, Vertuous and Obedient; ſhe by your timely no-

tice Scap'd from Outrage, and e're the Horrour of my Houſes Burning, was ſav'd with me to bleſs you for the Deed.

Card. Almighty Powers, what horrid ſounds are theſe! Plunder and Burnings are the diſmal Knels that Toll perpetually! Black Horrour, Revels, and Ruin Triumphs in the Streets of *Naples*; whil'ſt in the Viceroy's watry downcaſt Eyes, we read the baleful Tidings of Diſtreſs: But yet, my Lord, we muſt not drink Deſpair; that Draught let me throw by, and daſh the Goblet, urg'd by the Fiends to hinder future Bleſſings.

Vice. No, my Good Lord, my Courage is my Antidote againſt Deſpair, and keeps the Poyſon from me; yet to a Soul leſs great than mine to ſee, the ſtrange Revolves of Fate, the Court's Diſhonour, the Ruin of our beſt Nobility, the danger of our Starving; all Proviſions on pain of Death, being hindred to come near us; and this commanded by a Beggar's Brat; A baſe Plebeian moulded from a Dunghill! This to a Heart leſs brave, my Lord, might ſhock and force the Soul from her Religious Ward, to prompt a deſperate Action.

Card. Therefore, Faith, and it's Twin-ſiſter, Hope, muſt rule your Reaſon.

Vice. Therefore it does ſo; but my Wife, I fear, has other Sentiments; her noble Spirit, bred from the Princely Race of the *Medinæ*, to be block'd up, and as it were Impriſon'd by the Rabble, breeds a ferment in her Breaſt, not eaſie to be quell'd.

Mat. She is brave and Royal——and diſdains to ſue,
A Soul Divine, and only worthy you.——

Caiv. Though her Confinement muſt be Irkſome to her, being block'd up at Land——yet th' Sea is open; which poor Advantage tho' of ſlight regard is, as I underſtand, now her beſt Comfort; for every Evening in her Rich *Felluca*, accompanied by my Daughter, who to pleaſe her, ſings to her Lute, and Charms the Neighb'ring Ecchoes, between the Caſtle-Port, and the Wide Ocean, ſhe Rows to take the Air.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. So pleaſe your Excellence, the Vice-Queen in haſt deſires to have Audience.

Enter Aurelia, Belleraiza and Fellicia.

Vice. Tell her ſhe's Welcome.——More ill News, I fear, has reach'd her knowledg, for her Cloudy Brow ſeems to foretell a Storm. Now Madam——What's the Matter?

Aur. Matter of Death,—Nay, more, Damnation, were it in my power: Oh that as my juſt Anger makes my Breath vent out theſe loud Complaints, it had the power to blaſt this Monſter with Eternal Plagues,—this Skreeking Mandrake, this vile Earth-born Clod, that

that dares Prophanely thus ſend Sawcy Miſſives to blaſt the Eyes, and grieve the Hearts of Princes. *Shews a Letter.*

Vice. From *Maſſainello?*

Aur. He! — the ill-bred Rebel! Writes in a Stile as if he were my Equal, Advice to me — that I ſhould ſpeak to you, to you my Lord, as you expect his Favour, — his Favour, Oh Gygantick Impudence! would make Hell bluſh, and every Fiend wear Crimſon; To ſend him back the Dutcheſs *Mataloni!*

Mat. Audacious Slave!

Aur. His Ruffian Brother too would ſee my Neice, — my dear *Fellicia* here too as a Suitor: Oh how a Noble and Auguſt Diſdain warms every Sinew! — How the Active Blood
Burns in my Veins, and makes my Heart all flame,
So eager am I to revenge this ſhame.

Card. Have Patience, Gracious Madam.

Aur. 'Tis impoſſible: Such Injuries are paſt all Moderating: He ſays, the Duke there baſely ſtole his Wife, whom he deſign'd to keep there as a Hoſtage, till th' Articles were Seal'd; and if Submiſſion does not attone, and is not made on th' Inſtant, ſhe too ſent back together with my Neice. He ends his Scrowl with a vainglorious Rant, that he'l ſend Power to fetch her back by force; and beat the Caſtle-walls about our Ears.

Bell. Oh that my Sorrows had but force enough to lay me in my Grave, that I might reſt!

Mat. I hope my Love does wiſh too, I ſhould be with her there.

Bell. Or that you and I were Villagers, born in ſome far remote and peaceful Land, that War's Confuſion ne'er did underſtand; where we inſtead of Greatneſs had been bleſt, with darling Comforts from our daily Labour; where Love ſtill exercis'd his Charming Power, and ſweet Contentment made us wiſh no more;
Where Anxious Cares of State could ne'er return,
But happy Joys ſucceed each Night and Morn.

Fell. But how ſhall poor *Fellicia* hope for Comfort, if from her Father ſhe is forc'd away? Oh let me ſtand the worſt of Fortune's Malice, rather than from my Life's Original, be parted till I'm dead: Beſides, to tell me of a Ruffian's Love, — tortures my Heart ſo, I e'en hate my ſelf for giving him occaſion but to name it. Love, as I'm told, is the Soul's choiceſt Bleſſing; the greateſt Joy that can reward the Brave; or Beauty joyn'd with Vertue can expect. A Sacred charming and peculiar Grace; and e'er that's forc'd, which Merit ſhould enjoy, by Rebel-power, good Heaven let me die. *Kneels.*

Caiv. Thou Living Mirrour of thy Mother's Sweetneſs! in whom I now behold by kind reflection, the former Joy that us'd to warm

my Heart, take this Aſſurance from a tender Father, — never to ſeparate thy Duty from me, nor yield thee up for fear of any Torture that Cruelty can threaten.

Vice. And what ſay you, my Lord?

Mat. When I conſent to ſend the Panting Heart from out my Boſom, I mean its deareſt Gueſt, my *Belleraiza*, — a Hoſtage to Rebellious Inſolence; may the curſt Rabble, like a Flock of Vultures, tear me to pieces as a common Prey.

Card. Nor will I e'er adviſe it, ——— Villany is ſtill moſt ſlily couch'd with a pretence moſt ſpecious: The Relapſe of this uncurb'd Plebeian —— wounds my Breaſt, with ſuch a hated ſenſe of his Impiety, that I abhor all Motions he can make, therefore let's truſt in Heaven and our Arms.

Vice. Your Eminence has ſpoke my Heart; let's fortifie, and to his Face ſend back his Inſolent Meſſage, with a reſolv'd denial; then relie on Heaven's relief, or bravely fighting die.

Aur. Die! — 'tis a Pleaſure to my Soul to think on't, ſo we may die reveng'd —— or at leaſt fruſtrate, the barbarous Plots of baſe Plebeian Miſchief.

Cairv. 'Tis what ſhall Crown our Souls with Endleſs Bliſs for a Pain Momentary.

Cairv. Which Infants hardly ſhrink at.

Aur. Learn of me ye withering Bloſſoms of diſtreſs'd Nobility, how to defie the Ills of Deſtiny, and worſt of Fortune's, Malice. Steel your Hearts with Honour firſt; then with Generous Reſolution; and let *Aurelia* nobly guide your Steps into the Temple of Perpetual Glory, by a brave Deed irkſome to our ſoft Natures: Yet *Portia* and Great *Sophonisba* were our fam'd Examples, and when Lawleſs Power, and Savage fury threatens with Captivity, - when that hour comes, mark me ye Twinns of Vertue when you behold my Conquer'd Spirits faint, with a bright Dagger drench'd in my warm Gore, or my Eyes languiſh with ſome Poyſonous Draught, which my own hand has nobly miniſtred.——

Then chuſe your fate equal in each degree,
Scorn poor Rebellious Rage, and die like me. *Exit with Bell. and Fell.*

Card. Thus when a noble Heart inſpir'd with Honour is fill'd with the ſharp ſenſe of ſmarting Wrongs —— thus ſtill it vents its Sorrow, —— I muſt follow her. And tho' I ſee Grief's Fever rages high, perhaps with care, good Reaſons may abate it.

Vice. Stay, good my Lord, a moment, for I think I ſee the Noble *Biſſignano* coming.

Mat. 'Tis he, my Lord, and in his Cheerful Countenance, I hope I read good News. *Enter Biſſignano.*

Vice. Pray Heaven it prove ſo.

Biſſ. Health to the Viceroy —— and to all the reſt, my Gracious Lord, and you my Noble Kinſmen. *Vice.*

Vice. My good Lord, as well as Wretches who are hourly frighted with Cannons Battering, or Proſcription's Terrour, as well as thoſe whom a cloſe Siege has rendred incapable of getting Neceſſaries, or as well as thoſe by Hunger almoſt pin'd or grip'd by pinching Sorrow, can bid you welcome, we return your Courteſie. And now deſire to know our ſeveral Dooms; You are Fate's Miniſter; the Tongue of Deſtiny; — What Order bring you now? what dreadful Thunder, ſince his revolt of Sealing th' Articles, and his damn'd Meſſage to ſend back the Dutcheſs; muſt we leave our half-ſtarv'd Bodies? Hah! what ſays th'Leviathan? Who's to be ſwallow'd next?

Biſſ. Himſelf, my Lord, into the deepeſt Pit of the Infernals, ſooner than ſuch fear'd harm, ſhould touch your Highneſs: No, no, my Lord, I bring ye better News; the Wind is chang'd, and his Intoxicated Brain reliev'd by Reſt, which the full Bowls before diſtemper'd, he now reſumes his Senſe, and ſeems aſham'd of his late breach of Promiſe to the Cardinal.

Vice. Is't poſſible! can he relent!

Biſſ. He does with great Concernment; owns too his late rude Meſſage to the Vice-Queen; and ſays, the Duke's Eſcape with his fair Lady was noble and well-plotted.

Mat. This looks too ſudden, I fear a Snake lurks underneath theſe Flowers; —— prepar'd to ſting. —— But what concerning th' Articles —— Does he intend ——

Biſſ. There lyes the beſt and chiefeſt of my Embaſſie, — his Head grown ſober now, and the hot Fumes of Drinking being abated, with a Look that pictur'd Gravity with Awker'd Grace: —— He bid me thus expreſs him: Tell his Excellence, *Don Roderick Pons de Leon*, Duke of *Arcos*, Viceroy of *Naples* under great King *Philip*, that I the General of the *Neapolitans* —— *Tomas* —— but vulgarly call'd *Maſſainello*, after my ſhame for late Miſcarriages, which my Intemperance urg'd, do beg his Pardon, —— and will, as I late gave my word, to morrow, meet him in the Cathedral, there to Seal the Articles of Infranchiſement o'th' People from Gabels, and all heavy Impoſitions purſuant to Great *Charles* the Emperor's Charter; and that it may laſt in perpetual memory, a ſplendid Monument ſhall be erected, with an Inſcription writ in Golden Characters, *This wondrous Action famous to Poſterity.*

Caiv. Bleſt Turn of Fortune! now the Air clears agen, —— and th' Sun begins to clear our drooping Plants by Sorrow numb'd and blaſted. —— But will this Humour hold?

Biſſ. Moſt certainly, —— his Orders are given out— Then you my Lord* he ſpoke of next with mighty Reverence; he ſtil'd you —— wiſe, his good and Graci-

* *to the Cardinal.*

ous

ous Father: And tho' he knew your Eminence's Charity ſo great, you would Abſolve him; yet his ſhame would hardly let him beg it.

Mat. This is wonderful! —— But owing all to my Good Lord Cardinal's management, whoſe Sacred Wit, and Influencing Reaſons, with a Seraphick power of Spiritual Vertue, have charm'd a human Soul into this Clod, and made him melt before the Beams of Piety.

Card. My Lords, my Heart is full of Joy to find kind Heaven at laſt has bleſt my happy Labour, ——with ſuch fair hopes of a full Crop hereafter; — and now I hold it an eſpecial action that the Vice-Queen be inſtantly inform'd of this great Act of Providence; 'twill calm her. — Huſh, the rough Billows that now wildly Rowl,
And quell the ſtorm that Rages in her Soul.

Vice. It ſhall be ſo, I'll inſtantly go to her, and then prepare for the Great Deed to Morrow: — And ſince the Change of Empire and of States are done by Heaven's Immutable Decree, and human Power oppoſes it in vain;
No more the Sacred doom let us withſtand;
Reaſon directs, the Powers above Command. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Blowzabella *and* La Poop, *the firſt in her Night-dreſs drinking Chocolate.*

Blowz. Who's there, *La Poop?* — Where are ye?

L. Poop. A vot Service, Madam — vill you pleaſe to be dreſſé?

Blowz. No, no, wait a little longer — this is but my firſt Pot of Chocolate, I have drank but ſix of my Ten Diſhes yet.

L. Poop. Ah bleſs your Ladiſhip —— you have de ver leetell Stomach — you ſoop, ſoop, ſoop — de pauvre quantity de Chocolate in de Morning, but you Eat noting all de day long, beſides dat is conſiderable. Ma foy you vill never put your ſhape in de faſhion, if you piddle, piddle — at dis rate.

Blowz. Shape! — Odsfiſh, I Cram my ſelf ſo every day, that I'm ready to break my Stayes — I can't tell — what thou wouldſt have me do more to make my ſhape faſhionable.

L. Poop. Ah Madam, de down-right Trute of de ting is you muſt wear no Stay at all: — 'Tis below de Womans of Qualitee, —— I mean dat is marry — to pinſh — de Hip or de Belly. — See dat be no marry, expect de Husband muſt pinſh a leetle, — and reaſon good. —

But

But de Wife muſt let all ting be looſes,—and ſhew full, plump,—wid ſhild, or widout ſhild, dat is all one, plump, plump, 'tis de ver graceful faſhion mafoy.

Blowz. Plump,—nay, if I am taken for one of the Lean ones, the Looker on ſees double, and the Devil made the Spectacles; I'm ſure I han't felt any Ribs I have this Ten years: And I weigh, * let me ſee I weigh juſt three and fifty Stone, and two Pound.

* *Sups her Chocolate.*

L. Poop. Aw dat is noting ——dere is one Relation of mine in *France*, dat is call *Madamoſelle La Poope*, dat weigh tre hundred Stone: But ſee Madam here come de Lady your Siſter,—and your new Gentleman Uſher wid her, who come to Comb your Head; I hear he is born in *England* — but is bred in *France*, — or elſe he be no fit for your Service, Mafoy.

Enter Urſula and Pimpwell with a Combing Cloth.

Blowz. Oh Madam *Urſula* —how fares thy Ladiſhip's Body? Come Prithee ſit thee down,—and take a diſh of Chocolate, whilſt I have my Head order'd, by my new Fellow here: the great Ladies I hear uſe Men for their Morning Service; and now our Condition is alter'd, we muſt follow the Mode: What we muſt do great things now.

Urſul. 'Tis a good handſome Black Fellow *, and perhaps has no ſtinking Breath.

* *Urſula's Diſh is fill'd by L. Poop.*

Pimp. Which is more than ſhe can ſay for her ſelf to my knowledge; I found that out by her whiſpering me juſt now. *Aſide.*

Blowz. Well Friend, and Prithee what is thy Name, I have, I think, never ask'd thee that yet, did I?

Pimp. Humh——not above forty times, Madam; but 'tis natural for Great Ladies to forget.

Blowz. Ay, 'tis ſo.——

Pimp. What Eſſence will your Ladiſhip uſe to day, *Jeſſamine*, *Tuberoſe*, or *Amber*?

Blowz. The deareſt, the deareſt always:—But as I was ſaying, Humh —— Prithee what was't, I ask'd thee juſt now: Ha?

Pimp. Oh very well, Madam, that looks mighty great indeed; why you ask'd me my Name, and you muſt know, Madam, that in *England* I was Chriſtned, *Dick Pimpwell*,—but am Dignified ſince I came hither with the Title of *Signiour Ricardo*. I'm of a Family, Madam, that carried no ordinary Reputation there, if you ever knew any thing of the *Engliſh* Court, you muſt have heard of the *Pimpwells* I'm ſure.

Urſul.

Urſul. Yes, yes, we hear frequently both of your Courtiers and Citizens too, and ſometimes have great diverſion with 'em.

Pimp. In Hiſtory, I ſuppoſe Madam.

Urſul. No, but in Ballads, —— and I think that's the better way by much.

Pimp. 'Gad ſhe's in the right, for the Hiſtories of our former Kings and Nobles are better done in Ballads, than in any Chronicle I ever ſaw yet there.

Blowz. Well, and—doſt hear me,—What humour are your young Town-fellows of, how do they wear the day out to divert themſelves?

Pimp. Why in the Morning they cheriſh two of their Senſes, Madam, Seeing and Smelling: Seeing by the Court they make to a great Looking-Glaſs; Smelling by Covering themſelves from Head to Foot with ſweet Powder; and then at Night they Indulge the other three, —— Hearing with the Noiſe of Fiddles; and Taſting and Feeling with a Whore and a Bottle.

Urſul. A good merry ſort of a Scoundrel, this —I warrant this Fellow has been a Player there, or ſome ſuch thing: —Well, but I hear they have the name of *Rakehells* amongſt 'em, and are ſo horribly given to ſcandal, that they'l abuſe all Woman-kind, as well thoſe they have to do with, as thoſe they have not; and rather then not have the pleaſure of Tatling, by their Good-will they'l ſay any thing.——

Pimp. Ah—there I muſt beg your Pardon, Madam, I can name you one thing that by their Good-will they never ſay.

Blowz. What's that, Prithee?

Pimp. Their—Prayers, Madam.

Blowz. No —why I thought they were moſt horrible Sticklers for Religion.

Pimp. Right, Madam,— they are horrible ones indeed, and 'tis as natural to 'em as to Slaves in the Mines to Dig their Ore; and like that too is generally manag'd, —for he that toils and labours moſt about it Ten to one knows the leaſt of the matter.

Urſul. And, Ha, ha, ha, well— as to Generation, and that ſort of diverſion, what are—they are very prone to Coupling, at what Age do they Marry?

Pimp. Why the Males never by their Good-will,——but as to the Females, by their Good-will, as ſoon as they can ſpeak.

Blowz. Ha, ha, ha, ye Raſcal, well, and as to your State-affairs, we hear there are great feuds amongſt ye as well as here; tho' the King has done great things for 'em, and they ſay—is a very brave Man.

Pimp.

Pimp. Ay, he is ſo, Madam, — but you muſt know that we *Engliſh* have ſome Affinity with the nature of ſome Dogs we have there, We never receive a good Bone but we ſnap at our Benefactor's Fingers.

Urſul. Ha, ha, why Siſter — this is an Arch Rogue, this Fellow has more about him than we ſee.

Pimp. Ah, a great deal more, I aſſure ye, Madam, — your Ladiſhip ſhall find I have notable Parts upon occaſion.

Blowz. Ha, ha, ha, why Sirrah, you'r an Arch Rogue indeed, as ſhe ſays *: But doſt hear; My Fellow, *La Poop*, told me thou haſt been in *France* too: What didſt learn there, Prithee, ha? ** Patting him with her hand.*

Pimp. Aw, Madam, there I learnt the moſt material things in the whole World, which are, to tye a Muff on with an Air, and to make a huge Back-Perruke for a great Lord, that ſhall reach down to his Hams: But above all to uſe like a Gentleman the Comb and the Puff, in the Lady's Service; as thus, now Madam thus, thus *: This Powder has ſuch vertue, that it will take away all the Freckles — and make the Face as Beautiful at Fourſcore as at Five and twenty. ** Puffs her Face all over.*

Blowz. Odsfiſh it has a notable ſcent with it indeed.

Urſul. And will it take away Freckles, ſay'ſt thou? Well, I'm reſolv'd to try the Experiment then to Morrow. — I'le be Pufft all over, for I've a world of 'em about me.

Blowz. Wert thou ever in *Holland*?

Pimp. Yes, Madam, juſt long enough to ſpoil my Stomach.

Urſul. Why don't they dreſs Meat well?

Pimp. Yes, if you can allow the General Sawce, for there is but one ſort there.

Blowz. And what's that, Prithee?

Pimp. Butter, Butter, Madam, — if you have a cold Jowle of Salmon, and not a Diſh of Melted Butter with it, you affront the Conſtitution of the Country.

Urſula. But of what Humours are they, Prithee?

Pimp. Why they are greater Lovers of good Bargains than good Breeding; they fight well when there's occaſion; and drink largely whether there is or no: — In fine, they are the beſt Skeyters in a great Froſt, but the worſt Dancing Maſters in Chriſtendom.

Enter Pedro *Haſtily.*

Pedro. Come, Hey where's my Siſter *Blowze*? Oh are ye here! My Brother the General wants ye to give Orders for the Ceremony

to Morrow at the Signing the Articles: Your *Maſſainello* has carried it now I'faith; he's at the Top, and we'l keep him there in ſpite of his Scruples of Conſcience; he would have you likewiſe invite the Vice-Queen and her Ladies to a Muſick-feaſt. A Ball I think they call it.—'Tis the Mode amongſt Great People.—Come, come away, and you ſhall know more.

Blowz. Odsfiſh, Brother—but my Hair is not done up, you ſee, nor my Face quite Patch'd, is it?

Pimp. No, Madam, not half: Beſides, —here's two delicate ones,—that will take a great deal of time to place well; I brought 'em from *France*, and call 'em *Venus* and *Adonis*:—The one is for the upper Lip, and t'other for the under, and the witty fancy to have 'em there is—that they may be perpetually kiſſing one another.

Blowz. Well, well, ye witty Rogue, let 'em kiſs one another in the next Room then—for I muſt go to my Husband *Maſſainello*.—But d'ee hear, Sirrah, I'll prefer ye.—Stick to me cloſe; d'ee hear?

Pimp. Zooks, Madam, but here's my *Cupid*, this muſt ſit Enthroned upon your Ladiſhip's Noſe, or I'm undone.

Sticks a great Patch on her Noſe.

Blowz. Ha, ha, ha,—Well, Odsfiſh I like this Fellow ſtrangely, Well Sirrah,—ſtick cloſe to me, and I'll do your buſineſs; d'ee hear,—Hah! times are not as they have been: What, we muſt do Great Things now!

Pimp. In this New Lottery I can't miſs a Prize,
When Nobles fall, *Valet de Chambers* riſe.— *Exeunt.*

ACT II.

The Outer Iſle of the Cathedral.

Enter Aurelia, Belleraiza, Fellicia, Mataloni, Caivano, *and Attendants.*

Aur. WHat? they are coming then.

Mat. Yes, and in Pomp, I hear; the Dunghill-Upſtart ſtreſs'd in Glittering Tiſſue—with his Sword drawn comes foremoſt

foremoſt of the Band, and proudly at the Head of fifty Thouſand, even Juſtles with the Viceroy.

Aur. The Crawling Snake——warm'd by hot Popular Vapours of Applauſe, now ſhews his Sting, and would be thought a Dragon: Oh why permits th' avenging power his Thunder, to cleave the Oaks, and ſhatter Marble Rocks, yet leaves this Prodigy to walk abroad ſafe and unblaſted by Etherial fire?

Caiv. Have patience, Madam, and let us mark the Conſequence; 'tis bruited he will lay down all Command, and when the Articles are Sign'd to the People, return to his baſe Function.

Mat. He'l be Damn'd firſt—there are too many Woolviſh Bloodhounds near him, to urge on miſchief, tho' he had reſolv'd againſt it—to let him keep his Promiſe.

Bell. 'Tis moſt true, for added to his Grovelling ſenſe of Honour he has a Humour various as the Winds, which now viſited with the Guſt of Greatneſs, blows his hot Brain to ſuch a Blazing flame, his Soul cannot reſiſt the Raſh Emotions, nor do I like this his pretended Coolneſs, relating to my Eſcape, but muſt believe, were the poor Bird once more within his Cage, her warbling Mones would hardly purchaſe freedom.

Fell. Ah were I ſo confin'd,—my Soul's ſo weak—I fear 'twould poorly wait upon my Body.——Yet were my Fate ſo cruel to ſubmit me to hazard Bondage from this Helliſh Crew, upon the firſt approach of that diſhonour to quell my fears, and trembling timerous nature:

I hope brave Aunt your Hand would ſet me free,
And give my Fame by Death Eternity.

Aurel. My dear *Fellicia*, my Soul ſhould influence thine, and make thee Valiant: Oh how I ſcorn our preſent vile Condition, nor could my ſwelling heart contain it ſelf at the receiving late a Sawcy Meſſage under the Glozing umbrage of Civility — from that ſhe-Porpeſs th' Fiſh-wife *Blowzabella*,——who by the Gentleman forſooth of her Chamber, ſent to Invite me to a Ball to Night; Was ever Inſolence like it! Shall *Medina*'s Noble Daughter and Wife to mighty *Roderick*, Taint her ſelf, by breathing Air with the vile Jakes of *Naples*! Oh how a juſt diſdain inflam'd my Boſom!

Caiv. Your Excellence muſt needs highly reſent it; and yet the Occaſions of the preſent times, the Peace of *Naples* ſettling in this Juncture, and *Maſſainello* by a ſlight to his Wife, being piqu'd might have the humour to revolt,—urg'd your great heart, I hear, to curb its motions, and condeſcend to grant it.

Aur. Y'have judg'd me right, my Lord, I did conſent, but with a juſt Contempt you may imagin. *Trumpets and Voices heard within.*

Mat. By this Muſick the Choir is coming, and the Viceroy near, who comes through th' Inner part of the Cathedral —— where the Monument's Erected. — Here your Excellence may place your ſelf and view the Ceremony.

The *Scene* opens, and diſcovers a Rich Monument, with this Inſcription in Golden Letters, under St. *Gennaro's* Figure.

The Tyranny of Nobles being repreſſed: The Gabels being Aboliſhed: The Publick and Private Enemies of our Country being ſubdued: The Gracious Privileges of Ferdinand *the Firſt*, Frederick *King of* Aragon, *and* Charles *the Emperor being Confirmed and Renewed:* Philip *the Fourth being Catholick King, and* Don Roderick Pons de Leon *Duke of* Arcos *Viceroy, by the Wondrous Valour and Conduct of* Thomas Annello de Amalphi *alias* Maſſainello *the General, the moſt Faithful People of* Naples, *and Liberty being redeem'd: This Monument was Erected as a Memorial of his Victory obtain'd, and an Emblem of his Fame to all Poſterity.*

The Prieſts appear in the Front, then Blowzabella, Urſula *and her Party come from the other ſide of the Stage, and place themſelves over againſt the Vice-Queen and her Ladies.* Blowzabella *comes in ſtrutting ridiculous and proudly Looking on the Dutcheſs.*

Bell. Bleſs my Eye, the Pageant appears yonder.

Blowzabella *Curſeys to* Aurel. *who returns lightly.*

Aur. What can the Tinſel Poppet make its Honour too, this is wonderful! —— Agen! —— nay then I muſt Mimick it. *Curſeys.*

Mat. But ſee, Madam, yonder comes the Fire-drake.

Here the Choir *comes forward Singing; after them the Great Cardinal* Fillomarino *Myter'd, bearing a Croſier in his Right Hand, and the Ancient Charter of* Naples *in the Left. Then Enter* Biſſignano *and* Pedro *bearing the Arms of the Emperor* Charles *the Fifth; then Enter the Viceroy carrying the new Articles; and* Maſſainello *Richly Attired on his Left Hand, with his Sword drawn; then the Guards and Attendants on both Sides, they walk in Couples round the Stage; then the Viceroy and* Maſſainello, *dividing, go and ſtand on either ſide the Monument; then* Pedro Coſmo Pietro *and Attendants divide on each*

each ſide the Stage; the Prieſts go backwards Singing into the Body of the Church, only two Principals, who bring a Cuſhion and lay before the Cardinal, *who Kneels on it in the middle of the Stage, and ſpeaks to the Statue of St.* Gennaro.

Card. Great Saint the Guardian of us all below,
To whom thy Votaries thus humbly bow,
Smile on thy Sons, that with Devotion Pray,
And bleſs the mighty Deeds are done to day.

Here they repeat this, all joyning their Voices in a Chorus: *Then the* Cardinal *carries up the Charter to* Maſſainello, *and the Vice-roy Sealing and delivering him his Articles,* Maſſainello *puts up his Sword: Then this Song being in Recitative in Praiſe of St.* Gennaro *and the Peace, is Sung.*

A SONG in Two Parts, at the Solemnity of *Maſſainello.*

GLory thou Mortal Paradiſe,
Beſt Joy of Noble Souls,
That all Delights below the Skies,
Surpaſſes and Controules.
In Martial Sounds be now Expreſs'd,
And let the Spacious Globe be bleſt.
As now our happy Nation,
Sweet Peace her Beauteous Face appears,
Now ſhew your Power ye Tuneful Spheres;
Let Angels Sing and Charm all Ears:
For Wondrous is th' Occaſion.

Maſſ. 'Tis now, our Great Protector St. *Gennaro* by my bold Hand has happy *Naples* freed, — and now, my Lord, the heavy Yoke laid by — that on my Neck I for the People wore: Thus low I bow to your Authority. — And as plain *Maſſainello,* (a poor Fiſherman) yet in that poorneſs born to do great Actions, if I've the Law offended, or your Excellence, I ſubmit my Body to be broke o'th' Wheel, or any Torture that you pleaſe to order:

Since I have ended well, this great Affair,
What elſe concerns my life's not worth my Care.

Vice.

Vice. Sir, you have greatly done,—I wish I could say well,—yet in one kind I must confess it is. Your life's secure too—— the King has not proscrib'd ye, and I could wish some of these Nobles could as well acquit ye as I, that give ye what I promis'd, Pardon.

Cardinal *Whispers* Massainello.

Mas. I humbly thank your Excellence.

Here the Vice-Queen and Ladies meet with Blowz. *and her Company; a dumb Complement passes between 'em.*

Aur. Come, we will go and see this Commick-Stuff,—if for nothing else but to divert the Spleen.

Bell. Nay, if 'tis possible to Laugh we shall certainly have occasion.

Fell. Bless us, what a Head she has, and how she jets about and smiles on the Prince there? *Cardinal whispers Massainello.*

Blowz. Madam, will your Highness — please to go; —Madam, the Dutchesses, I must have your Company too, and pray don't be too cogitabund: I suppose, —— your Grace is concern'd a little about these Jewels of yours that you see me wear; but come, get out of your dumps, —Odsfish when you and I are better acquainted, such Trifles shall break no squares, —I have enough besides.

Bell. Oh Madam! I assure ye, my Thoughts were otherwise employ'd.

Blowz. Humb —what upon my Ball—— I warrant, — why I'le promise ye, ye shall have curious Sport, your Highness shall laugh 'till you burst your self.

Aur. Was there ever such a Monster?

Blowz. Come, pray therefore follow me, I think they told me 'twas Manners to go before her into my own House, —— humh, well, I see Breeding increases in me wonderfully, and 'tis but reasonable: What, I must do great things now?

Exeunt Vice-Queen Blowz. *and the rest.*

Mas. I am School'd my Lord,——but when I see that Beauty, that charming Consort of the Man——I hate,——then——I revolt and wish him dead, nay, damn'd,——so I were,——But no more, shes gon and now I'me cool again,——And since I've given my word to treat 'em fairly, aid me Dissimulation——Great *Mataloni* and my Lord *Carvano*, t' excuse what I have done in right oth' People, against your States and You, looks like Dissembling,——and to beg pardon, Fear: Yet I am sorry, sorry that you mistaking did such Wrongs, and that I e're had Cause so to revenge 'em.

Mat. When of the Cause you are the only Judge, Sir, the rash Effects you cannot wonder at.

Caiv. Un-bridled Power ſeldome makes uſe of Reaſon, 'tis blind, and all its Actions are Precipitate, and in ſuch Caſes when the Miſchief's done, 'tis little Satisfaction to be Sorry.

Maß. Nay, ſince y' are ſo ſullen Lords, I'le change the Notion, I'me ſorry now that I have us'd ſuch Courteſy.

Mat. Wrongs have wide Mouths Sir.

Vice. Patience good my Lord.

Card. In this preſent Juncture you know not what you do.

Mat. I beg your Pardon,-----and will withdraw for fear of farther Arguments, but tho' I'me now cruſh'd by that *Lernean Hidra*, an Hour may come,----when his Hearts-blood ſhall pay for't.

Caiv. I'me gon my Lord, Heaven proſper your Intentions.

Ex. Mat. *and* Caiv.

Maß. Furies and Fire, were not thoſe two the Rankeſt of all the Peoples Enemies,-----Farmers oth' Gabells, bloated and gorg'd with their abhorr'd Oppreſſions till I roſe up to quell it; Death, not burn 'em, Gigantick,----Impudence, and how dares *Mataloni*, that lives but by my Leave?

Card. Pray Calm your Paſſion; 'tis Infirmity and want of Temper in the Cholerick Duke that thus miſguides his Reaſon: And now Son, ſince your Deſigns have gain'd a happy Period, I do conjure you by my ſacred Office, to keep your Promiſe and lay down your Arms, ſo ſhall you gain a deathleſs Reputation, and future Saints ſhall Conſecrate your Story.

Pedro. Hah, what ſays the canting Cardinal? Lets hear a little.

Vice. You ſhall have ſuch Proviſion in retirement as your own Heart can wiſh.-----

Maß. I expect none, but am reſolved, thou beſt of all the Prieſthood, to follow thy Direction and Disband,----the Fortune I deſire, is only this, my late Fiſh-tackling-----Rod and Hook and Line, in lieu of which I here give up my Sword.

Coſmo. O Lord, O Lord, we are utterly un-done if this hold.

Pedro. Sure he's diſtracted! Why Brother de'e know what you ſay?

Maß. Moſt certainly, and what I mean too Brother.

Card. Remove, caſt the Miſt from thy dull Eyes, Friend, once ſee clearly.

Pedro. Nay, if y' are thereabouts-----I've a Trick left to fetch him about yet: A Bottle *Coſmo*, a Bottle with ſomething I'le infuſe in't will do his Buſ'neſs I'me ſure; come, we'el prepare for't inſtantly,-----and ſnap him as he comes out. *E.* Pedro *and* Coſmo.

Maß. That dreadful Sword inured to Blood and Slaughter, that when I ſhook it made all *Naples* quake, *Naples* and her ſix hundred Thouſand Souls ſhake like an Oſier,-----reſt in Peace for ever; and

and with my Power Farewell too these Trappings: Off ye vain Trifles,-----off ye gawdy nothings, let me appear as Man was first Created, before fantastick Forms debauch'd his Reason, and th' Bodies clothing vitiated the Soul; off, off, I say. *Throws away Hat and Peruke.*

Vice. Nay, now your Zeal's too Eager, let me intreat your Patience at this time.

Card. 'Tis decent, there are many Eyes upon ye that may mistake this forward Zeal for Frenzy.

Maß. I'me obedient, yet I would do something to shew I bid my Farewell to Dignity freely and with some warmth, — To morrow Noon shall see it all perform'd.

Card. My Blessing on thee.

Vice. My perpetual Favour.

Maß. Thus shall my Fame resound in future Story.
And Babes un-born sing *Massainello's* Glory. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Banquet, and Aurelia, Belleraiza, Fellicia, Blowzabella, Ursula, Bissignano, Cosmo, Pedro *and others*, Pimpwell *and* La Poope *waiting, the rest all seated,* Blowzabella rises.

Blowz. Ricardo.

Pimp. Madam.

Blowz. Did you bid the Wench take Care that she provided Sugar and Cinamon enough for the Pancakes — and that she should fry 'em in Oyl instead of Butter?

Pimp. Yes Madam, and that it should be the Sugar of Eight-pence the Pound, that your Ladyship reserves for high Holy-days, and the best Company.

Blowz. 'Tis well *Ricky*, 'tis very well done: Mind your Business de'e hear and stick close to me, and I'le speak to my Husband to get ye the Government you spoke to me about, — Well, and did you order the Legg of Pork and Potato's to be sent her Highnesses Gentlemen, for a second Course?

Pimp. Yes Madam, and that the Ten-shilling Beer should be Tap'd for 'em and given about in Sack-glasses, that it might look the Genteeler.

Blowz. That's well again, mighty well introth *Ricky*: — And are the Morris, Ropedancers and Tumblers all ready for the Ball, ha!

Pimp.

Pimp. All, all, Madam, the Fidlers too, and the t'other Fellow ſays, he can Bate his Bulls and Bears, and if you pleaſe the Tiger at a Minute's warning.

Blowz. Can he? Well, Odsfiſh I love that Sport at my Heart: Beſides 'twill draw all the Great States-Men here, — they'l neglect the carrying on their great Cauſe to Day, to ſee that I'me ſure, — but harken, a word in thy Ear. *Whiſpers.*

Aur. Was there ever ſuch a Supper! The very ſight of that huge Conger-Eel there makes me ſick.

Biſſ. 'Tis Alamode de Fiſh-wife, Madam, — Ha, ha, ha, your Highneſs ſees ſhe treats in her own faſhion.

Bell. The Muſical Entertainment, I warrant will be a Curioſity.

Fell. Methinks her Gentleman Uſher there, who is ſo familiar with her, ſhould lead her up a Dance.

Blowz. Now will I whiſper with this young Fellow to try if I can make the Prince Jealous, — for I'm told, nothing increaſes Love like Jealouſie. — Well *Ricky*, and as to this Government thou wert ſpeaking of, — muſt I ſpeak for thee, haſt a mind to be a Don, *Ricky*?

Pimp. Yes, indeed Madam, to ſpeak the Truth, I've had a huge mind to be a *Don* — a great while.

Blowz. Well, ſay no more, thou ſhalt be a *Don* — the General ſhall do it out of hand: — What, there muſt be a Patent for't I ſuppoſe, and thou know'ſt his way of doing that.

Pimp. Yes, Madam, a Tweak by the Ear, it ſeems, is his Order of Counſel, and a Kick o'th' Breech, his way of paſſing a Patent.

Blowz. Right, thou haſt it, — therefore ſtick cloſe to me, d'ee hear, and it ſhall be done out of hand, — I'll have thee kick'd on the firſt opportunity.

Pimp. Ah thank your good Ladiſhip. — A *Don*, Oh how I'll ſtrutt!

Biſſ. My Hoſteſs's mannerly way of leaving the Company all this while, is ſomewhat Novel too, Madam.

Aur. She deſigns to treat us with Variety; Oh now we ſhall have her agen.

Blowz. So — does your Highneſs eat; Odsfiſh you have a very Pidling Stomack — why that Codſhead will be cold there, — Ah you'd have done better by half, Madam, if you had taken a Whett as I did before hand.

Aur. A Whett, what's that I beſeech ye?

Blowz. Why a good Brimmer of ſharpning Liquor to prepare your Stomach, — and by your Eating ſo little I find yours to be very cold, — Will your Highneſs accept of a Beer-glaſs of *Nants*?

Aur. Nants, — well I am horrible unskill'd in this new Dialect

of yours, and ſo ignorant that I muſt deſire to know what that is too.

Blowz. Odsfiſh —— not know what *Nants* is —— a Lady of your Breeding, and ignorant of heavenly Brandy! Odsfiſh then Miracles are not ceas'd.

Biſſ. Ah, this is not a Lady of your ſtrain, Madam, this is the Vice-Queen.

Blowz. Why if ſhe were an Empreſs, my Lord, ſhe might know and taſt a Cup of good *Nants*, I hope, and her Title ſhrink ne'er a Jot the more in the wetting, neither, —— But come let's turn the Diſcourſe to hear the Muſick, and ſee the Ball, your Highneſs ſhall ſee how you like our way. ——— Come begin there.

Here follows a Comical Entertainment of Mimicking Dancing at a Ball with Clowns, Morrice-dancers and Tumblers mixt, and ſeveral Humourous Songs and Dialogues, which Ended, Aurelia, Biſſignano, *and Ladies riſe.*

A Dialogue between a *Town-Sharper* and his *Hoſteſs.*

Sharp. *WHilſt wretched Fools*
ſneak up and down,
Play hide and ſeek about the Town;
Depreſt by Debts, and Fortunes frown,
By Duns too kept in awe:
Whenever my Occaſions call,
And 'mongſt my Cre-di-tors I fall,
I've one fine Song that Pays 'em all;
Fa la,——la.

Hoſt. *Good morrow Sir, I'm glad to ſee*
Your Humour is ſo brisk and free,
I hope the better 'tis for me.
If you your Purſe will draw:
I've been two Years at Bed and Board,
And I, Lord help me, took your Word,
But now muſt have what here is
(*Scor'd,*
For all your Fa, la la——la.

Sharp. *My Purſe, ſweet Hoſteſs, is but*
(*lank,*
But I have ſomething elſe in bank;
And you at home I'll kindly thank,
With charming ſweet Sol fa.
We'l, ſit and Chaunt from Morn to
(*Noon,*
No Nightingal in May *or* June;
Did ever Sing ſo fine a Tune,
As fa, la, la, la, la, la, *&c.*

Hoſt. *You take me for an Ideot ſure,*
Will this fine Tune my debt ſecure;
Or pay my Baker or my Brewer,
Or keep me from the Law,
To buy your Shirts there's Money lent,
Beſides in Meat and Drink more
(*ſpent;*
And can you think I pay my Rent,
With fa, la, la, la, la, la, *&c.*

Sharp. *I'll teach thee ſuch a pretty*
(*Song,*
Shall pleaſe both Rich, Poor, Old,
(*and Young;*
Get thee a Husband Stout *and* Strong,
Some Country Rich Jack-Daw;
Nay more I'll bring to quit my Scores,
A crew of Toping Sons of Whores;
Shall Drink all Night and Charm
(*the Hours,*
With

With fa, la, la, la, la, la, &c.
Hoſt. *Ye cunning Rogue this wheed-*
(ling Talk,
You fancy will rub out my Chalk;
But I your ſly deſign will balk,
When you to Fayl I draw;
Your boaſted Song's a fooliſh thing,
For do but you the Money bring,
You'll find I can already ſing,
Fa, la, la, la, la, la, &c.
Sharp. *Well ſince Dame Fortune is*
(my Foe,
And that I muſt to Priſon go,
Let's have a Neat Friſk or ſo,
And then Rub on the Law.

Hoſt. *Well ſince you're on a merry Pin,*
And make ſo ſlight the Counter-Gin,
I'll do't, and let the Tune begin
With Fa, la, la, &c.
Sharp. *Has not my Dance ill Hu-*
(mour charm'd?
Ho. *I muſt confeſs my Blood is warm'd.*
And heart I hope by love alarm'd.
Sharp. *To laugh, ha, ha, ha, ha.*
Hoſt. *You think you've catch'd me,*
(now I ſmile,
Sharp. *No that I'll do at Night dear*
(child.
Hoſt. *Well I'll the Bayliffs ſtop a while*
To try your Fa la, &c.

Enter a Chimney-Sweeper's Boy and Sings.

Boy. *SWeep, ſweep, ſweep,*
My Lord and Madam ſleep,
Whil'ſt I i'th' Chimney creep,
And ſweep, ſweep, ſweep.
He nimbly clumb up to the top,
Without a Ladder or a Rope,
And ſweep, ſweep, ſweep,
Who calls the Chimney-ſweep?

Enter a Cook-maid with a Ladle Yawning.

Cook. *Heigh ho, Heigh ho, Heigh ho,*
Ye bawling Bratt what's here to do?
With this your Sooty Devils trade,
If with this ſqualling noiſe you make,
My Lord and Lady chance to wake,
I vow I'll break your head.
Boy. *Oh!* Sicely, *why ſo full of*
(wrath?
You know I only mean,
To ſweep the Chimney clean,
Leſt Soot ſhould fall and ſpoil the
(Broath.
Cook. *You Youngſters have ano-*
(ther way to deal,
Pretend to ſweep, but come indeed to
(ſteal.
Boy. *Nay now my Honours touch'd*
(and ſoon,
I'll make you ſing another Tune.

Cook. *Come, Sirrah, come I've*
(lately loſt a ſpoon.
Boy. *Can no one be the thief but I?*
Ye've found me ſtill an honeſt Boy;
You know I've kept your counſel too,
And never hinted farther,
What in the Kitchin Larder,
I once ſaw you and John *the Coach-*
(man do?
Cook. *Ye little Rogue, how did*
(you dare,
To peep on ſuch a grand affair?
Boy. *I ſaw it and will tell it too,*
The Garters you had on were blue;
I'll publiſh every thing was done,
Becauſe you tax me with your Spoon.
Cook. *I did but jeſt, come let's be*
(friends,
I'll fetch thee what ſhall make amends.
Exit Cook. Boy.

Boy. *Sweep, ſweep, ſweep,*
I ſaw the Coachman creep.
Into the Stable dark and deep,
When I by chance did peep.

Enter Cookmaid with a great Piece of Bread and Butter.

Cook. *No more of that upon your life,*
We are contracted Man and Wife;
And what you then did chance to ſee,
Was all in th' way of honeſty:
We've given our Words and both ſhook hands,
And that's as firm as Marriage bands.
Boy. *Get me my Breakfaſt to my wiſh,*
With no more Spoons thrown in my Diſh;
Agen upon a Truſs of Hay,
You both may in the Stable play;
And I that peep, and ſweep and peep,
And ſweep, and peep, will nothing ſay.
Cook. *I'll feed thee till I cloy,*
My pretty, pretty Boy;
Thou ſhalt thy Breakfaſt have each morn.
Boy. *And you all night ſhall have your joy.*
Chorus. Thou ſhalt, *&c.*

Well, what thinks your Highneſs, is not this Novel as you call it?

Aur. 'Tis ſo Extraordinary that I want words to praiſe it, and therefore intend to retire and make that the Product of a ſecond thought: Come, my Lord.

Bell. Had the Times been ſetled, I could have laugh'd at the Extravagance of it well enough.

Fell. And—I—'tis well enough to ſee once.

Exeunt Biſſ. *Vice-Queen and Ladies.*

Enter a Servant, whiſpers Blowzabella.

Blowz. Lights—there—for her Highneſs.——
The General ſpeak with me in the Morning, ſay'ſt thou; Well, tell him I'll come.—Now *Ricky*, ſtick cloſe to me, thou ſhalt go too:
And if I raiſe thee to a Prince's fellow,
Thy Hat thrown up cry *Viva Blowzabella.*

ACT III. SCEN. I.

Enter Maſſainello *in his Fiſherman's Habit, and* Pimpwell *dreſs'd in the ſame manner, the firſt bearing a Rod and Fiſhing-Basket.*

Maſſ. MY Wife ſo angry, ſay'ſt thou?

Pimp. Angry, Oh that ever I was born,—Why d'ee think, Sir, ſhe can be pleas'd? You may Metamorphoſe me into what ſhape

ſhape you think fit, you may flea me as you do one of your Eels,— and then inſtead of the Robe of a Lord, put the Shell of a Lobſter upon me — as your Fiſhineſs ſhall ſee good to determine,—— but to think that the high ſpirited *Blowzabella*,——— will ſhrink from a Crab to a Craw-fiſh, and leave a ſilken Gown with a Gold Galloon for a Grogram Jacket with a Copper Edging, is but vain Imagination — I can tell ye but that, Sir.

Maſſ. My Brother then I hear too grumbles at it,— But when I give my reaſons, I don't doubt. ——

Pimp. Oh bleſs me! Reaſons!—Reaſons to lay by a Noble Habit which made ye fit to accompany Kings and Princes——and put on a damn'd dirty Doublet here,—— which makes you and my ſelf too, wo be the time, look as if we were fit for nothing but a Dog-Kennel.— Zooks do but look upon your ſelf a little, Sir,——— do but view your Perſon round ——— Ods Sammon and Eels, and Thornback!—— Is this the Mighty Man, I ſaw yeſterday — Is this *Maſſaincllo*?

Maſſ. Well, well, this Deed will ſettle my Renown for ever, and I have conſulted my Reaſon about it.

Pimp. Reaſon agen,—— Reaſon, to lay by a Glittering Sword that made ye look like a General, to take up a confounded Switch there to make juſt the figure of a ſneaking Gudgeon-catcher in a Lands-chap, to leave the Command of all th' Coffers in *Naple's* Gold, Silver, Jewels, and th' Devils and all — to plunder a little tyny dribling Brook for a few Roches and Dace — Gads-diggers if this be Reaſon!——

Maſſ. Well, well, no more of your Diſputes, Sir.

Pimp. Mum — I ha' done —— but there's his Brother, and ſome of his Mettled Comerades drinking in the next room, that will tell him a piece of their minds preſently. —— Oh here he comes, and the hot-headed *Coſmo* with him — if they can get but to fluſter him with a Brimmer or two, as they have prepared it, — the Cauſe is our own ſtill.——— *Apart.*

Enter Pedro *and* Coſmo.

Maſſ. So Brother, — ſtill with your fluttering Trinkets on? What you diſlike my reſolution of laying down I hear.

Ped. And reaſon good, —what Spirit of ſloth has ſeiz'd on ye the ſudden, to ruin your ſelf and us, and all our hopes?

Coſm. 'Tis that Prieſt's doings, that ſame long tongu'd Cardinal, that Reverend Hypocrite, has debauched the General.

Maſſ. Couſin, you have a Priviledge, elſe I muſt tell ye, I ſhould not bear this Language.

Coſm. Not from a Friend whoſe Heart as well as Tongue acts but to ſerve ye, —— Come, come, you muſt; therefore I boldly tell

Ye

ye, you are impos'd upon, flatter'd, betray'd, the Cardinal with Inveterate *Mataloni*, — and old *Caivano* – brood in hourly Counsels how to destroy ye.

Mass. Ha, that agen.———

Ped. He says the Cardinal with your Enemies Plot to destroy ye, which, they'r to execute that very hour you cease Command; there's one revolted from 'em within, that was their Servant, who has confess'd it all; besides, you might note if you remember well, at our last meeting some weighty thing hung on 'em, — by their rough looks, and surly answers —— to ye.

Mass. They were indeed more dogged than was usual.

Cosm. 'Twas from their hopes to snap ye unguarded and unfriended, and if you will deliver up your Throat. —

Mass. No, Cousin, not so neither.

Ped. If you will from the Commander of all *Naples*—Its power too in your hands,——accept their Charity, and stand to th' courtesie of *Mataloni*.

Cosm. Your known vow'd Enemy—who burns with Expectation of your disbanding, that he then may cope ye,—— when I your faithful Kinsman and your Friend — can baulk his Plots, and put it in your power so to revenge your self —— you have forgot the Dutchess.

Mass. Forgot her, the Taper was newly extinct indeed, but yet thy Breath revives it.

Pimp. This is my Province, now I'll put in a word: The Dutchess, Sir, sweet as a full blown Rose in Summer Mornings,—— e'er gentle Breezes had blown off the Pearls, the Dew had sprinkled on it; then a Skin, smooth, soft, and whiter than the Purest Ermine, and such a shape so charming and provoking—'twould make a God of him that did enjoy her.

Mass. Prithee no more, she's gone.

Cosm. Gone, no, Sir, not from my reach—I know her haunts, and how to snap her hourly; nay the whole Covey of them, I've mark'd my Game, and they are mine at will.———

Ped. Such a revenge now on *Mataloni*'s Treachery were worth the General's notice.——

Mass. Oh how my Blood boyls with Revenge and Love.

Cosm. Give me your hand,—and now believe I honour ye,—I know you love the Dutchess too, and ye shall have her,— revoke your Orders for laying down Arms till things are setled more,—— and if within this hour I bring ye not the Dutchess, and her Neice to Court your favour,——hold me a Rogue and Lyer.———

Mass. Thou amazest me!

Pimp. Oh here's the Female Teizer; Come, now 'twill work rarely.

Enter

Enter Blowzabella *Weeping, and* La Poope: *Another carrying her Fine Gown and Head.*

Blowz. D'ee hear, you *French* Kickſhaw, Diable *La Poope*, don't tell me of his Order, to have me ſtrip'd; but carry back thoſe dirty things agen, or my Fiſt ſhall pound thee into Powder,—What Maggot's in your Head now, in the name of *Beelzebub*, to dub me to be a Lady, and think to undub me agen at a Minutes warning? Oh I could cry my Eyes out to think *, to think *, that ever I ſhould have a Husband that ſhould be ſuch a Fool!—Huſwife, away with the Rags, I ſay, or I will ſo Mawl your *French* Carcaſs. * *Sobs and Crys.* *Throws the Clothes at her Head.*

L. Poop. Hey day! wat a Deevil is de matra! He commande one ting, and ſee commande on oder ting!——de Deevil take dem both. *Exit.*

Enter Urſula.

Pimp. Here comes another of the Litter, the Kennel is rouzed rarely.

Urſul. Why ſure this News is not true that I hear: Odſlidikins, what do I ſee, what is he got into his ſneaking, louzy, naſty Fiſherman's Garb agen!—— Why Brother,——Brother, odd I'm aſham'd to call him ſo now, hearkee, do you ever think.——

Blowz. Sir, can you ever think. *Both Bawl loudly.*

Maſſ. Buz—I ſhall be worried.

Ped. Come, come, no more Spouſe, he will conſider.

Coſm. Come, Couſin, pray ſtep in with us and take a Glaſs or two, amongſt ſome Friends of ours there, you will find the Servant of the Dukes, hear but his Story, no doubt you will be ſatisfied.

Maſſ. Well, I will hear him, but ſure it can't be true.

Coſm. As true as you ſhall have the Dutcheſs here her ſelf within this hour perhaps—the Duke too—will you believe me then?

Maſſ. Oh *Jove* for her I'de do or believe any thing.

Exit with Blowzabella *and* Urſula.

Pedro. So he's wrought rarely,—— three or four full Brimmers, I know will fluſter him, ſo he'l quickly forget all his paſt Promiſes: But will this Fellow that we have hir'd, ſtand faſt and ſwear without a Bluſh?

Coſm. A Bluſh! Prithee, he was bred a Lawyer, he knows not what it is: Go, go, away to the Company,—— and be ſure you drink him to a pitch; this is my time to make a Rape on the others. ——Hah——from this Window I can ſee the Garden, where every day they take their Evenings Walks,—and ſee by Heaven they'r yonder, the Vice-Queen too,—this is a Prize indeed, and I that always lov'd with Ambition, will puſh my Fortune now,—Are the Soldiers ready?

Pedro.

Pedro. All Arm'd at the Caſtle-Gate.

Coſm. Farewell, —— wiſh me good Luck then. *Exit* Coſmo.

Pedro. That I will for my own ſake, —— how have I fir'd this wild hot-headed Fool, to ſeize the Vice-Queen, and bring me her Neice, — that ſweet and tender Bud of Blooming Beauty,

Muſt by my heat be made full blown to night,
My beating Pulſe tells me I'm near delight. *Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Aurelia, Belleraiza, Fellicia, Mataloni, *and* Caivano.

Aurel. This Pleaſant Walk ſo near the Rebels Garriſon; curſe on the Coward Fates, we durſt not uſe, till late, the Truce was made, which when I think on, tho' the Place be happy, and the Sweets of Nature abound here in their Pride, Clear Fountains, Flowers of Excellent Natures in Arbors twin'd, and Sun defying Coverts, tho' all that can delight the ſenſe dwell here, yet that diſgrace makes it ungrateful to me.

Mat. The Ills of Fate, Madam, are no Diſgraces, but tryals of the virtue of Great Souls; had fam'd *Aurelia* ne'er oppos'd the Darts of Trayterous Fortune, her Renown had leſſen'd,

Her life's ſwift Sands had then unnoted run,
Whoſe Glory now ſhines brighter than the Sun.

Bell. Great Souls that ſo are try'd, ought to get Fame, for ſure they feel Fate's worſt Serenity; for what can be more ſharp than for Nobility —— untainted Honour, and unconquer'd Courage, to ſtoop perforce to groſs Plebeian humour, and yield to their Commands whom they deſpiſe?

Aur. That would I never do whilſt I had life, no with theſe Hands I would tear out this Tongue, rather than let it give a vile Conſent to what my Honour told me was Ignoble, or ſhould my Eyes give a relenting Glance, and ſeem by baſe fear to betray my Vertue, fir'd with juſt Anger I ſhould root 'em thence, and caſt the falſe Miſguiders on the floor.

Fell. She talks and thinks to do as ſhe has ſaid,
So I think too were I a Captive made;
At leaſt I tell her that I could death defye,
Yet Life's ſo ſweet, I am afraid I lye. *Aſide.*

Aur. Did my Lord tell you he would meet us here?

Caiv. Madam, he did, as ſoon as the Affairs were finiſhed at the Council: They expect this Evening a Reſignation under Hand and Seal, of *Maſſamello's* Power, and a full Order for the Disbanding of the Rabble.

Aur.

Aur. I fear he truſts too much, would he were come. In the mean time, my dear *Fellicia*, let's ſee that *Sarabrand* I love ſo well.

They Dance here: Then Enter Ruſhing in Coſmo, Pedro, *and* Soldiers: Mataloni, *and* Caivano, *make ſome Reſiſtance, but are overpower'd and taken with* Belleraiza *and* Fellicia.

Mat. What Friends are you that in the time of Truce dare violate th' late Order by this Outrage?

Pedro. Such, Sir, as have ſo little ſenſe of Order, that we are never pleas'd more than to break it. ——Come my young Roſe you muſt prepare for th' Limbeck. *To* Fellicia.

Coſm. And you Majeſtick Beauty—for a Love ſo mingled with Ambition, your own Soul has not a greater ſenſe on't.

Aur. What mean the Villains----Oh----that a Thunderbolt. ——

Coſm. Oh that a Thunderbolt ——

Would fall and clear the Black and Cloudy Air,
Then we ſhould ſee the Weather would be fair.

Fell. Oh, tho' you kill me, do not hurt my Father,----he's old and weak, pray pull him not ſo hard.

Pedro. For your ſake, pretty one, we'l uſe him Civilly.—— Come, come, Old Sir, there's no reſiſting. *To* Caivano.

Caiv. Not one Blow to revenge me!

Coſm. Bear off the Ladies down to the *Felluca*, and bid the Rowers bring it to the Shore.

Aur. Away ye Slaves, off ye vile Clods of Earth: Hah, dare ye touch me? Then Aid ye Powers above,----ſend down your darting flames ye Elements, blaſt theſe vile Wretches with your quickeſt fires:

Let fierceſt Vengeance Raviſhers purſue;
Burn 'em, Oh Burn 'em, tho' you Burn me too.

They are forc'd off.

Enter Viceroy *and* Cardinal.

Vice. The Ecchoing ſound that wafted through the Trees to me ſeem'd like the Cry of Women.

Card. I could not hear diſtinctly, but muſt wonder, the Ladies are not here,——this is the place. *Page creeps out of a Buſh.*

Page. Oh my Lord, I have the ſaddeſt News to tell your Highneſs, that ever Tongue yet utter'd:——The Vice-Queen and the Ladies, accompanied with the Dukes *Mataloni* and *Caivano*, as they were walking here to take the Air, were ſeiz'd on by a Rout of Ruffians; and notwithſtanding all Reſiſtance, and the Cries the Ladies made, no Guards of yours being ne'er, are forc'd away by Water. *Viceroy hangs down his Head.*

Card. Didſt thou know any of 'em?

Page. Not by their Faces: But know they came from the Mobb-General's Quarter, — their Number, Looks, and Actions so frighted me, I crept into a Bush to hide me from 'em.

Vice. Ye Powers that Govern Human Fates below——end my curst days, this is too much to bear.

Card. I have not words enough to comfort him, my Reason's at a loss with this distress, and all Philosophy would work in vain.

Vice. Are all the Stars our foes! Oh cruel Fate, are all thy Darts devoted to Rebellion!——And thou the Genius of the wrong'd Nobility, that for a Series of Revolving years, didst Guard the Honour of our Ancestors,-----where art thou now! Oh why dost thou desert us?

Card. But above all, the Guardian of our *Naples*,——Divine *Genaro*, our August Protector,——from thy bright Palace built on Plains of Light, accompany'd with dazling Seraphims, and Heaven-born Angels, who sing Hymns of Joy in Visionary Dreams, to sleeping Mortals, with Mediating Grace, gain Mercy for us, and turn these dire Afflictions into Comfort.

Here the Clouds open, and an Apparition of St. Genaro *is seen, with his Sword drawn: He Sings this Song of Comfort, and then disappears.*

The SONG.

WEep no more, no longer sigh and groan,
All Heaven's angry Darts are thrown.
A Sacred Councel late was held Above,
Blest with the Presence of Almighty Jove;
Where Pardons Seal'd, Peace does your Joys Restore,
And dire Rebellions now shall Rage no more.
See how the Clouds give way,
And Dazling Atoms Play,
In Consorts Shining Day:
To drive your Cares away.
The great Disposer of all Things,
To Pardon does Incline:
And now to form Disorders brings,
Who late made Peasants tread on Kings,
To shew his Power Divine.

Vice. Blest Apparition, saw ye ought, my Lord?

Card. Most certainly, through opening Clouds appear'd the Glo-

rious

rious Saint with Viſage full of Joy,—as a bleſt Omen of our future comfort; methought the Spheres too joyn'd in Sacred Harmony, and a Cœleſtial Voice with Charming power, piercing my Ears, made all my Senſes happy.—A Sword drawn too!

Vice. There was, I ſaw it clearly,—which ſeems to inſtruct us to uſe ours once more, and truſt no longer to the fluttering humour, the vain Propoſals, or unminded Promiſes of this vile whimſical and perjur'd Rebel.

Card. It muſt be ſo, therefore proceed, my Lord.——And with unwearied Zeal I ſtill will ſerve ye,——for ſince this laſt, this Brutal violence too well aſſures us of his Breach of Vows, and that the Witchcraft of his dazling Power, too far Inchants him to lay down in quiet: Let us reſolve to make a Puſh for all;——I lately ſought, 'tis true, to reconcile,—— th' unnatural Jars, believing what was done by this bold Fellow was to Eaſe the People,——who were oppreſt; and that he would disband, as he once ſwore——when that was done; but now this Villany has op'd my Eyes to ſee,—— 'tis a Rebellious Itch, to quell the Nobles, and ſet up his baſe Ignominious ſelf, as Viceroy, and turn us to a hated Commonwealth.

Vice. 'Tis ſo, my Lord, 'tis plain, that's his Ambition.

Card. It ſhall be cruſh'd——like his vile ſelf to earth, never to riſe agen;—Now you ſhall ſee the different Fate between th' Inſpir'd Nobles, and the Grovelling Vulgar, and the baſe mettle of this new Coyn'd upſtart, the Guilding worn away of his Hypocriſie: Arm then my Lord, and ſo let all the Court, who with this Viſion of the bleſt *Gennaro*, and my own Reaſons, I'll ſo Influence, Honour in *Naples* ſhall exert its Grandeur, and th' Rabble once more know their Slaviſh diſtance.

Vice. Oh how thy Sacred Words inflame my Courage, thou precious Gem, amongſt a Crowd of Pebbles, beſt of thy Function, let me but revenge.——

Card. Revenge, why that ſhall be the dear twin-word;—Joyn'd with fair Juſtice, to begin the work;——be but your Highneſs patient, and bear your Loſſes, as becomes your Place, let my Prophetick Brain give you this Comfort:

The hour comes on when the vile Herd ſhall Groan
Beneath the wonted Yoke, and dread the Nobles Frown.

Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Enter Maſſainello *Fluſter'd, Dreſs'd again in his Rich Clothes,* Pedro *half Drunk too, and* Pimpwell *Combing his Perruke,* Pedro *with a Sword in his Hand.*

Pedro. Now, Brother, you ſhew like your ſelf.

Pimp. Shew!-----Oh happy hour,-----ſhew, S'bud he looks like *Alexander* the Great,---I mean like *Pompey*,---I mean like *Julius Cæſar*,---I mean like *Hannibal*,---I mean, I mean, like himſelf,------ and that's a thouſand times better than any of 'em;---Oh rare, rare Sight! 'od I could even hang my ſelf for Joy.

Maſſ. I'll teach 'em how to Plot: Give me my Hat and Feather.

Pimp. There, there, my Lord, there's the pureſt Pulvillio in't, and the moſt exquiſite Eſſence of Amber,—— 'twill make the Women follow ye in Shoals.

Pedro. And this ſhall make the *Mataloni* Faction,---and th' *Caivano's* ſhake *, whilſt all the reſt of th' Court ſtudy new ways of Poor Submiſſions. * *Gives him a Sword.*

Maſſ. Oh thou bright Raiſer of my Towring Glory, thou haſt been wanting to my hand too long; thou that wert wont to hew my way to Greatneſs, and through oppoſing Crowds, make Lanes before me, how ſhall I make amends, and fleſh thee firſt?

Pedro. Two Kinſmen to the Viceroy were this Morning taken diſperſing Libels,---and Encouraging the *Spaniards* to a Mutiny.

Maſſ. Let 'em be brought this Evening to the Market-place, and there on them I'll try the Temper of my Weapon,---and take their Heads off with this Blade my ſelf.

Pimp. It ſhall be done, my Lord:---Odzookers, he has it, now the *Medæra* works.

Pedro. How now, what's this!---what my dear *Coſmo!*---So ſoon return'd!------ *Shout Within.*

Enter Coſmo.

Maſſ. Well, what ſucceſs, my brave Adventurer?

Coſm. What I could wiſh: I have 'em all in th' Net, Sir, the Dukes, the Ladies, and the haughty Vice-Queen to boot; and now I hope you'l think your Kinſman loves ye:----You may ſeize the Dutcheſs, now Sir, ſhe's your Quary.

Maſſ. Thou Soul of my Contentment, beſt of Kinſmen *: Oh how I burn within me,---my Brain-pan Glows, and my Heart's all on fire.----Hot, Soultry, ſoultry. * *Embraces Him.*

Pedro. And we'l take care to keep ye ſo.------The Wine has play'd its part, I ſee. *Aſide.*

Pimp. There never was any good to be done with drinking Small-beer,---but now you ſee ſtrong ſtout *Medæra* can do Wonders:---Odshertſlikins t'has turn'd him inſide out, and made quite another Man of him.

Maſſ. Come, Couſin, ſhall we not ſee your Prize?

Coſm. Bring in the Priſoners there.

Enter

Enter Pedro *bringing Vice-Queen,* Mataloni, Caivano, Belleraiza *and* Fellicia, ——— *Guards.*

Maſſ. You may remember, when I met you laſt, I ſhew'd ſome taſte of Courteſie,----now proud *Dons*----ſhould you both Grovel at my Feet, and beg for't, I would with ſcorn refuſe and ſpurn ye from me.

Caiv. Spurn your Companions, baſe and perjur'd Monſter.

Mat. Thy ſordid Villany can't touch our Souls,----thoſe are above an abject Rebel's reach.

Maſſ. Abject, thou wretched Piece of fluttering Folly, thou gay Court-Butterfly, that I can ſqueeze to nothing with my Fingers; thou art abject, for what is that but to be ſtill ſubſervient to a Superiour Power, Slave to the Will of him that Commands, and ſuch art thou to me.

Mat. No, thou art Slave to me, for I contemn thee;----my Soul diſdains to breath its Vital Air, where thy Infection comes, and ſcorns to anſwer, or change a word more, to ſave my Life.

Maſſ. Be ſullen then, I'll Parly with your----Wife, Sir,
----Madam, your Husband's Choler as 'tis vain, ſo 'tis *To* Bell.
ridiculous; but you, I hope, know how to reconcile;
I have few words, but you may Gueſs my meaning. *Kiſſes her Hand.*

Bell. 'Tho I had rather die, yet for ſome Reaſons I muſt permit him.

Mat. Furies and Fire, muſt I live and ſee this!

Aur. She ſtands ſo coldly, and not ſpit in's Face.

Maſſ. Oh, Madam, I have heard of your Great Spirit,——and mean to Conjure it. A word with you anon. For th' preſent, Duke, know you may thank your Lady, for what no Power on Earth but this her Courteſie----could e'er have gain'd, which is a Licenſe from me----to take your Leave of her.——Go, Captain, bear 'em both to Priſon, and when I ſend this Ring----bring me the Lady.

Coſm. 'Tis done, my Lord. *Exit* Coſm. *with* Matal. *and* Bell.

Pimp. Ay, ay, 'tis done, my Lord,——any thing in the world, Egad, now things go ſo rarely.

Maſſ. Let that Old *Signiour* be confin'd particularly:----I hear he's good at Plotting.

Fell. Ah let me go with my Father, I beſeech ye:----Look in my Face, believe I am no Plotter,----I know not what is wrong, much leſs can do it.

Pedro. So much the better, you can do ſomething elſe that is as fitting for ye, you are my Charge,----you ſha'not want your Father.

Pimp. Ah happy Miſs, the Major will take a great deal of Care of ye, therefore dont----be a Child, don't cry, the Major will take a huge deal of Care of ye. Pedro *Carries Her out.*

Fell.

Fell. Oh Father, Aunt, Oh Heaven help, help, help. [Ped. *carries her out.*

Caiv. This Blow muſt reach my heart; Fate thou haſt done thy worſt. *Exit* Caivano.

Pimp. Come, come, old Gentleman, I'll ſee you faſt enough,——now will there come fifty Duckets at leaſt for a good Lodging; rare, rare times, rare.

Aur. Death and Confuſion! Can the Sun yet ſhine,——ſuch Villanies as theſe, methinks, ſhould darken it, blot out all Nature, and return——old Chaos——into its Primitive nothing.——Oh may all Curſes.—— Maſſ. *and* Aur. *walk Angerly up and down the Stage.*

Maſſ. Curſe on, curſe on, a Woman when ſhe Curſes, makes ſtill a Bleſſing follow.

Aur. Why am I left, thou Devil?

Maſſ. For the Devil!——for I intend thou ſhalt Blaſpheme ſo much that he ſhall fetch thee Headlong.

Aur. What! and thou ſtand by, thy Goary Paws reeking in Blood of Nobles. Is there a Morſel through all the Shambles of Dam'd Reprobates, ſo proper for his Diet as thy ſelf, thou that from Infancy wert Hell's half-blood, and ſince ſtill Train'd 'amongſt the Infernal Brood?

To *Beelzebub* himſelf of Kin ſo near,
Thou'lt hardly change thy Nature, when thou'rt there.

Maſs. I chuſe an ill one becauſe early taught,
A Man's good Nature makes——a Woman naught:
Copying their Miſchiefs, I my own purſue,
And th' nearer to a Devil, the nearer you.

Aur. Thou art as near it as the thing will bear:
Search Hell, a Rebel is the greateſt there.

But thus to play the Dilatory Fiend, to Teaze me all this while with thy curſt Figure, and not bring forth the Rack, the Wheel, the Torture, Poyſon or Sword, to eaſe me from thy ſelf, the worſt and moſt infective Plague of all, is the curſt Quinteſſence of Cruelty, nd I grow Mad with my Deſpair.

Maſs. 'Tis reaſonable; I am Mad too, and ſo are all my People; the Times are Mad, we ſhould be in the faſhion: But now I think on't, I will ask a Queſtion, and if your Rage can ſtop, anſwer me: Were I your Priſoner as you now are mine, How would you uſe me?

Aur. I muſt anſwer, calmly.

Maſs. As your fierce Nature will permit.

Aur. Thus then, as calmly as the Seas wild Surges Roar, when Stormy Winds oppoſe 'em, I would *Speaks Raging.* kill thee: To ask a Woman choaking for Revenge, how ſhe would uſe her moſt Inveterate Enemy!——Impertinent Fool, why I would kill thy Soul, if I could reach it too; but for thy Body, it ſhould be burnt

burnt with Pincers, thy Heart cut out, and after torn in Pieces with Wild Horſes, till there was not the bigneſs of a Finger to ſhew the Pattern of a Horrid Villain:

But trod and maſh'd o'er all the odious frame,---
And Pounded to the Dunghill whence it came.

There's calmly for ye.——Now what's my Doom?

Maſſ. Your Liberty:——What neither Fawning, Prayers nor Tears could purchaſe; this frank Confeſſion has obtain'd,---y'are free; Conduct her through the Guards to th' Viceroy's Caſtle,——I do't to ſhew ye, I fear Threats ſo little, that I dare all your Power to defeat me; and now reſolve I will maintain my own, becauſe I think it becomes me.

Aur. So, Sir,---and tho' I have my Life on theſe conditions, yet I will take it to contrive thy Ruin; which like a Sybil I do Propheſie ſhall be perform'd as late I mention'd it.

Maſs. If our Bleſt Stars kind Influence afford.
I'll Court no Stars or Planets,---but my Sword.

Exeunt Severally.

ACT IV. SCEN. I.

Mataloni *and* Belleraiza, *in Priſon.*

Bell. ONE Minute more, and then the Fatal Meſſage Tolls our ſad Separation. Sure two Hearts faſt joyn'd by Love, and fram'd for one another, ne'er felt a weighty violence like ours. Indifference gains its point and has its eaſe; the Days and Nights are worn away in Pleaſures; but to be paſſionate in Love is deadly; Dire Fate reſolves, grown envious of our Bliſs, to rob us of the Paradiſe of each other.

Mat. Yet this were nothing could we die together; could our winged Spirits like two friendly Turtles fly to the Manſions of the Bleſt above, and there together coo our Mutual Love:——Who would not leave this Tottering Tenement, this Hovel Life with Joy,---to change ſo Richly?

Bell. Nay, we muſt die together, my dear Lord; our Lives are one, and when yours ceaſes Action, you may aſſure your ſelf mine is no more.

Mat. But I alas! am doom'd to Death more cruel than what Tormenters give the common way, to leave thee here to bear their Barbarous Uſage; leave the dear Beauty which once bleſt my Life with Raptures of true Pleaſure, to be ſullied, Graſp'd and prophan'd by Inſolent

Insolent Brutality; and tho' I know thy Vertue ne'er will yield, 'tis double death to think on thy distress.

Bell. Yield, no, no, I hope my Dearest is confirm'd in that; nor had I suffer'd late that nauseous Rebel to touch my Hand, but for your sake, my Lord: I knew my Face had charm'd his Brutal Soul, and that by soft'ning his Barbarity, I could get means thus to enjoy your Company, which else had been impossible.

Mat. I know it, and thank thee for this Blessing it procur'd me: Besides, I've had more favour from the Monster;——a Servant of my own allotted me to do my private business, and such a business;——I've employ'd him in, Oh *Belleraiza!* *Embraces Her.*

Bell. Speak out, my Lord; in *Belleraiza*'s Bosom all Secrets are secure.

Mat. Canst thou endure the odious Infamy, that I should turn base Pander?

Bell. I hate a Pander.

Mat. That, that's the meaning of this Upstart's kindness, believing I'll promote his Bestial Love to my dear *Belleraiza.*

Bell. Horrid Wretch! curs'd Hell-hound!

Mat. Now if I find the means, though't be by death to free us both from this Extream of Misery, will my sweet Love consent?

Bell. With better will, than ever miserable condemn'd Captive, accepted freedom. *Enter Servant with Dagger.*

Mat. See, the tryal comes.
So, hast thou succeeded well?

Serv. I have, my Lord,——tho' with some little hazard of my Life, being search'd by the Out-guards,——but naming the Dutchess, they discharg'd me presently,——and there's the effects of your Commands.

Mat. 'Tis well done,——withdraw a while:—— *Exit Servant.*
See here my Love, this was the business meant, to buy this Dagger: Canst thou not guess the use on't?

Bell. I do, and thus make bare my Breast to meet it; let that dear hand but strike, I shall find Heaven before my Soul be ready.

Mat. It must be so, to leave thee here with Ruffians,——will to Eternity disturb my rest,——for I must die thou know'st; then if thou lov'st me, thou'lt love this kind tho' cruel Resolution, first to kill thee, and afterwards my self.

Bell. I do, and on thy Lips bless thee for ever.

Mat. Oh my Soul's happiness! *They Embrace.*

Enter Cosmo *with a Ring.*

Cosmo. My Heart's so full of hopes t'enjoy *Aurelia*, and sat my strong desires with Princely Beauty, that I am tardy in my Office to

to bring the Dutcheſs to the General. Here is his Ring, by which his Pleaſure's known in all Affairs in Love as well as Power, ----this is the fatal Circle that muſt part the Married Lovers,----and yonder ſee they are,

Cloſe Billing like two harmleſs Turtle Doves,
Unweary ſtill of their Connubial Loves.

Mat. We are diſturb'd; ſee yonder Glares the Meteor ——— that now portends our Ruin.

Bell. One moment longer, and we had both been happy.

Coſm. Madam, you know my Meſſage by this Ring,----the General expects ye, pray make haſt, for I have Buſineſs of my own ſo urgent, I can wait no delays.

Mat. Men in great Places muſt be full of Buſineſs; am not I ſent for?

Coſm. No, no, my Lord, you are fixt in the wrong Station, the Wheel is turn'd, you are not now at Court.

Mat. And yet my Wife's ſent for to Privy Councel! What, what is her Buſineſs there?

Coſm. Why, with plain dealing, if you needs muſt know, her Buſineſs there is to make you a Cuckold.

Mat. I have a Meſſage firſt to ſend.

Coſm. What's that?

Mat. You, to the Devil, Sir. *Stabs Him.*

Coſm. Oh I am Damn'd. *Dies.*

Mat. Start not, my Love, nor let thy Cheeks grow pale, but adore Providence for this happy Accident, that marks us out inſtead of Fate our Freedom;——here is the Ring that guides us through the Labyrinth, by whoſe Deſpotick Power we paſs the Guards, and then inſtead of Death live ever happy.

Bell. Now I ſhall think there is a Joy for Lovers uncommon from the reſt in ſweet *Elizium*;

This Bliſs unlook'd for ſeems like Heaven's care,
Which only thoſe that love like us could ſhare.

Mat. But firſt I muſt diſguiſe me in his Habit: What, ho, *Lorenzo!*

Serv. What Service, my good Lord? *Enter* Lorenzo.

Mat. Drag in that Body, —— and help me in a Buſineſs that is neceſſary.

Serv. With all my heart,—— Oh are ye here Don *Dogsface*? You were a Rogue in Office, I am glad y'are paid your wages. *Drags Him in.*

Mat. Happy Succeſs thus! may we always prove.

Bell. Bleſt be this day when Fortune favour'd Love. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Pedro *and* Fellicia.

Pedro. Come, come, no more Evaſions, no more Woman's Tricks, I thought you were too young for 'em; but to the Point, will you Love me without more ſtir or Preambles?

Fell. Good, Sir, have pity on me. *Weeps.*

Pedro. Pity, why I have Love for thee, I tell thee,—that is, I think 'tis Love, I'm ſure I've a mind to thee,—therefore no more of theſe diſſembling Tears—but buckle too without more trouble: Come, will you comply, I ſay?

Fell. Alas, to what, Sir?

Pedro. Humh—there's Woman-kind agen now,—they always love to hear it nam'd before they venture,—why to my will:—Come, come, you are not too young to underſtand the manner.

Fell. Indeed I am, Sir, Oh—pray don't look ſo cruelly upon me, I will do any thing I can to pleaſe ye, but for my Love, my good, my poor Old Father had it all, I ne'er Lov'd ought beſides. *Weeps.*

Pedro. Nay look, if ye practiſe your Tricks upon me, I muſt begin the rough Game; I've no fine words, not I, mine is a downright meaning, and with Love, or without, I muſt be ſatisfied that's in ſhort.

Fell. How, Sir, which—way? Oh do not burn me with your fiery Eyes.

Pedro. Agen—which way? Gad I muſt ſpeak it broad,—ſhe has an Itch to hear it on my Life.

Fell. I'll ſing a Pretty Song to pleaſe ye, Sir,—'twas made upon a poor unhappy Maid, forc'd in a Wood by a rude Barbarous Ruffian, and Rob'd and Raviſh'd,—I know not what that is, but ſhe was ſadly us'd.

Pedro. What has ſhe made a Song upon her ſelf before-hand? *She Sings.*

HE led her by the Milk white hand into a Covert ſhady,
He ſwore he'd give her Houſe and Land, and ſhe ſhou'd be a Lady.
Her Cheeks were ſpread with Crimſon red; at laſt he made her ſqueak out.
The naughty man a Trick began that I'm aſham'd to ſpeak out.

Quaint and fine i'faith, what a pretty little warbling Pipe the Gipſie has—Oh—how I long to ſpoil it,—Come, come, my little Canary Bird, Muſick is moſt proper at Meals, I muſt fall too now.

Fell. Oh ſome kind Angel now look down and ſave me: Oh but you

you ha'nt heard me ſing a merry Song yet, I have of the Devil and a Fryer, how they were playing a Game at Croſs Bunns, and how the Frier Cheated him. *Sings agen.*

THE Devil he pull'd off his Jacket of flame,
The Fryer *he pull'd off his Cowle,*
The Devil *took him for a Dunce of the Game,*
The Fryer *took him for a Fool:*
He piqu'd, and repiqu'd him ſo oft,
That at laſt he ſwore by the Jolly fat Nuns,
If Cards came no better than thoſe that are paſt,
Oh! Oh! I ſhall loſe all my Bunns.

Pedro. Ha, ha, ha, ——how the young Cockatrice ——tickles me with her ſhrill Note,——But come prithee, now let me ſtrike up my fit of mirth.

Fell. Y've ne'er a Fiddle, Sir.

Pedro. Oh then I'll make uſe of yours.

Fell. Sweet, dear kind Sir,——A poor unhappy Girle! beſides I'm ugly too.

Pedro. Ye lye, ye Baggage, ye lye, y'are handſome enough in Conſcience. *Seizes.*

Fell. Oh that the Earth would ſwallow me. *Weeps.*

Pedro within. Major where are ye?

Fell. Oh bleſſed ſound!

Pedro. Ah Plague of all delays,——'twas th' Captains voice ſure,——Hah, he's coming,——go get ye in ye little Hypocrite, and prepare your ſelf, d'ee hear, I'll be with ye preſently.——Now Captain——What News—— *Shuts in* Fellicia.

Enter Pedro.

Pedro. News that diſtracts us all: The General's mad yonder, the Duke of *Mataloni* has kill'd *Coſmo*, and with the Ring freed both himſelf and th' Dutcheſs,——he's coming hither with the Prince of *Biſſignano*, but in ſo ſtrange a humour.

Pedro. All the better, get our Friends ready Captain, againſt he cools, to drink him up agen, and be ſure contrive to keep him from ſleep: I have a little Buſineſs now, but at night I'll ſecond ye.

Pedro. I'll not fail my part, he has not had a Nap this four days, nor ſhan't if Buſineſs can hinder. *Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Maſſainello *in a Rage with* Biſſignano *and Guards.*

Maſſ. Let twenty Cannons fire againſt the Caſtle:——Down with the Houſes in *Toledo*-Street, I will not leave a *Den* a Hole to Neſt in: And in Revenge of *Mataloni*'s Subtlety, and *Coſmo*'s Death,——Kill all ye take of them; Burn, Raviſh, Plunder.——

I choak with Rage, and cannot vent my Gall,
Till there's a Desolation of 'em all.

Biff. This is stark Frenzy, Sir, for Honour's sake—think, e'er ye Act this Outrage;—Has the Duke done more than is natural? And since you have forgot and broke your Promise, in other things relating to the State, had he been wise to trust you with his Wife?

Maff. Peace, Babling Fool, Hell take thee quick for naming her.
Strikes Him.

Biff. Then Life's my scorn, I'll die this moment.
Offers to Draw, Guards withhold it.

Maff. That thou shalt not neither:——Away with him then, give him Liberty, I'll take down his proud heart without confining.

Biff. And if it e'er forgives thee, curse me Heaven.
Exit Bissignano *Guarded.*

Re-enter Pietro.

Maff. Thy Looks are cheerful, what good News?

Piet. Rare, rare, Sir, the Party you sent after the Duke and's Wife o'retook 'em, but he being disguised in *Cosmo*'s habit, his Fact not known, was by the Guards-----neglected, but she's forc'd from him and brought back to Prison.

Maff. Ah-----had the half kind Fates-----but caught him too, my wishes had been full:---But come, however I have his better part, and that shall serve to cool my flame a little: Come hither Friend; what, thou art but a Captain?

Piet. No more, my Lord.

Maff. Give me thy Nose, March out and be a Colonel.
Pulls Him by the Nose and Cuffs Him.

Piet. I am your Lordship's ever. *Exit* Pietro.

Maff. Oh Power, methinks I feel thee still more Charming, and my Revenge on *Mataloni* seems,-----now not so---hopeless:---Death, I never name him, but the word chills my Veins; An Ominous Blast, methinks, shrivels my Nerves,----and makes my Blood clodd and grow cold as if the word were fatal,-----Pish,-----'tis meer fancy, think on the Prisoner, she shall attone;----Now Hate and Love are equal.

Enter Pimpwell.

Pimp. I hear he is in pretty good Humour now, and therefore will venture upon him:---Yonder's the Dutchess, my good Lord, ----we have got her agen;-----why what a perverse thing 'tis,---Odd your Lordship e'en us'd her too civilly; if you would have taken my Advice, you should have Pinnion'd her, Cramp'd her, bound her to her Good Behaviour: A proud Minx to slight such an Honour.

Maff. Thou'rt in the right; how dost thou honest Fellow?

Pimp. Ah---mighty well, and like your Honour; and especially when

when I see you smile and look cheerfully:——And I can tell ye something will make ye more merry,——we have set this Vagabond Duke too,——we'l have him if he be above Ground.

Mass. I ever found thee diligent: — What Paper hast thou there?

Pimp. Phugh, a Letter from my Good Lady to your Honour; she is pleas'd to over-value my small Parts and please ye. Now for my Government, — and Oh the Stars, Planets, Comets, Meteors, Fiery Flapdragons, and *Will-o'th'-Wisps* stand by me now, or may ye never more furnish an Almanack.——

Mass. Ha, ha, — why *Blowze* speaks kindly of thee here.

Pimp. Ah——Bless her good Honour——and forgive me one thing I had like to have forgot, my Lord,——I hear the People certainly design to vote your Honour——for Viceroy.——

Mass. D'e they, that's well, she writes in thy behalf here for the Government of *Averst*,——'tis thine, there, there, *Kicks Him.* A Patent for thee, go and Govern.

Pimp. Ah thank your good Lordship, from my Soul, and happy be the Toe that kicks me to the Government, to which in State I go. *Exit.*

Mass. Thus like Immortal, *Jove* thus uncontrould, shall great *Massainello* act his Pleasure, whilst Trembling Nations stand amaz'd to view him. Is there a higher Spoke in Fortune's Wheel, than where I stand?——No, but methinks with the Prodigious heighth my Head grows dizzy. Stay, to morrow I'm a Viceroy, next a King; then wherefore shines that Sun so far above me; or how dares yonder Moon and Stars by Night pretend to Ape my Glory? Oh my hot Brain, is there a thing in Nature that is cold?——A real Substance that bears the name——of Ice? sure 'tis all Fiction, the Globe's compos'd of Fire, the Element's all Flame; and mine's more fierce than all, and more consuming:

I from my Bosom breath a Hotter Hell,
Than *Phaeton* on *Africk* when he fell. *Exit.*

SCEN. III.

Enter Viceroy, Mataloni *and* Aurelia.

Vice. You have no Leisure now for Grief, my Lord, Revenge must fill your Bosom, thoughts of that, — charm and possess your Senses, 'tis your Deeds and not your Sorrows now must do you Justice.

Mat. Oh let Fate once afford me but the means, but one, one, lucky minute,—I'll forgive all my past miseries.

Vice.

Vice. Let us not deſpair,—the Pious Cardinal has made a Progreſs beyond our Expectation.

Aur. He's too old, too dull, and loſes time in grave Adviſing: Our way ſhould be ſome deep ſtroke at a heat, ſome Stratagem to ſink 'em at a Blow, without depending on Conſideration, ſome Mine to mount 'em up, ſome Gulph to drown 'em, or with a wiſh could we obtain the Lightning Cœleſtial, Blazes of Ethereal Fire; or Bribe the Thunder Rowling in the Clouds to break juſt o're their Heads, and maſh 'em all; that were a joyful Sight.

Vice. But theſe are Things impoſſible.

Aur. Oh that my Power were half ſo active as my vigorous Will, —that this vaſt Weed, this monſtrous ſpreading Muſhrome, that inſolently gave me Life and Freedom, both from his hands, ſo much to my diſhonour, might feel my Fury in its noble nature; at leaſt that he might ſee my Glorious Anger, and my juſt deteſtation of my ſelf, for being curſt ſo far, ſo poorly fated to take 'em as his Courteſie.

Mat. 'Tis ſtill the nature of Mechanick Villains, to make by inſolent action an Affront,——what they deſign a Kindneſs: I warrant he look'd ſtately.

Aur. Like the World's Emperour,—as if we all were clos'd up in a Bubble, which he could puff to nothing: Oh I am Mad, mad, and could tear my hated ſelf to pieces; Curſe my unhappy Stars, and make a Contract even with the Prince of the Infernal Manſions,—ſo I might perfect my Revenge.

Vice. Calmer, calmer, you torment your ſelf too much.

Aur. Oh talk not of Calmneſs, I've a Storm within me, and it muſt blow before the Rain will follow,— [*Weeps.*] —Hah, can I be ſo baſe, ſo meanly ſpirited to ſhed a Tear too, a fooliſh Drop,—— 'tis gone,—and with it all my Womanly ſoft temper,—— for when I think upon your *Belleraiza*, and the Diſtreſs of my dear, dear *Fellicia*,—— both now Confin'd amongſt theſe worſt of Devils,

Fury unquenchable my Breaſt does burn,
I change my Nature, and a Dragon turn. *Exit.*

Vice. I cannot blame her for unbridled Paſſion: Becauſe her grief is weighty; a ſenſe of Honour too ſeverely great, but you, my Lord, I fear, by her laſt words are ſtruck afreſh.

Mat. 'Tis true, the name of *Belleraiza* ſhot me, ſhot me to th' Heart, but I have pull'd the Dart out, and will be whole agen,—— What's to be done, my Lord?

Vice. Immediate Diligence to aggravate the People, whom the Cardinal,——who by his vertue always gain'd their Love, poſſeſſes now with *Maſſainello*'s Madneſs, upon which Thouſands have late revolted from him,—being daily abus'd, ſome kill'd, ſome wound-

ed,

ed, as his Humour pleases,---and on the least Incouragement we are told, will turn against him.

Mat. Oh that Joyful hour!

Vice. Here comes his Gracious Eminence.

Mat. And I think the Prince of *Bissignano.*

Vice. 'Tis the same, his coming must produce something of moment.

Enter Cardinal *and* Bissignano.

Card. Health to your Highness.

Biss. Long and many years happy and flourishing.

Vice. This from you, my Lord, the General's Moderator, is somewhat strange.

Biss. True, I was Moderator, but not Sycophant; but now believe, my Lord, I am his Fate,---he's now stark Frantick, all his Actions shew it, worrys the Nobles that don't Bow and Cringe, and do him Reverence as he passes by, as a Wolf does a Flock of harmless Sheep;---Kills, Tortures his own Friends, and plays the Devil, even with those very Rogues that set him up.

Card. And that those Crush him is most natural.

Biss. Besides, a Barbarous Action done last Night, too bad to be related----Innocent *Fellicia* your sweet Neice, my Lord, savagely Ravish'd by his Villain Brother; at which sad News her Father, Old *Caivano,*---being close Imprison'd too, since dy'd with Grief.

Mat. Accursed Dog, Oh, my thoughts murder me! Oh *Belleraiza!*

Biss. Nothing of her is Nois'd, hope well, my Lord.

Card. And prudently let's manage: Has your Highness spread all those Papers round about the City, importing from the King a General Pardon to all the People that lay down their Arms.

Vice. Most carefully,---and find it has the same Effects I wish, for Numbers have observed it, and Deserted.

Biss. Most certainly they have,---on which occasion the Tyrant-Rebel, tho' he's always flustered, has yet a Pang of Fear, and keeps up close,---doubles even his Guards, and shews an Apprehension of what I hope will happen.

Mat. How shall I come to unkennel this Damn'd Fox, this Bloody, this most Hellish----

Biss. Fortune, my Lord, shews ye the way, by me; it is my luck, for now I'll call it so, to have an Interest in his Night's Confident, his *Blowzabella,*---she, if she holds her Humour as 'twas lately,---will scarce deny me any ask'd for favour; nor will she balk at this, if I request it, to give me th' opportunity to see him privately.

Vice. It looks with a good face, proceed my Lord.

Biss. 'Tis the easier to be done,---because the breach about the Blow, the Villain lately gave me is suppos'd reconcil'd, which if I e're

e're forgive, may this right hand refuse to do me reason: My Driſt is unſuſpected, and being done, when I have moulded her, you ſhall have notice.

Mat. Oh that the Wings of Time mov'd faſter! Now I am impatient till the Minute comes.

Biſs. Yet too much haſt, my Lord, may ruin all: Let us meet once more here, and then conſult about ſome methods to be us'd.

Card. 'Tis reaſonable,---whilſt I aſſiſt at the Cathedral, and there by ſubtle means diſperſe more Papers, and fix the People in their hopes of Pardon.

Vice. Six Troops of *Spaniſh* Horſe,---ſhall all be ready againſt the Signal's given for our meeting, which I could wiſh were ſuddenly.

Biſs. To morrow, e're th' Roſie Guide has uſher'd in the Sun; in the mean time let all be huſht as Death,---'tis Freedom that's at ſtake, then let's be cloſe and cautious.

Silent as Infants in ſoft Dreams appear;
Or Lovers---when they know---that Spies are near. *Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCEN. I.

Enter Biſſignano, Blowzabella, Pimpwell, *and* La Poop.

Blowz. LA *Poop,* Go tell the Ladies that are come to viſit me, I ſuppoſe to beg ſomething,---that I'll not be ſeen to day; tell I'm troubled with Vapours, and keep my Chamber.

L. Poop. I ſall, Madam, I have alway one Lye ready for your Ladiſhip ven ever you have de occaſion,----vor me know ver well de Lye be as proper vor de File de Chambre, as de old Gown of her Lady ven ſhe leave off. *Exit* La Poop.

Blow. Well, my Lord, and as you were ſaying, give me your hand; nay, nay, you might have ſpar'd that,---- [*Kiſſes it.*
for I have been ſo buſie ſetting in order ſome new Jewels to wear, that Odsfiſh I forgot to waſh 'em to day.

Biſs. Ay or this Week either, on my Conſcience: Well, if my Guts don't come up now, I'm happy.

Pimp. Hum, this long Chin'd *Don* is very familiar, methinks, but if this hold, I ſhall make bold to let him know there are ſome Governours his Equals, to be firſt ſerv'd;---Gad my quality ſhall be known

known now. I have it: What, we muſt do great things now.

Blowz. Ay, ay, you ſay enough of my Beauty, and my good ſhape, now y'are in the fit; but I have had but ſlender Proofs from a Perſon as I thought of your Ability.

Biſs. Hum, what a Devil ſhall I ſay now, for the truth is I have always ſhun'd her as a Hare does a Hound, when ſhe hears the Horn near her. [*Aſide.*] Oh, Madam, Buſineſs, buſineſs, 'tis that has always occaſion'd my misfortune.

Pimp. I beſeech ye, Madam, let him mind his---hem---hem, and let others----that are more diligent----and men of quality too mind yours.

Biſs. So, thank my Stars,----I have a Rival now,----of a *Valet de Chambre.*

Blowz. Time was my Lord, when that face of yours could do ſomething with me,----but you Courtiers are ſo dull in matters of moment, that a Woman of ſpirit grows weary of ye preſently.---- My Lord, prithee come hither and put this Patch on right. *To* Pimp.

Pimp. Humph, humph, poor Prince how he looks now? *Aſide.* Pray Madam, diſpatch his Buſineſs, and ſend him away, I have a word or two to ſpeak t'ee in private.

Blowz. And what Private Buſineſs---haſt thou with me, ha,---Go, you are a Rogue;----You are ſo uppiſh now y're a Man of Quality.

Biſs. Ay, 'tis even ſo, I find I'm a meer Caſt-away,---but I muſt Collogue till I get my Ends of her however.

Blowz. Well, my Lord, and what other Buſineſs have you with me, beſides your Addreſs? what, you would ſpeak with the General?

Biſs. Yes, Madam, and about earneſt Buſineſs concerns him.

Pimp. Lend him your Key, Madam, dont't go your ſelf to introduce him; 'tis below ye: Beſides, you know he'l be every minute troubling ye, for he's employ'd continually.

Blowz. 'Tis true, therefore I'll put that trouble off my hands: There, my Lord, that Key admits ye to him; and now d'ee hear, you may negotiate your own publick Buſineſs---without troubling mine in private.

Pimp. Ay, d'ee hear, my Lord, you underſtand without troubling ours in private.

Biſs. Bleſt Accident, Fortune has thrown that into my hands unexpected, that elſe I ſhould have half-damn'd my Soul with Lying and Flattery to get from her, [*Aſide.*] I hear, Madam, the General's buſie now with ſome Friends, an hour hence will be time enough for me.

Blowz. Oh, when you pleaſe:----Your Servant, my Lord.

Pimp. Your Servant, good my Lord;----there, there's the Door, my Lord.

Biſs. Inſolent Rogue, he ſees not yet the Fiend that's hovering o're him *Aſide.*

Blowz. The General is buſie,—'tis true, that is, he's Drinking: A Daily Affair that my Brother *Pedro* always em- [*Exit* Biſſig.] ploys him in: he ſays politickly, but I'm ſure 'tis an inſufferable Plague to me, for he's now and then ſtark mad,—runs up and down without his Hat, and but one Stockin on, ſtares like a Fury, and never comes to viſit me, but after three or four words we fall to Cuffs;—here lies his Perruke, and there my Head-dreſs; but Odsfiſh I'll be reveng'd of him.—— Come, my Lord, let's go in, Come. *Pats Him.*

Pimp. My Lord,—my Lord—how purely—it ſounds, and what a figure I ſhall make, when for Air or ſo,—— I whip over agen into my own Country *England.* Zooks how my Title will rattle there!—Here's Don *Ricardo* arriv'd, they cry preſently: Then to the Park I ſcowre, then to the Play-houſe, then the Side-box, then behind the Scenes, and then prattle with the little pretty Tuzzy Muzzy, winking, Pinking Rogues; Ah *Le Plaſire charmant,* dear Madam, I beg your Pardon. — Gad I was ſo wrapt with my new Fortune,—that I had almoſt forgot your Ladiſhip.

Blow. Had ye ſo: Come Sirrah, come your ways in and take a Dram of my Bottle,—I'll give ye ſomething ſhall rub up your remembrance preſently; Come *Ricky*—come Sirrah.

Pimp. March on *Don,* march on, Oh happy, happy Rogue! What, we muſt do great things now. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Viceroy *and* Cardinal.

Vice. Bleſt News! The Face of things wears ſudden Change, revolting Crowds throng hourly to the Caſtle,—and beg for Pardon, promiſing to turn and ſerve with,—The Rebell's humour's now ſo monſtrous grown, that he ſpares none, murders his Friends and Kinſmen, Racks and breaks o'th' Wheel for every Trifle, not heeding Sex nor Age, Deſert nor Quality.

Card. His Madneſs, we may well believe will laſt too, he has not ſlept this Week.

Vice. And every day they drink him to a height.

Card. That works for us,—— and makes him do ſuch miſchiefs that now the People Generally hate him; the Vice-Queen's Prayer is heard, for that ſhe may be throughly ſatisfied with ſweet Revenge, which I confeſs my beſt Divinity can't in this Juncture diſſallow;

—— we

—we only want the generous performance of *Biſſignano*'s—Promiſe,—and *Mataloni*'s Valour to effect it, and then Revenge is ſure.

Enter Mataloni *Leading* Fellicia, *her Hair diſhevel'd, and Mouth Bloody, as Raviſh'd.*

Vice. But who comes yonder, Oh my Tortur'd Soul!—— Who is't? I ſee my dear, my ſweet *Fellicia.*

Mat. Had ever Beauty ſo ſevere a Blaſt, or tender Innocence ſo hard a Fate! The Raviſher it ſeems Mad with his Guilt, and fearing 'twould exaſperate the People ſoon,——as the Barbarous Action was perform'd, cloſe cover'd with a Veil convey'd her hither.

Fell. Bury me quick, Oh do not look upon me, but pity and revenge, — Oh if a wretched ruin'd Virgin's Prayer can touch your Hearts, pity me and revenge. *Exit.*

Card. My Heart is wounded, and my Reaſon fails me,——why ſuch things are, I muſt not dare not ask,—the Myſtery of Religion, curbs my thoughts,——and there is nothing left me but to wonder:

Why Innocence to ſuch diſtreſs can fall,
None e'er can know but only who knows all.

Enter Biſſignano *with a Key.*

Vice. Welcome, moſt Noble Lord,——good Luck I hope has bleſt us in your coming.

Biſſ. Good, as 'tis poſſible,——here is the fatal Key that opens Hell, where all the Fiends ſit in Triumphant Revels, amongſt their Brimming Bowls, fearleſs of Danger.—Now let us plunge 'em to the inmoſt Cavern,—where Sulphurous Caldrons boyl, with hotteſt fury—I ſent a Meſſage to the Vice-Queen lately——to get the *Blowze* the Fiſh-wife out o'th' way by inviting her to Muſick,——or a Banquet; and ſhe reſolves on't; this being done, our way is clear, our Hearts and Hands are ready to cruſh this odious Monſter.

Mat. Lead, Brave Prince.

Biſſ. And yet it is, below our ſelves, methinks, to taint our Hands with his vile Blood——our Slaves ſhall do the Drudgery.

Mat. I'll be there however,——leſt ſome damn'd Accident

Vice. Should Intervene and ſtop the wiſh'd Affair.

Card. And I'll go beg,—your good Succeſs by Prayer. *Exeunt.*

SCEN. III.

Discovers Massainello *just risen from Table, where* Pedro, Pietro *and others were Drinking.*

Mass. She has defy'd my Love, and dares my Cruelty; Is *Massainello* to be dar'd, —— no, ——— Woman, thou soon shalt find the Thunderbolts of *Jove*, and all the fierce Artillery of Heaven —— too weak to balk my Power, —— Yet she Smiles, and when I talk of Rape —— or Death with Torment, points to the Sky as if from thence she hop'd fresh Succours to relieve her.

Pedr. Harkee, —— don't mind him, he's got now into one of his moody Fits: ——— Come, come, drink about.

Piet. He has sent for the Dutchess, —— and I suppose will be somewhat rough with her Grace, if she keeps her old Humour; —— Ten to one but we shall see some Scratching, Mewing and Caterwawling between 'em.

Mass. Cæsar Lubrano, Tursis and *Zavalio*, three mighty *Dons* that proudly look'd upon me as I thought with Contempt, shall die to Night, their Houses Burnt and Plundered; —— nor stop I here, but all their Heads and Hands from Bodies chopt, and then Nail'd upon Crosses, —— shall stand to adorn th' Entrance of my Palace; and had I but that Devil *Mataloni*, —— but here's one half of him, the Fiend split in two, this part is Woman.

Guards bring in Belleraiza.

Bell. Well, Sir, what Torture next? you flag and cool, my Courage can endure a thousand worse, than these I feel of Darkness and of Solitude, —— my Humour too is fix'd just as it was, for know I hate ye still.

Mass. And I thee now, so rankly, I could wish thou wert a Man, that being of the stronger Constitution, thou might'st feel pain the more.

Pedro. So she has netled him already, ——— there's no moulding her to any thing by fair means, —— she's obstinate still, —— what a Devil is this Vertue, I wonder that Women stickle so about, ——— They can sell it for nothing, I never heard it was worth a Groat.

Pietro. Ah —— the General never went the right way to work with her; if any Woman denies me impertinently, 'tis but knocking her down, and there's an end of the matter.

Bell.

Bell. Will you not prove the force then of your hatred? Order the Rack or Wheel, or any thing, so you dismiss me.

Mass. Poor Obstinate,—art thou so fond of Pain?

Bell. Pain--will be pleasure, so I save my Honour.

Mass. Your Honour! Since then—y'are of that so tender—I thank ye, you have shewn the way to plague ye,—I am not ignorant, a Woman's Will can when its stubborn defie death and horror,—if that Fantastick whimsie be secure,—and I have found one of this sort are you:

Your Honour safe, you all my Power defie,
Then first I'll kill your Honour e're you die.

For to divert my self and my Companions thou shalt here be strip'd stark naked in our view, each charming Limb which Fool's mistake for Beauty,—— expos'd even to my Guards to mock and scorn.

Bell. Torment of Torments, what have I heard him say?

Mass. Here, seize on her, and use the haughty Mischief as I command, that we may view the Beauty's she's so proud of, and judge whither perfection or defects are most excelling. [*They seize her.*

Pedr. We shall have some fresh Play presently.

Bell. Oh, I have been too rash,—thus at your Feet—I beg your pardon, and repent my words: Burn, tear me piece-meal, for provoking ye, invent new Tortures that were never heard of,—to glut your Cruelty, and I'll call it Justice, but let me scape the shame of being expos'd.

Mass. Oh does it pinch ye now,—is—thin skin'd Honour so nice that a meer sight on't makes ye squeak.—I say uncloth her, for I now, methinks, expect a certain pleasure, to behold a Body that Mankind oft Damn their Souls for.

Bell. Oh I will never rise but rooted here,—fix till my life forsakes me.

Mass. Tear off her hold,—and strip her instantly; and when she's so disgrac'd, take off her Head, and send it to her Yoke-mate *Mataloni.*

Here Enter Bissignano, Mataloni, *with a Pistol and Guards.*

Mat. That shall not need,—he comes to fetch the whole, here's *Mataloni*'s self. *Seizes her, she Embraces him.*

Bell. Oh,—Extasie!

Mat. Fall on my Soldiers. *He fights with the Guards.*

Mass. Hah surpriz'd! yet you shall buy me dearly, Despair assist me.

Bissig

Biſſignano *Fights with* Pedro *and Diſarms him.* Maſſainello *kills three of the Guards, and ſtrives to get near to* Belleraiza,—Mataloni *ſhoots him with a Piſtol,——He falls.*

Maſſ. Ah—Coward Fates! had my laſt minute proſper'd,——to reach thy Life, my own had fled with joy; but thou haſt ſtop'd me,
Stop'd all my Glory—in its full carreer,
And ſent th' Ambitious Soul I know not where. *Dies.*

Mat. With thee die all my Fears: Oh my Soul's Joy,——once more, I ſee there's a kind Star for Lovers. *Embraces her.*

Bell. I cannot ſpeak: Ah let my Eyes expreſs me.

Biſſ. Secure thoſe Rebels; then with ſpeed let's go to meet the Viceroy and the Cardinal.

Mat. Let the *Spaniſh* Troops be drawn up near the——Caſtle, ready to publiſh when the Word is given the Death of this proud Monſter.

Sold. They ſhall, my Lord.

Biſſ. And now thou Glorious Saint, Protector of our Kingdom, thus we thank thee.

Mat. Thank thee with Joy for this Propitious Hour,
That frees Glad *Naples*—from Rebellious Power. *Exeunt.*

SCEN. IV.

Enter Aurelia *and Ladies.*

Aur. What is th' Pageant come?

1 *Lady.* So, pleaſe your Highneſs, I ſaw the Coach ſtop now at the Gate.

2 *Lady.* Her Siſter too, and the whole Tribe of Fiſh-wives.

Aur. And is the Mask—prepar'd as I gave Order?

1 *Lady.* Yes, Madam, and the Hangman, Death and the Devil too, with their proper Ornaments, all ready to wait on her.

2 *Lady.* Her Mackerel Ladiſhip,—I dare affirm was never in her Life ſo Entertain'd.

Aur. Not as ſhe ſhall be e're I part with her,—By this time ſure the Deſtinies have play'd their fatal Game, and the bold Rebel has in Hell his payment, as Noble *Biſſignano*, ſent me word, they then had plotted, and the hour's now paſt,—It muſt be done; th' uncommon Joy I feel, gives me aſſurance his Death will be their ſport,—whilſt I divert me with his Mawking here, and ſhew her Beaſtly

ſelf

ſelf by a reflection. She comes, and with a Pride I warrant, proper. —— Who waits there? Set Chairs out for her Mightineſs —— and her Retinue, and when the Mask begins, let one ſtand by her to explain the Figures.

Enter Blowzabella, Pimpwell, Urſula, *and Attendants.*

Blowz. Well, Odsfiſh, 'tis a happy thing to be a Woman of Quality: Had I been a poor Jade now, the Devil of any Ball, Mask, or what d'ee call it had been made for me,—— and now lookee, the Vice-Queen thinks it her duty to ſhew me reſpect,—— On my word, this is a great point gain'd.

Pimp. Ay, Madam, —I warrant ſhe has ſome ſuit or other to your Ladiſhip; and faith, Madam, if you'l take my Counſel, don't be too forward, let her wait a little,—— 'tis the Method at Court always.

Blowz. 'Tis ſo, Boy, thou'rt in the right.—— Come now, let's hear this Stuff.

The Maſque begins. Enter a Fiſherman and Fiſhwife, and Dance.

Serv. Now that your Greatneſs may underſtand the Figures, —— you muſt know that the firſt is a Fiſherman, and the Dowdy his Wife.

Blowz. Ha, ha, ha,—Odsfiſh that's pleaſant enough.—— Well, and prithee what's t'other?

Serv. Th' other is a Monſter repreſenting Rebellion.

Pimp. I warrant that's a troubleſome Raſcal.

Then Enter a Figure dreſt like Pimpwell, *and a Valet bearing a Robe and a Gown, Fine Clothes Tawdry.*

Serv. This is a Raſcally Fellow, that's got into Office, and ſerves the others in their Villanies, his Name is *Pride*, —— a Pimp, a Scoundrel. ——

Pimp. Odd, methinks, the Fellow has a pretty kind of an Appearance: Gad I think he's like me: Come, let's hear him.

Then they Dreſs the Fiſherman and his Wife in the Robe and Gown, who Strutt about. ——

Then Enter three Figures, the one Repreſenting Death, the other a Hangman, the third the Devil.

Blowz.

Blowz. Oh Ged, what Nauſeous Scraggy Raſcal's that—foh—— I abominate th' ſight of him.

Pimp. And I the t'other,——methinks he looks like the Hangman.

Serv. Right, Sir, he is one,—— the t'other is, Madam, a ſtrange ſurly poſitive moroſe Fellow, his Name is Death; few of you Ladies like him, he has not Fleſh enough; the other, one that repreſents Rebellion.

A Solemn Introduction of Inſtrumental Muſick, and then this Song is Sung by Mr. *Pate*, repreſenting Rebellion.

FRom Burning Caves the dreadful'ſt part of Hell,
Where Fiends with Flaming Tongues in pain Eternal dwell,
And damn'd by me on Earth in diſmal horror yell;
I come to ſhew theſe Wretches here,
What they are doom'd to bear.
I come to ſhew what Torment muſt enſue,
What endleſs Plagues are for Rebellion due.
Appear then each Slave
Of Fate, Hell, and the Grave:
Appear in your Terror, and wound their curſt Eyes
With Sulphur perfum'd too ye Furies ariſe.

1 Fury. *Ha,ha,ha,ha,we laugh aloud.* [Furies and others ariſe.
We laugh, we laugh aloud,
And of our Fortune ſtill are proud,
When e're to Hell the Rebels crowd.

2 Fury. *Theſe to worſt Pangs——Grim* Pluto *does condemn,*
Our heaps of Coals are ſhovel'd all to them.

3 Fury. *And when in* Limbo's *Freezing Lake,*
We in another kind
Damnations Plague expect to find
Proud Rebels ſtill our Places take,
And Grind their Gnaſhing Teeth and quake.

1 Fury. *He may chance to find mercy who quaffs a full Bowl.*

2 Fury. *And the Whore-maſter too may make friends for his Soul.*

3 Fury. *But the Rebel unpardon'd for ever ſhall howl.*

Chorus of all. *He may chance,* &c.

Then

Then a Dance; at the End of which Death and the Hangman come and seize on Pimpwell *and* Blowzabella, *and the Devil on* Urſula, *and the reſt.* Exeunt.

Pimp. I warrant that's a troubleſome Fellow.

Blowz. Eyh, Eyh,—— What would the Raw-bon'd Raſcal have? Oh hideous! Hands, off Sirrah. Was ever ſuch an Abuſe?

Serv. 'Tis part of the Entertainment, Madam, you muſt go with him.

Blowz. Go with him, I'll ſee the Devil have him firſt.

Urſul. And his Dam,—— the t'other here——Hands off Sirrah; you'l grow fawcy preſently.

Pimp. And what would you have with me ye Impudent Raſcal? D'ee ſee how you ſoil my Coat? *To the Hangman.*

Serv. Oh he has a Halter, Sir, will cure ye of all Faſhions preſently. In ſhort, Goody Fiſhwife, the Villain your Husband's dead, and yours Madam will be preſently, therefore all ye have to conſole upon is to hang decently by one another: But firſt that you may die in your right Stations, kneel there and pay your Homage.

Blowz. Ah—Treaſon, Treaſon, where are my Guards?——

Pimp. Help, help there, I'm a Lord—— Good People.

Serv. Ye Lye, ye are a Pimp, ye Rogue, they muſt Guard ye to the Gallows.

Aur. What can your Mightyneſſes bow ſo low, you that ſo late could daſh at the Nobility, and kick your Kennel-dirt up in their Faces; Hah! can you Truckle now ye Groveling Slaves, y'are in your right Stations,—— low as your Parent-clod. Then throw their hated Carcaſſes on Dunghills, drag 'em to death; at laſt the hour is come, tho' long expected, which my indulgent Genius did reſerve to gratifie the labour of my Soul for all its Torments during this Rebellion:—— Mean Souls when wrong'd, mean Satisfaction take.

The great can only be with Blood repaid,
And Death the leaſt Attonement can be made. *Exit* Aur.

Enter Viceroy, Mataloni, Cardinal, Biſſignano, Aurelia, *and Guards.*

Mat. Oh how the Slaves can Truckle, when they find how the Tide runs againſt 'em!

Vice. My Lord *Cardinal*——your Eminence was in the Market-place; How did they reliſh my firſt Proclamation?

Card. Juſt as all Rabble do in Turns of Times; thoſe that but two days paſt, would have ſtemm'd Torrents, run to the mouth of a new mounted Cannon, and finger'd even the Ball for *Maſſaniello*:

——Now when they heard his Death, and found the Tide turn, laid preſent hold upon your Act of Grace, and were ſo far from naming him as General, that they even rent their Throats with this loud cry, Long live the King, and our moſt Noble Viceroy.

Biſſ. Nay more, no ſooner had they ſeen his Body as it lay dead, but with Impetuous Fury they chopt his Head off firſt, and next his Hands, and on a Poll exalted them in view,—— then dragg'd the Trunk with Horſes through the Streets.

Bell. Ador'd be St. *Genaro*, and the Powers, that to their former Glory have reſtor'd——Abandon'd *Naples*, and its Ancient Peace:
But letting Gratitude peculiar move
At once being bleſt with Liberty and Love. *Shout within.*

Vice. They now even offend me with their Zeal, making the Proſpect of my Palace here, their place of Execution! Open that Folding-door, and you may ſee the Reward of dire Rebellion.

Here the SCENE *Opens and diſcovers the Trunk of* Maſſainello *Headleſs and Handleſs, dragg'd by Horſes, his Head and Hands faſtned to a Pole, with an Inſcription, and behind theſe the Bodies of* Blowzabella, Pedro *and* Pietro *Hanging upon Gibbets.*

Card. A dreadful Sight! Yet bears it a good Moral,
Diſcovering the vain ſtate of Worldly Greatneſs;
And what a ſlippery way he treads that chuſes
The Path of vain Ambition,——wanting Power
To keep the great Reſolves to which he ſwore.
Had *Maſſainello* when he Sign'd the Articles,
Renounc'd his Sway, and modeſtly retir'd,
The Action paſt ſo Great, ſo Beneficial,
Would almoſt have Atton'd for his Rebellion:
He had deſerv'd a Golden Statue rais'd
To keep his Fame to perpetuity;
But his Ambition blinding his weak Eyes,
Turn'd his hot Brain, and broke the Reins of Reaſon.
The Moral to all Rebels doth belong,
They may a while, but cannot proſper long.
And Heaven's uſe of 'em is thus made known,
Firſt to purge others Crimes, and laſt their own. *Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE

FOR

Miſs *CAMPIAN.*

DReſs'd in the Faſhion that I now appear,
My Spaniſh *Garb, and looſe diſhevel'd Hair;*
A Gay Town-Spark, one of the Toaſting Gang
Juſt now came to me, and thus made Harangue:
Madam, ſays he, and ſtraight I found by this,
He thought 'twould Anger me to call me Miſs;
Your part of being raviſh'd, Ma'm, ſays he,
Has ſtop'd my Vitals quite, quite ravish'd me.
Pray let me kiſs your Hand; Oh fye, Sir, no:
Nay, Piſh, cry'd I, and put him by juſt ſo:
Yet thank'd him, that he lik'd my Part to day.
Burn me, ſays he, I like you; Damn the Play.
Then mutter'd ſomething ſoftly in my Ear,
Something of Hundreds ſetling by the Year.
I colour'd like a Roſe, and trembled too;
For Heaven knows for 'em what I was to do.
But taking heart I angry anſwer'd thus:
What mean ye, Sir, d'ee take me for Miſs -------
A certain Lady we have lately loſt?
And at that word finding he'd make more pother,
I ſtarted up and ſaid, I'd call my Mother.
At that, ſays he, and as he ſpoke it ſmil'd,
Why ſure you wont —— you wont be ſuch a Child,
There's none but Babies let their Mothers know.
I was aſham'd that he ſhould think me ſo.
We love the Childiſh ſcandal to prevent,
To be thought fit, altho' we don't conſent;
So much confus'd I left him----this Relation
I leave for you, Sirs, to make Application.
If you forſake our Plays, and I am ſlighted,
You ſee at leaſt I one way may be righted,
Young as I am----Knight-Errant can provide,
That me to Paris *will on Cock-horſe guide.*

FINIS.

The Famous

HISTORY

OF THE

RISE and FALL

OF

MASSANIELLO.

In Two Parts.

WRITTEN

By Mr. *THO. D'URFEY.*

LONDON:

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4. Octob. 1699.

my brave Captain, since I've so well perform'd the trust you gave me, I hope you'll think a Jesuit may be Honest.

Per. Honest, yes, to his promise to do Mischief, *I* never doubted that; but come, I'm glad to see you here however.

1 *Jes.* When the Laity Rebell against the Church, the Mischief that comes of it, lies on their Heads, tho the Church Execute it.

Don Pep. There's Sophistry for ye——he calls the non payment of Church *Masses*, Rebellion against it—but let him talk, he's a sure Rogue of my side; ——he is to fire the Market place. [*To* Gervasio.

Gerv. A gad, and I'll warrant he'll do't—he has a Face like a very *Salamander* it self.

2 *Jes.* Oh, bloody-minded Villains! If my Discovery to the Cardinal, put no stop to this Business—*I* shall ne'er Sleep agen:——Oh, Conscience, Conscience. [*Aside.*

Genov. My Sons, be then Couragious, and go on—to do a deed will gain perpetual Glory; and to excite the Cause, pray hear this Fable; *The Birds and Beasts, had once a fierce Dispute, how both their Kinds should make one Government;——this side set the Lyon up as Monarch o'er 'em, but th' Feather'd Kind were for Democracy; both Parties daily strong Excursions made, but neither for long time, the Conquest had—till at the last a sly old Politick Fox spoke to his Comerades thus;*

——My Friends, this War
must end by Stratagem, and not by War.
I'll undertake when next the Birds appear,
To catch a Hundred Thousand in a Snare——
And then the rest must yield, the Case is clear.——

I think, my Sons, this needs no Application, therefore go on.

Don Pep. The Father speaks like an Oracle, let's Embrace, and then go on.

Omnes. Ay, ay, let's go on, let's go on. [*Embrace all.*

Per. Away then, each to his several Charge—and when the chearful Sun begins to gild the Market-place to Morrow, in all his Pride I'll fell this Giant down.

Omnes. And we'll to the utmost Second brave *Perone.* [*Exeunt all but D.* Pep.

Don Pep. Now soar my well plum'd Hopes, and— gracious Fortune once fix thy Wheel, and on the highest Spoke set me but up; if I fear falling, Scorn me: Methinks my Heart's grown larger since my Plot.——Into what a Labyrinth of knotty Mischief have I involv'd these over-heated Fools, who severally believe they gain that Prize, which they all work for me, to their Destruction; for at that very Instant that bold *Perone* hunts *Massaniello*'s Life, so to succeed him——his own, with all the rest, fly up in *Fumo*: The Jesuits too are Tools; for that once done, some Troops of Spanish Dons already rais'd, ——Confederates all in our intended Greatness, shall crush those Moles to nothing.——But hold,——my Brother and his Wife, whose Fate are both inevitable—there's the worst twinge——but what are Brother, Sister, Kindred, or Friends, to him, that bold Ambition onward guides.

Ambition that made Angels once Rebel,
And from Celestial Throne, sink down to Hell. [*Exit.*

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Pedro, Bartallo, Jacomo, Gaſpar, Scipio, Urſula, *and* Belvidore, *ſitting at a Table as Feaſting.*

The Fiſherman's SONG.

OF all the World's Enjoyments,
That ever valu'd were,
There's none of our Employments
with Fiſhing can compare:
Some Preach, ſome Write,
Some Swear, ſome Fight;
All Golden Lucre courting,
But Fiſhing ſtill bears off the Bell,
For Profit or for Sporting.
Then who a Jolly Fiſherman,
A Fiſherman will be,
His Throat muſt wet
Juſt like his Net,
To keep out Cold at Sea.

II.

The Country Squire loves Running
A Pack of well-mouth'd Hounds;
Another fancies Gunning
For Wild-Ducks in his Grounds:
This Hunts, that Fowls;
This Hawks, Dick *Bowls,*
No greater Pleaſure wiſhing,
But Tom *that tells what Sport excells,*
Gives all the Praiſe to Fiſhing.
CHO. Then who, *&c.*

III

A good Weſtfalia Gammon,
Is counted dainty Fare;
But what is't to a Salmon
Juſt taken from the Ware?
Wheat-Ears and Quails,
Cocks, Snipes, *and* Rayles,
Are priz'd while Seaſon's laſting,
But all muſt ſtoop to Crawfiſh *Soop,*
Or I've no Skill in Taſting.
CHO. Then who, *&c.*

IV.

Keen Hunters always take too
Their Prey with too much pains;
Nay, often break a Neck too;
A Penance for no Brains:
They Run, they Leap,
Now High, now Deep,
Whilſt he that Fiſhing chuſes,
With eaſe may do't,
Nay more, to boot
May entertain the Muſes.
CHO. Then who, *&c.*

V.

And tho ſome envious Wranglers,
to jeer us will make bold,
And laugh at patient Anglers,
who ſtand ſo long i'th' Cold:
They wait on Miſs,
We wait on this,
And think it eaſie Labour,
And if you'd know,
Fiſh profits too,
Conſult our Holland *Neighbour.*
CHO. Then who a Jolly, *&c.*

Ped. COme, let's have another Song, my Jolly Lads, and then 'tother Brimmer, which ſhall be once more, Confuſion to all Gentry.

Gaſp. Ay, come, away with't——but I think we have their Heads upon the Anvel pretty well now, Neighbour.

Bart. Ay, ay, we may lay by our Hammers and our Cleavers; now Brother, ——the Sword is the Tool of Confuſion now, and ſo let's drink about.

Jacom.

Jacom. Gad, I was ſo fine, my Wife did not know me to day; I gave her a Buſs at the Mill-door, and Odzokers, the Jade took me for a Courtier, ha, ha, ha.

Gaſp. 'Tis a ſign a Courtier has been about your Hopper then, Brother, ſome body or other has been taking Toll in your Abſence; what, the Mill muſt go round, Brother, the Mill muſt go round, ha, ha, ha.

Scip. Ay, ay, tho the Soal be rent from the Upper-leather, as the ſaying is, That work muſt go forward—gad, would my Neighbour would drop once and give the Crow a Pudding, as the ſaying is, that *I* might take a Stitch with her, ſhe's a rare freſh crummy Laſs;—ſhe's no Pin-buttock, not ſhe Iſaith.

Bart. Why well ſaid, Neighbour,—faith I'm of thy mind—I'd give a diſh of Marrow-bones,—nay, all the new Rigging of my Captain-ſhip here, to beat up with her for a Voluntier.

Scip. Come, Colonel *Pedro*, let's have Madam *Urſula*'s Health round, and give you Joy of your new Title, good Madam, and then to Madam *Belvidere* there——Health to your good Ladyſhips both.

Pedro. Why, well ſaid, Lieutenant,—come with all my Heart.

Urſula. And I'll yours in Rheniſh-wine and Sugar; what we muſt drink Coſtly now, I'm a Lady, and then we'll hear another Song; this Muſick with Drinking, is very pretty.

Belvid. 'Tis ſo, Siſter; but for my part, *I* love a Song that raiſes the Spirits and makes one merry.

Pedro. Why well ſaid, my Laſs of Mettle, this was a notable Ditty Iſaith: Prithee *Jacomo* do but obſerve my Wife in her new Rigging there; a Pox on her, ſhe looks for all the World like thy Mare when ſhe has a Martingal on.

Gaſp. Come, come Boys, ſtrike up there while the Iron's hot, let's have a Song and a Dance——come. [*Song and Dance.*

Enter Rock *haſtily.*

Pedro. Oh Mr. Secretary, Welcom——but why ſo late, my man of Politicks? why thou'rt ſix Bumpers behind at leaſt.

Rock. Ay, a Pox on't, and ſhan't have time neither now I'm come, to drink one of 'em.—Odsheartlikins, you muſt leave off Junketing immediately, for the General's juſt coming hither to hear Cauſes; *I* brought a damn'd Fellow to him this Morning, a lowring, horn-fac'd *Banditti* Rogue, who pretended earneſt Buſineſs, that has put him ſo upon the fret with ſome Diſcovery, that there's no ſpeaking to him, he ſnaps and ſnarls at one juſt like a Dog in a Coach-box——Oons, he call'd me Pimp and Clod-pate juſt now, only for telling him what a Clock 'twas, tho he ask'd me the queſtion. [*Table taken off.*

Bart. Adſo, away with the Bottles then.

Pedro. Do ſo, and let's talk of ſome new Intelligence to find out the Duke of *Mataloni*,—that will put him into Humour—preſently.

Rock. Here he comes, and that Devil *Banditti* with him ſtill; *I* wonder who he is——'tis a plaguy poor Raſcal—and I'm ſure, had not a Penny about him, becauſe he gave me no Fee——for which *I* would have kept him from the General——but 'twas ſuch a ſurly Dog, and thoſe damnable Whiskers ſtruck ſuch an Awe into me—that Egad he made me do what he would, in ſpite of my Teeth.

Enter

Enter Maſſaniello, *and* Mataloni, *diſguis'd like a* Banditti.

Maſſan. Thou haſt well deſerv'd thy Life; and thy Diſcovery is of ſuch weight, as makes me ſtill thy Debtor.

Matal. Have you given Order to Secure *Carraffa*?

Maſſan. 'Tis done, and Spies are likewiſe on *Perone*, to watch his Motions, who at this Inſtant, *I* hear, waits for Admittance.

Matal. 'Tis well; and all the Avenues that reach the Powder, are they taken care of?

Maſſan. All, all, with ſtricteſt Diligence.——My better Genius, how ſhall I pay my Gratitude——tell me thy Circumſtances, that *I* may reward thee——for ſaving me, and two Thirds of the People: Whence, and what art thou?

Matal. One of Fortune's Bubbles, blown up and down a while about the World, and when *I* break, am Nothing: My Race and Birth-right, if you can believe me, perhaps are yet too good for what *I* ſeem, but that may be my Pride, ſo heed it not: If you'd have more know me then by my outſide, which in the Figure *I* at preſent bear, expreſſes me—a Rogue.

Rock. Pithy and ſhort; it does ſo indeed.

Maſſan. This Male-contented ſlander on thy ſelf,——bears yet a reliſh of ſome hidden Honeſty; thou ſhalt be mine, and ſuch a Truſt I'll give thee, as by its Profit ſhall reward this Service.

Matal. Pray, Sir, not too much of your Truſt, I may deceive ye; for what *I* have done, perhaps *I* had my Reaſons, but if you burthen me with Place and Office——*I* ſhall do like moſt of the reſt in ſuch Caſes; *I* ſhall ſerve my ſelf in the firſt place, *I* tell ye that before hand.

Maſſan. Oh, this Bluntneſs better recommends thee to me, it ſhews thou art no Courtier, no favourer of accurſed *Mataloni*, nor the damn'd *Gabellers*, therefore obſerve me, ſome of the Traitors are by this time Sciz'd, and raſh *Perone* attends his certain Ruin.——Withdraw a while, till *I* diſpatch ſome Buſineſs, which done, we'll diſcourſe farther; in the mean time, *I* tell thee, *I* am pleas'd with thee.

Matal. And *I*, if my Deſign ſucceed, moſt happy. [*Exit* Mataloni.

Maſſan. Brother, *I* order'd you to burn the Plunder, but you will have your way, *I* ſee.——What my Bull's-head Captain and the Cobler, Embroider'd too—and the Women foiſting here too, pſhaw, pull off your Trappings, and ſend thoſe things away,——we have no Smock buſineſs now.

Pedro. Smock-buſineſs,—gad if *I* had ſaid as much, the Tanner's Wife there would have broke my Head I'm ſure;—what a Devil ails him.

Bart. Why, Whiskers that went out there, has bewitch'd him, *I* believe.

Pedro. D'e hear Spouſe, I ſee he's in a damn'd ill Humour, therefore prithee be gone.

Urſula. Marry gap, what's he too good to ſpeak to us Civilly.

Maſs. How now, What Noiſe is that?

Rock. The People are mad, I think, they throng the Market-place ſo, that they ride upon one another's Backs; the Jeſuits Horſe one another like wild Stallions;—*Perone*'s Exalted too, and to my thinking, would fain get foremoſt.

Maſſ. Brother, and the reſt of ye, keep here this Poſt, and on your Life, obſerve my Motions.——Are any yet let in, [*Sits down at a Table.*

Rock. Yes, three or four Delinquents, who were Try'd this Morning by the Court your Lordship set up for such Causes, and who now are sent to you to receive Judgment; They are a Baker and a Fisherman: But in the Rear of these,—appear two Ghosts or starv'd Skeletons, whom the Prince of *Bissignano* sends hither to plead their Cause themselves to you, strange fleshless Creatures, I would not have you see 'em Faith; their Bones rattle as they walk like a Bag of *Chess-men*, and these accuse a Lawyer,——a rich Lawyer, a Friend of mine, my Lord, of Roguery——poor Ideots, they are like to get much by't.

Massan. We'll admit 'em all, but let *Perone* keep at distance till they're dispatch'd.

Rock. Valasco,——d'e hear. [*Whispers* Valasco.

Valasc. It shall be done—— [*Exit* Valasco.

Enter Baker, Fish-monger, *and two Women Ragged and Disfigur'd, with shagged Hair about their Ears, and looking pale and lean, as if just Starv'd; then enter the Lawyer, who Whispers* Rock.

[Rock *sits down and looks over Papers.*]

Massan. Read the Bills of Accusation against these Delinquents severally, then let me know each Man particularly.——First, What's he?

Rock. So please ye, a Baker——Try'd and Convicted in your Lordship's Court of Justice——*For that he not having the fear of any thing before his Eyes*, and a world of such formal Stuff, my Lord, sold Bread to the Poor sixteen Ounces in fix and Thirty too Light—and that too most of it Dough bak'd—to lie heavy on his Customers Stomachs, that they might not find out his Cheat.

Massan. Hum—for Bread Dough-bak'd, and too light sixteen Ounces, well, let his Oven be heated presently, and in it bake that Baker; bake him, d'e hear, to a Crust——then dole him round in Parcels of sixteen Ounces weight to all the Poor that are Injur'd.

Baker. Oh, that ever I was Born——Mercy, my Lord, Mercy.

Massan. Away, Bake him, I say—on your Lives see it done. Proceed, who's the next? [*Exeunt some with the* Baker.

Rock. A Fisherman, who brags he is Related to your Lordship, his Crime is, That being sent by a poor Labourer, who works by the Week abroad, to his Wife, lying in with Twins, with some Fish proper for her condition, she pulling out her Purse to pay him, he robb'd her of it, for want of which, she and her too Infants are since Starv'd.

Massan. Pshaw, is that all,—why if they are Dead, the Parish is eas'd of an Incumbrance; Ods me, and now *I* look on him better, this honest Man is a Relation of mine indeed, for if I han't forgot——

Fish. Oh lack a day, Master *Thomas Annello*—why sure you can't forget your Cousin *Bobber* the Smelt-man——why I am your Sister's Son, and please ye; and you may remember, how Merry we were last *Lammas* at the Herring catching——well gads bobs, Cousin, I'm huge glad of your good Fortune.

Massan. Thank'e, thank'e—good Cousin; a Chair there for my Kinsman.

Fish. Hem, Hem—— [*A Chair brought and he sits down.*

Massan. Well, Cousin, and prithee what is this foolish Business about this Purse—what I warrant thou took'st it Joakingly, didst not—thou hadst occasion for a little Money—for some Frolick or so, I warrant.

Fish.

Fish. Ha, ha, ha, ha.—Why in Troth Cousin, I had so, you have nick'd it; Gads bobs, you know I was always given to Frolicks and to play Arch tricks, —and I think this was pretty enough:—You shall hear how 'twas——The Woman you must know, Cousin, was newly brought to Bed, and lay grunting for Fish, and the Fool her Husband, had no more wit than to send me to her, when she might as well have come to Market her self, if all be true as I have heard of 'em—well—in came *I*—out came her Purse—and whip, says *Jesbro*, I had it in a Moment, so scowr'd off—and over a Brimmer Laugh'd heartily afterwards, with my Brother Topers, at the dissembling Carrion——and faith; as you say, Cousin, I think there was good Service done in't, for the Dam and her Cubbs, would have certainly incumber'd the Parish—and to deal plainly, —I hear I have prevented that, for they're all Dead—ha, ha, ha, she'll want no more Fish in haste, nor her Brats squall no more for the Sucking-bottle, ha, ha, ha.

Mass. So—and for this notable good Service, this same pretty Joak, Cousin, these foolish Lawyers have Convicted thee.

Fish. Senseless Law-Rogues, they have in troth, Cousin—but I knew I had a sure Card of you; nay, the Pimps thought to fright me with Raw-head and Bloody-bones too, and told me, that my Blood drop for drop, should be shed for theirs, and that the liquor in my Veins, who am one of the Family of the famous *Amello*'s of *Amalfi*. should run through the Streets, like the Kennels in a Rainy day:——What says the brave top of our House, shall it, shall it, hah, Cousin.

Massan. No not a drop Cousin—there's my Hand on't——let the bold Spirits of my noble Kindred, Kill, Starve, or Drown, or Poison whom they please, must knavish Law or foolish Justice controll 'em in this Juncture too, when they hope to be Preferr'd? No, 'tis enough that they are Kin to me——and why am I in Power, but to Exalt 'em?

Fish. Right, my dear Cousin, right—Gads bobs, I could kiss thy Foot, hem! hem! Oons, I'll be reveng'd of those Law Rogues that Try'd me, as soon as ever I'm Preferr'd. [*Aside.*] Well, well, and dear Cousin, you were talking of Exalting——when, when must I be Exalted——hum—I am neareſt Related of any——— I am your Sister's Son, you know.

Massan. Why Cousin, within this Hour.

Fish. Shall I faith, Gads bobs——I will kiss thy Foot now [*Falls down and kisses his Shooe.*] But where, where, dear top of the renowned *Amello* of *Amalfi*—where?

Mass. Why, upon a Sign-post.

Fish. A Sign-post——ha, ha, ha,——well, well, Cousin,—I know you're a rare Joaker; a Sign-post, very pretty faith, ha, ha, ha. [*They Seize him.*

Massan. Go some of ye, and Exalt my Cousin, that is, Hang him instantly upon a Sign-post.

Fish. Ah Cousin, dear Cousin, you carry the Jest too far now, you do Pfaith.

Massan. Hang him in Chains——but let no Blood be spilt upon your Lives, he is my Kisman, and I've given my Word; and so adieu good Cousin—d'e hear, besure you do it decently, and let him be with Ceremony Exalted.—— Come, the next, the next.

Fish. Exalted, O Lord! why are ye in Barneſt then? Why Couſin *Thomas*, ſure you Joak—dear Couſin *Thomas*—ſure you Joak. [*They drag him out.*

Maſſan. Away, I ſay.———

Lawyer. Hum, this is ſomewhat odd, my Friend.

Valaſc. Oh—a poor Rogue——I knew he'd be Hang'd, for all the General's Joaking.

Lawyer. Well, my good Friend—take care d'e hear, and there's your Fee—I have given the Secretary a hundred Ducats already.

Valaſc. Why look'e, Sir,—you have given me two Ducats here, if you don't come off d'e ſee, as cleverly as a huſk from a roaſted Cheſnut, why then my two Ears are at your Service:——I heard the Secretary ſay as much juſt now——and he, he can do any thing; you ſhall ſee him wind the General about his Hand like a skein of Silk. [*The two Women give* Maſſaniello *a Paper.*

Maſſan. What monſtrous things are here, that freez my Blood with Horror of the Crimes, and make me mad with Wonder!—bleſs me, what Figures too, I'll read agen——the Prince of *Biſſignano's* Letter.

Your Excellency is to know, your Sisters are a Widow and her Daughter; the Widow's Husband, ſome ſeventeen Years ſince, Dying, left his Brother a Lawyer, his Executor, to pay her ſixteen hundred Ducats for her Dowry, and as much for her Daughter's Portion, inſtead of which, to defraud both, he hath Villanouſly and Unnaturally Immur'd 'em between four Walls in a Cave, giving out, They were Dead, and ever ſince fed 'em there with Bread, roots and Water; their Miſeries will appear viſible before ye, and your Juſtice on the Offender be Nobly Remarkable,——— *Biſſignano.*

Incomparable Villany, I'm amaz'd at it; come forward Wretches, and Expreſs your ſelves—Which is the Widow of you, and which the Daughter?

Pedro. If thou wilt Marry now Captain, here's a rare Bargain for thee——here's one won't be proud of her Bills and Bonds—this Widow will go off cheap enough—and the Maiden Daughter too—I believe, would hardly ſtand priming and mincing upon ſuch an occaſion, ſhe has a Skin there would make a rare pair of Fox-hunting Boots.

Bert. Are they Birds or Beaſts, I wonder—and of what World are they? For ours, in all appearance, they're utter Strangers to——I warrant that Scoundrel the Lawyer, is in a ſmoaky Sweat now—Ods bobs, this Cauſe of his looks but ſcurvily.

Widow. If Miſery extream can deſerve Pity—or injur'd Innocence can hope Redreſs, give ear to my ſad Story, and do Juſtice, for all that Paper mentions, is moſt true, full Seventeen Years forced by that barbarous Brother, we have told the Hours in that loathſom Priſon, fed with the droſs of Earth, unwholſom Roots, Bread candied o'er with Mould and ſtinking Water, all that could make Calamity grow dreadful, and yet not Kill us, we have ſuffer'd daily; The damp cold Earth our Beds, hard Stones our Pillows, and nightly viſited with roapy Snails, that crawl'd upon our Faces, big ſwolen Spiders, the ſcream of Weezels, Rats, and Croaking Toads in Conſort joined, was ſtill our hateful horrid Muſick, whilſt diſmal Darkneſs added to the Horror.

Lawyer. My Lord, I beſeech your good Lordſhip, let her prate no longer ſhe was Mad my Lord—ſhe was Mad—And 'tis true, I kept her a little Hardly—

but

but 'twas only to bring her to her Wits agen——Hark'e, Friend, I would the cretary would put in a word now. [*To Gervatio.* [*Aside.*

Gerv. O no matter, no matter, he'll bring ye cleverly off at laſt, whether he does or no, Man.

Maſſan. Go on there——What ſay you?

Daughter. The Summer's choaking heat, and Winter's cold, both which with their alternate Miſery torturing our Bodies, have quite changed our Natures, our Skins like barks of Trees, our Hair like Furies, with Eagles Talons on inſtead of Nails, and Savage all, but in doleful Sound, breathing from our numb'd, ſtarv'd and tormented Bodies—our Voices, that cry out aloud for Juſtice, for Juſtice, that our wretched Trunks may feel one Hour's Pleaſure, tho we die the next.

Maſſan. You ſhall have Juſtice, ſound ſubſtantial Juſtice, as the Fact merits, or your Revenge could ask; Go take that Lawyer there, that rank rich raſcal, that common Murderer of *Common-Pleas*, that *Capias*, that foul blotted *Writ of Error*—take him, d'e hear, and ſtrip him firſt Naked, then Immure him between thoſe very Walls where theſe have lain, let his Food be Wax and Parchment, and his Drink, the Liquor that has Damn'd his Soul, his Ink;

And whilſt the Widow his Eſtate enjoys,
Let him Rave, Groan, and Languiſh till he dies.

Law. Mercy on me, why Friend, Friend, the Secretary don't ſpeak a word for me.

Valaſc. Hum—why faith your Buſineſs does not come off ſo cleverly as I thought it would, and I can't part with my Ears very well neither; but d'e hear, Sir, let 'em Starve ye if they dare, let 'em take your Eſtate, I warrant he'll maul 'em when you're Dead cleverly, never fear, Man.

Law. When I'm Dead, Oh miſerable Comfort! have I Cheated ſo many to be a prey to Cheats my ſelf at laſt; Oh, *Lawyer, Lawyer*, what will become of thy Soul?

Enter Biſſignano, Perone, *Banditti.*

Ped. Brother, the Prince attends to ſpeak with ye. [*Exit with Law. and Women.*

Maſſan. Is Execution done then? [*To* Biſſignano.

Biſſig. I ſaw it all perform'd,—and with Alacrity; *Carraffa* and his Faction all are Dead, the Jeſuits alſo, only *Genovino*, who, as it ſeems, intending to diſcover 'em, has ſav'd himſelf, but all the reſt have Suffer'd; the eager People gave a looſe to Cruelty, their Heads and Hands cut off, and ſtuck upon Poſts, adorn the Market-place, and all their Bodies mangled and torn to pieces by the Rabble.

Maſſan. 'Tis well;—your Ear, my Lord [*Whiſpers*] 'Tis moſt certain ſo, therefore ſtand ſtill and mark th' Event.

Biſſig. I am Amaz'd.——

Maſſan. Fellows in Arms, eſpecially *Perone*, the chief of my bold Undertakers: Hear me; ſome Plots are late found out againſt my Life, the Authors of it Seiz'd and Executed, and ſince for the People's good, I think my Safety—may be material, let all ſtand at diſtance but thoſe I appoint, till I Explain my ſelf; What ſays the brave *Banditti*'s Captain there? Is it not reaſonable?

Per. Your ſingling me out, Sir, to ask that Queſtion, is ſomewhat odd me-

thinks——

thinks—but let us ſtand as you pleaſe—I think I all along have kept my Diſtance as well as any, I grutch ye no Reſpect that I know of

Maſſan. Surly, but yet my Friend, you know, he's Honeſt, honeſt as his damn'd Brethren in a Robbery—you'll find it ſo, let Honeſty be try'd; Seize him and Search him inſtantly, and thoſe *Banditti's* there, the Villains come to Murder me. [*They ſeize* Perone.

Per. Ah, ſurpriz'd juſt in the Minute; Oh damn'd ill Fortune!

1 *Band.* Fate, guide my Hand, have at thee. [*Shoots a Piſtol, but miſſes him.*

2 *Band.* And mine ———————

Maſſan. Hah—have they miſs'd me; then thanks to Providence, and thou, dear Figure of my bleſſed Angel, that ſtill defends my Life againſt all Danger, go drag 'em to their Deaths; tear 'em to pieces, and let their Heads be fixed among the reſt.

Per. I was a Fool, or thine had grin'd there firſt. Death I deſerve for that, and ſo Confuſion ſeize ye [*Perone and Banditti are carry'd off.*

Ped. The Raſcals hid their Arms under Cloaks, and by that trick deceiv'd us.

Maſſan. 'Tis well remembred; be it Order'd inſtantly, on pain of Death, no Man to wear a Cloak or upper Garment, of what degree ſoever, they ſhall have no more coverings for their Knavery; From High, to Low, Let all Men walk in *Querpo.* Go ſee my Commands obey'd, and ſtrictly, as their Lives will anſwer it.

Rock. Ay gad, and with all my Heart—for I know a plaguy rich Cardinal that wears a huge long red Coar, and if he does not Bribe me well, I'll ſtrip him to his Shirt in the firſt place; 'sdheart, this new Order will bring in a Tun of Money, —and I'll about it inſtantly—*Gervatio*—come [*Exeunt* Rock *and* Gervatio.

Biſſig. This happy chance, which I Congratulate, ſhews the Divine Powers hold ye in regard; Reſpect them, Sir, and ceaſe your rigid Violence, Burning and Plunder; the Vice-Roy greets ye fair too, and now agrees to grant, for th' Peoples good, Great *Charles* th' Emperor's Charter; my ſelf laſt night was at a Conſultation with him, and the good Cardinal *Fillomarino*—who has beſides the Grant, a Preſent for ye.

Maſſan. I'll Viſit him this Moment; he has a Character 'tis ſaid, beyond the Title even of Goodneſs—Honeſt and Conſcientious, yet a Cardinal; 'tis wondrous, and I ſcarce believe it true.

Biſſig. Truth, may good Angels guide ye to purſue. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Cardinal Solus, *Reading.*

Card. Immortal *Seneca*, whoſe ſacred Morals inflame the Senſe, and eaſe the troubled Minds of thoſe that can diſcern and taſte thy Learning, how valued were't thou in theſe ſad Times, to *Naples*, if every one were skill'd in thoſe rich Jewels, which in their value, are Ineſtimable; but as the Peoples Plague is Ignorance, ſo the dire want of thy Philoſophy, makes ſtill more ſharp to them, the darts of Fortune——What Noiſe is that within? Good Heav'n defend me!—the State's Diſtreſs, makes every little blaſt appear a Whirl-wind—It comes nearer ſtill, this muſt be of ſome Moment.

[*Enter*

Enter Rock *and* Valaſco.

Rock. Bring up the Guards to th' door, ye ſawcy Slaves, how dare ye contradict the General's Order? ——Is it your Pleaſure, my Lord Scarlet-Cap, to affront the Supream power——hoh.——

Card. What mean ye, Sir?

Rock. What mean I, Sir, you ſhall know preſently, Sir,—*Valaſco*—ſtrip him--if you can read without your Spectacles, there's my Warrant for it. [*gives a Paper.*

Card. Well, Sir, I ſee your Power and my Patience, as in other things, muſt alſo appear in this [Valaſco *takes off his upper Robes*] But pray how far does your Commiſſion tend? Not to my Skin,—I hope.

Rock. No, no, my Lord—to your Shirt only—I'll proceed no further, I will not ſhew the Church's Nakedneſs——tho ſome of you give her but Tinſel Cloathing.——To your Shirt, to your Shirt——no further.

Card. My Shirt—alas, Sir, Age has ſo craz'd my Body—and long Infirmity ſo weaken'd me, ſhould you proceed ſo in this cold bleak Seaſon, 'twould Kill me;——have you quite forgot Humanity?

Rock. Oh, my Lord, I know you can Talk——I know you have a large capacious Wit, my Lord, and a large Purſe too; my Lord, if you would ſave your ſhrivel'd Carkaſs, then let that ſpeak for ye, that's the Philoſophy confutes me always, the reſt is paltry, paltry.

Card. My Purſe is the Rhetorick muſt ſave me! no, to bribe Barbarity, is to indulge the ſin—I will not give a Penny.

Rock. Come, come, Uncaſe, uncaſe then, the fine Weather will make you chatter your Repentance ſhortly, I make no doubt on't. [*Enter* Mallaniello.

[Valaſco *goes to ſtrip him further.*

Maſſan. Hah, hands off there——What are ye doing, Villains?

Rock. Oons, the General—we were only zealous in executing your Order, and pleaſe ye — and becauſe the old Biſhop was obſtinate, we thought to fright him a little, that was all.

Maſſan. Avant, ye Scoundrels, whoſe Souls have more of Dirt than th' baſeſt Dung-hills; my Orders were to wear no upper Garments, but you will ſtretch, you will; put on his Robe agen, Rogues, and then be gone. [*they dreſs him agen.*

Rock. He is particular; be gone—ah, y'are a rare Fellow to call a Great Officer Scoundrel, but come—*Valaſco*, a pox on him, we muſt go. [*Exeunt.*

Maſſ. He bears an awful Aſpect——Gravity with Wiſdom join'd, appear in every Feature, and ſeem to force a Reverence——well, what then, Looks do deceive us often.

Card. Is this the Prodigy, the Inſtrument of Heaven, and Scourge of *Naples*? He has a daring Front, quick Eye, and a Vivacity uncommon in ſuch Meanneſs, Fatal, and through th' whole Phyſiognomy is ſomething ſtrangely Terrible.

Maſſ. Th' Outſide's Awful,——th' Inſide now I'll try,
And want of Learning——Reaſon ſhall ſupply.
Well, Reverend Sir, you have ſurvey'd my Figure now ſufficiently, would you know ought beſides.

Card. If the ſtrange Frenzy the Age is ſway'd with, would permit your Temper to Reaſon calmly——*I* confeſs I would, *Sir.*

Maſſ. Proceed then, I am Calm, let us ſit down. [*They ſit.*] And to the purpoſe now,—what would you know?

Card.

Card. What you think of your self?

Meſſ. Why of my ſelf I think—but yet may Err—as you do of Religion—Good I intend I'm ſure——tho in my Practice perhaps are Miſtakes.

Card. But we have no Perhaps, Religion is a firm and ſolid Baſis, a ſure Foundation, and the Matter good too we put in Practice.

Meſſ. So you Preach indeed, but ſhould we come to ſeek a Heavenly dwelling amongſt your Schiſms and Artful Hereſies, your Pro and Con, your intricate Church Sophiſtry, inſtead of Pious plain Soul-ſaving Doctrine, which with ſound Truths ſhould give us ſafe Retreat, not *Babel* in all its height of monſtrous Jarring, e'er ſhew'd ſuch ſtrange Confuſions.

Card. The Church cannot Err;——

Some of her Mortal Sons through frailty may.

Meſſ. And thoſe cauſe all their Flock to go Aſtray.
Your Learning only ſerves to guild your Fallacies; your Words and Deeds are never of a Piece;

You prate of Heav'n, tho 'tis Earth you love,
Your Hearts are here, tho Eyes are fix'd Above.

Seven deadly ſins blot out the Cardinal Vertues; rank Avarice, abhorr'd Hipocriſie, ſharp Tongu'd Detraction, and inveterate Envy, hot Leachery, and Charity quite frozen; with your dear darling ſin, King-killing, Murder, neſt in the Boſom of your Politick Conclave.

Card. I am Amaz'd, a Fiſherman to talk thus, 'tis moſt Miraculous. [*Aſide.*

Meſſ. Crimes of all Natures,

That ever did or ſhall Infeſt the Globe,
Lie cloſe and brood under your Scarlet Robe.

Card. Nay, now your Paſſion is predominant, you break your Promiſe.

Meſſ. Only a little Zealous for my Cauſe——I give you the ſame liberty, ſpeak boldly.

Card. So I ſhall, and Honeſtly, and therefore muſt take leave to ask a Queſtion.

Meſſ. Do, I will Anſwer.

Card. Are not you a Rebel?

Meſſ. I know not by my Soul——'tis a State Title which yet I want a Definition of, but I will ask the People—their Logick ſhall diſcuſs it, and then I'll tell ye:——In the mean time, to anſwer with a Queſtion, reſolve me Cardinal, are not you a Hypocrite?

Card. My Conſcience prompts me to reply to that without delay, or more demurring,——No.

Meſſ. Well ſhould I grant you once it may be ſo,
I'm ſure your Tribe can't ſuch another ſhow.

Card. A Hypocrite,——Oh let theſe bubling drops that outwards force their way from their old Fountains, through very ſhame, that my unhappy Age ſhould be affronted with ſo vile a Queſtion, declare my deteſtation of that Crime——you do not know me, Sir.

Meſſ. Perhaps nor my ſelf neither. Now I have Anſwer'd ye; thoſe Tears have ſhock'd me, I relent o'th' ſudden. [*Aſide.*

Card. Then I will teach ye, Sir, to know your ſelf, for ſhould I fail to ſpeak for fear of Death, or ſtand in awe of your unweildy Power; or as you have

diſgrac'd

disgrac'd my Sacred Function, by stripping off my Robe, tho my Life were next, yet should I Sue or Flatter ye, to save it——poorly beg Pity, then I were a Hypocrite, then you might think me a corrupt Time-server, then you might brand me; no, no, rash young Man, a Good Man never fears to die, his Sands are still before his Eyes, he sees 'em run,—and all his pious Deeds proportion'd to 'em——this makes me dauntless; this controuls your power,——and spite of Tortures, strengthens me to tell ye you're a Rebel.

Maff. Very good——go on.

Card. A most notorious Rebel; a vile Name that bears the greatest and most odious Infamy, breaker of Laws, contemner of Religion, Author of Murders and unnatural Riot, Fire, Plunder, and most horrid Devastation. Are not you this?

Maff. In part, yet not a Rebel——I love the King, and for him and my Country, have undertook this dangerous Enterprize; the People were oppress with loading *Gabells*, and in th' Oppression, the King's Honour tainted, which I resolve to abolish, tho I die for't——and so I do this, so by my Labour I give ease to *Naples*, so the grieved People are by me Enfranchised, may I be torn in pieces by the Rabble, my Head be mounted on a Pole, my Body dragg'd through the goary Streets, whilst each vein spouts Blood out like a Conduit, I am happy, proud of my Fortune, shall contentedly die, and gladly yield my Soul without a Sigh.

Card. Miraculous still——the more I hear him speak, the more I wonder.

Maff. If my design to quell some of the Court—whose Avarice cramp'd us all, be call'd Rebellion——or justly punishing of those, be Murder.——To palliate that, I've only this to say, it is the Times Distress that causes it; uncommon Crimes have forc'd down Heaven's Vengeance,——and suppose me, tho unworthy, chose the means to work its Ends by.

Card. You must not suppose it,—'tis Impious and the height of Arrogance; 'tis making Judgment of Eternal Wisdom, and Heaven the Author of the Ills you do—you rather ought to think, nay and believe Vengeance will fall on you if you repent not.

Maff. My Heart melts strangely, my hard stubborn Heart; Oh, what a power has Piety——

Card. What sacred Vision or Inspiring Prophet gave you commission to be Tyrant here?——suppose the People Wrong'd, are you Omnipotence to scourge the Wrongers, and anticipate Heaven's Justice, through proud Will and rash Presumption—come, come, Repent, cast down your Usurp'd Power——and reverence Heaven, that thus far suffer'd ye,——and turn'd to Benefits foul Disobedience, but cease from future Ill.

Maff. This is a good Man, Deceit can never have such fair Appearance; his words have turn'd my Eyes into my Soul, and his sound Reason changed my very Nature:——Thou Reverend best Instructer of my Soul, thou hast convinced me, and I now am Penitent: and if my Actions since for th' general Good, may be forgiven by Heav'n and the Vice-Roy, this to perform, by all that's Sacred, *Carmine*'s bless'd Virgin, and your holy self——soon as the Articles of *Charles* the Emperor are Ratify'd to th' People——to renounce all my Command and Power, and return to my poor Occupation, Fishery;

There with my peaceful Nett my days pass o'er,
And never dream of proud Ambition more.——

Card. Now thy good Genius prompts,——'twas ſpoke Divinely; perform this Vow, and yet be bleſs'd for ever;——and from the Vice-Roy, I have here Commiſſion to ſay, thoſe Articles ſhall all be Ratify'd, and *Gabells* quite Abolished——beſides a Preſent from him to your ſelf.

Maſſ. Oh, let me kiſs the Feet of my Director,——and beg his Pardon for th' Irreverend Sin late acted, in the rudeneſs to Diſrobe him——I am a Dog, a ſordid groſs Plebeian, untutor'd in Humanity, a vile clod of Earth, and you ſhould Spurn [*Falls at's Feet.*] me hence, leſt I defile ye—but Pardon, I beſeech ye, leſt Diſtraction make me commit an Outrage on my ſelf.

Card. 'Tis all forgiven, and forgot; thus from my Heart I give ye Abſolution: And now pray riſe, and hear what I'm in Charge of from the Vice-Roy, who as a forerunner to his future Favour, preſents ye with a Suit of rich Apparel——and will himſelf meet ye at your appointment, there to confirm the Articles.

Maſſ. I'll meet him with all Joy, but for his rich Preſent, alas, my gracious Father, I'm unworthy——for a poor Fiſherman theſe I have on, are rich enough in Conſcience.

Card. Your Perſon indeed, that goes each day Cloath'd with Renown, Apparel can ne'er Imbelliſh more; but yet 'tis proper now, not as a Fiſherman, but Captain-General of the *Neapolitans*; th' Honour of which, obliges ye to wear a Garb befitting; beſides your condeſcenſion to the Vice-Roy.

Maſſ. I am convinc'd, and now will act a Courtier, ſince you will have it ſo.

Card. Hark, the Cathedral Bell Rings, I muſt attend, will you be there?

Maſſ. I'll wait upon your Eminence, and after meet the People, who deſire ſome Muſical Diverſion, for joy of my late 'ſcape: I'll firſt be Fine, and then receive their Kindneſs.——Thus till the Charter is confirm'd, I'll Revel in fluttering Gayety and frollick Mirth:

Which done, the gawdy Traſh away I'll ſpurn,
And to the Canvas I now wear, return.

The End of the fourth Act.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Mataloni *Solus.*

Mat. OH, mighty Love——how is thy wondrous Power ſhewn in the dangerous round of my hard Fortunes, and what a narrow *Iſthmus* ſtands between my future Comfort, and my preſent Ruin, led on by thee, tho almoſt in Deſpair——to free my Soul's beſt Joy, my *Belleraiza*; I've 'twixt the Paws of a fierce Monſter ventur'd, whoſe rancorous Heart thirſts for my Life; whoſe Hatred, would make a Feaſt of Cruelty upon me, and gorge my Blood with Woolviſh Appetite——yet for my Love, my Wife, I venture all—and only now want glorious Opportunity to bring it to Perfection——my late Diſcovery has fix'd me in the Heart of this bold Fellow——this bold, nay, I may ſay, this wondrous Creature; for is it not a Prodigy in Nature, that a baſe Boy, poor, ragged, and bare-footed——nay, even the loweſt

of

of the wretched Vulgar, ſhould in an Inſtant, as by Inſpiration, be qualified to hold Diſpute with Cardinals, negotiate State Affairs of grand Importance; draw out a powerful Army to Rebel, Command 'em, and with a Nod, a Beck, an uncontroll'd Motion, ſubject all *Naples*; *Naples*, the Queen of Cities, Mother of Hero's——Metropolis and Rendezvouz of Princes, and in her full ſix hundred Thouſand Souls, as Abſolute as any natural Monarch——tis above Wonder—Let me wait Heaven's Pleaſure then, for now it is not in my power to cruſh him, but with the Ruin of my ſelf, and Love; here is his Ring, which gives me powerful Truſt, and Privilege to paſs the Guards at any time——This may be of great uſe to my Deſign; beſides, he treats me now as his beſt Friend—and Spy upon his Enemies—I'll feed him with ſuch hopes——hark, they are coming from Maſs—in Pomp, I hear, and a Solemnity is made to entertain him—well, let him mount,

Ambitious Fool, daſh'd by the turn of Times,
The harder falls, the higher that he climbs.

Enter Trumpets, Kettle-Drums, and Hautboys, a Martial Symphony, Cardinal, and Maſſaniello *in a Fiſhing Habit; then* Don Tiberio *leading* Blowzabella *ſtuck with Jewels; then* Pedro *leading* Urſula, *then* Bartallo, Rock, Valaſco, Jacomo, Gaſpar, Scipio; *they ſtop, and* Maſſaniello *ſpeaks.*

Maſſ. Let twenty Troops be drawn up round my Houſe; then let two Thouſand Halberts line the Gate-way, and on their Lives, no Noiſe—nor none preſs further. If it were proper your Eminence could taſte a little of our Entertainment, I ſhould be happy, but ſince Religious Temperance obliges otherwiſe, I ceaſe my Suit—Is there ought elſe, my Lord, you would Command?

Card. Only your Licence for an Hour, to Viſit Sir, the Dutcheſs *Mataloni*.

Maſſaniello ſtarts.

Maſſ. My Lord, you ſhall have Licence. How her very Name, ſpite of my Reſolves, does kindle my late Flame. Come hither—*Rock*—what ſaid the Dutcheſs to my Suit? [*Aſide to him.*

Rock. Why, Sir, at firſt, ſhe was at her Hums and Haws a little, but I manag'd her ſo, that her Stomach began to come down apace.

Maſſ. Oh, ſhe is ſweeter than *Arabian* Odours.

Rock. Ay, Sir, and whiter than the new fallen Snow.

Maſſ. She is ſo, but prithee praiſe her not, it Tortures me.

Rock. Not Praiſe her, why, Sir, is there any harm in't, or if you ſhould Enjoy—her, is that ſuch a Miracle?

Maſſ. Enjoy her, 'sDeath, that word has ſhot me through——no more, I charge ye—my late made Vow of Honeſty and Vertue, and the awful Look there of that Holy Man—they ſhall, they muſt reſtrain me, but then Beauty and ſuch a ſweet Revenge on *Mataloni*—Oh, how my Veins ſwell!

Rock. Pſhaw, pſhaw, Sir, I hope you a'nt ſcrupulous—why, I'll make her as ſupple as a Glove for ye, there ſhall be no need of Courting.

Maſſ. Well, I'll think further on't, in the mean time, you muſt go wait on my Lord Cardinal to her.

Rock. The Cardinal——what a Devil, muſt I Pimp for him too—pray my Lord, conſider my Place, good my Lord.

Maff. Oh, his is only a Viſit, and no more.

Rock. A Viſit—gad I don't like him—he's Gray, but not very Good, I believe.

Maff. My new *Banditto* Friend there, ſhall go with ye too——*Graſſo*, come hither, thou ſeeſt the Love I bear thee, and the Truſt I have impoſed; take then a Secret from me; go with the Cardinal, to Viſit the young Dutcheſs; the Ring I gave thee, gets admittance to her——then plant thy ſelf cunningly to hear their Talk—and afterwards let me be a partaker—hah, wilt thou be diligent?

Mat. Nay, if ye doubt me, y' had beſt employ another.

Maff. Enough——I do not, my good Lord Cardinal, theſe will direct ye to the Dutcheſs's Lodging.

Card. Sir, you Oblige me—— [*Exeunt* Cardinal, Mataloni *and* Rock.

[*Muſick ſounds, and a Banquet ſet out here*]

Blowz. Well, my Lord, I am mightily pleas'd—you like my Dreſs ſo well, and I think, tho I ha'n't been bred at Court, and perhaps may want a little of their Air, as they call it——yet theſe Jewels don't disfigure me. Odsfiſh, this upon my Breaſt here, coſt a thouſand Ducats, and this upon my Rump here, as much more. [*Turns round and ſhews her Jewels.*

Don Tib. Oh, Madam, and adorning ſo graceful a Perſon too, they receive an extraordinary Advantage——I wonder thoſe ſhe Plunder'd of 'em, ſhould tell her the Price. [*Aſide.*

Blowz. Humh—Adorning my Perſon—Well, my Lord, you have the prettieſt words pop out now and then to oblige me——Odsfiſh, you have, that I could hear ye all day methinks: But come, let's hear the Muſick, and Eat and Drink, and be Merry.

Pedro. What, my Brother is not in the Dumps ſtill, I hope.

Urſul. No, no, but State Affairs lie a little heavy you muſt think——Why truly *I* find my ſelf a little Graver ſince I was a Lady, than *I* was before.

Blowz. Come, my Lord General—Odsfiſh, what are ye poſing on the Muſick, and Banquet ſtays for us —— you act a Courtier rarely indeed; why, you are as dull as if you were a Gudgeon-catching; come away, and ſeat your ſelf for ſhame——what, we muſt do great things now.

They Seat themſelves, and then follows a comical Entertainment of Singing and Dancing; which ended, Enter Genovino *and Soldiers, with the Heads of* Carraffa *and* Perone *on Poles, another bearing* Mataloni's *Habit.*

A Dialogue between two Fiſh-Wives.

1ſt. Fiſh. HOw comes it now good Mrs. Sprat,
You are ſo Impudent of late?
T' endeavour to foreſtall my Wares,
And thruſt your Noſe in my Affairs,
What is't you would be at?

2d. Fiſh. *What means the Blowz? my Actions ſhew,*
I ſcorn both your Affairs and you;
I hope my Trade is not ſo ſmall,
To help it, I ſhould yours foreſtall,
Sure 'tis not come to that? (*high,*

1ſt. Fiſh. *Come, come, I know you carry't*
But yeſterday the Neighbours ſwore
That you did all the Herrings buy,
That I had bargain'd for before.

2d. F. *They lye, I am the very'ſt Jade*
That e'er at door a By-blow laid,
If I did any Herrings buy,

Pd

I'd have ye know,
Ye filthy Sow,
I've other Fish to fry. (*Quean,*
1st. F. *Come, come, you did, you did, ye*
And in the Ale-house cross the Green,
To Breakfast drill'd my Husband by.

Both Sing together.

2d. *I'd have ye know.*
1st. *Ye did, ye Quean.*
2d. *Ye filthy Sow.*
1st. *Ye did, ye Quean:*
2d. *And drill'd my Husband by.*
1st. *I've other Fish to fry.*

2d. F. *Ye dirty Mawks—would I but go*
To graft my Spouse a Horn or so,
I've Customers of Lords or Knights,
Would be my Friends both days and nights,
And take it for a favour too. (*own*
1st. Fish. *Thou long hast brag'd of this I*
When only Scowndrels of the Town,
Were still employ'd to till your Ground.
2d. F. *Of which your Husband's one.*
1st. F. *He was, but he soon found his*
dangerous case,
He knows thou art not Sound. (*light,*
2d. F. *Not sound—you Trollop—by this*
To vex thee, now I'll tell the truth in spite;
He does love me, thy Husband's mine,
Our Hands, our Lips, our——we join;
And when we sit and Sing, and Play,
Has wish'd thee Hang'd a hundred times
1st. F. *I'll slit that Nose.* (*a day.*
2d F. *He says, that Mouth*
Is like the Pole, 'twill reach from North to
And if your there so wide (*South.*
You know full well,
The Tales men tell,
What they suspect beside.
1st. Fish. *Ye Carrion.*
2d. Fish. *Ye Mawkin.*
1st. Fish. *Ye Slattern.*
2d. Fish. *Ye Puss.*

Both together.

I'll teach you to slander me thus, thus & thus.
I'll teach you to Cuckold me thus, thus & thus.

Genov. THis 'tis to bear a Brain——so well I've Plotted, I am unsuspected of the late Conspiracy——and now have formed another *Protean* Plot, to seat my self securely.

Mass. What mean those Objects?

Genov. The Heads of your two Mortal Enemies—*Carraffa* and *Perone*, the People bring to add to your Diversion; and *Mataloni* had not Hell aided him, had never escap'd; I was so near him, that I reach'd his Skin here, but the Snake crawl'd away.

Mass. Damn the Jilt Fortune,——had I hook'd him too, my Heart had been at Ease; Oh, with what pleasure could I employ this sword to rip him open, these Teeth to bite his Heart, these busie Fingers, to tear the Beard from off his hated Face, as now from this Curs'd Traitor, damn'd *Carraffa*.

[*Pulls off the Beard from* Carraffa's *Head.*

Genov. I hunted hard, tho I miss'd my Game; and tho some of my Brethren were found Tardy—of which some twenty six being since Impeach'd—I have seen Executed—yet I hope the General heard of my Diligence.

Mass. I did, my Politick Father, thou art Honest.

Genov. Thou art a Coxcomb, and I'm satisfy'd. [*Aside.*

Mass. But this *Mataloni* still goads my Heart——hah, have I no way to Revenge my self?——Yet now I have it—his Wife, his Wife must do't, I'm now resolv'd on't—I'll send this Priest to fright her further, and then Attack my self—A Bottle or two more, will make me fit——the Prince there must know

nothing

nothing——I'll leave him therefore here——Go once more, mount the Traitors Heads. And, Brother——and you my Officers, I invite ye to my Closet for an hour, to drink a private Brimmer——come along Boys, we'll have one Glass before we part, Success to our next meeting in the Cathedral.

Omnes. Bless the General, Bless the D. [*Exeunt all but* Don. Tib. Blowzab. &c.

Don Tib. 'dsheart, they are all gone, and have left me to be Baited. [*Aside.*

Ursul. Gadslid, did ye ever see such Sneaks as the General and my Major are, if they ha'n't flinch'd from the Glass, to go and parboil their Guts with Coffee now——there's no Spirit in Spanish, poise on't, I hate such Trifling——if we come to be Merry, let's go through stitch; where do's the Prince's Health stand? [Blowzabella *sits and throws Pellets at the Prince.*

Belv. Here 'tis, and o'er the Left-hand Thumb it comes to himself; here's your Health, my Lord—would I had him in one of our Tan-pits at home. [*Aside.*

Blowz. Ah, he's a precious one—————— [*Pelts him.*

Don Tib. I must get out some way or other, this rampant Fish-Wife will pelt my Eyes out else.

Blowz. My Lord, I think I heard you say, you were never Married, and truly you deserve to be Priz'd for't extreamly——Odsfish, a Batchelor has such a peremptory sort of way with him to Married Men; Oh, faugh, a Married Man's quite another thing, I know't by my Husband.

Don Tib. So, if Cuckolding this Fish-General now were a Revenge sufficient for the Nobility——I think I'm in a fair way to Oblige 'em.

Belv. Madam *Ursula*, what thinks your Ladiship of another Song?

Ursul. Why truly Madam, very well, if your Ladiship will oblige us.

Belv. Nay, Madam, the best Voice must be preferr'd always.

Blowz. Nay, nay,——rather than let both your Ladyships bustle about it, I'll do it my self——my Lord the Prince, prithee come and sit nearer me——and don't lie glaring at me with your Twinklers, but come and hear my Song, 'tis a merry one I'll promise ye; now how d'e like it. [*Sings here.*

Don Tib. Oh, 'tis most Ravishingly well, Madam—thus am I oblig'd to Lye two or three times a day at least to keep my self in Favour. 'dsDeath, there's no getting off: Oh, *I* think *I* have it—[*Pulls a out Paper*] Odso, *I* had forgot a business of Importance, which the General should have seen before; *I* beg your Prrdon, Ladies, *I* must be abrupt and go seek him.

Blowz. Pshaw, not yet, my Lord, not yet, 'tis time enough to seek him, come, come, pray let our Business be done here first.

Don Tib. Oh, Madam, 'tis from the Vice-Roy, and of prodigious Consequence: Curse on my Fortune, that envy's me this pleasurable Minute, but I'll dispatch and return, Ladies, with all haste imaginable.

Blowz. Well, you know my Closet, my Lord—and since you must go, pray dispatch quickly—and you shall find us there; we'll go and settle our Stomachs with a dram or two of my Water; for you must know, my Lord, *I* make such Water, such heavenly Water, it will make a young Fellow frisk up to the Moon, and an old Fellow's Heart dance the *Canaries.*

Don Tib. I am instructed, Madam, your Humble Servant: 'Tis well I found this Excuse—*I* should have been Drunk too, if *I* had staid, *I* find. [*Ex.* D. Tib.

Blowz. Well, Odsfish, he's the Prince of a Man every way—and we'll have his

his Health agen before we part, I'faith; Come, let's enjoy our ſelves, we'll think no more of the ſneaking and pinching of our former days, but hug Fortune, and take Pleaſure in by Belly-fulls; come along, Laſſes: What, we muſt do great things now. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Mataloni *and* Rock.

Rock. She's in her private Alcove there—and the Cardinal's gone to her, *I* ſuppoſe to help her in her ſecret Devotion, theſe Churchmen are rare Terriers, they can hunt in a dark Corner rarely. Od, ſhe's a luſhious Creature, Friend, haſt ever ſeen her? When he's gone, I'll try if *I* can Ferret her my ſelf.

Mat. Curſt Imp of *Beelzebub*, what does he ſay? But d'e hear, Friend, I'm order'd here unſeen, to obſerve their Actions, let us withdraw then—the General at yonder door would have you to wait his coming—and then give me Notice.

Rock. Well, Sir, *I* hear ye; *I* do moſt damnably hate this Fellow, and yet *I* dare not quarrel with him—and yet the Raſcal interlopes upon my Buſineſs—and *I* find, creeps into the General's Favour every day more and more—and muſt Ruin me in time; ſay you ſo, why then be wiſe, Friend, and Ruin him firſt—ſend him packing, and if thou haſt not two penny worth of Courage, Oons, buy two penny worth of Rats-bain, and that will do't every whit as well. [*Ex.* R.

Mat. I've ſent that Fellow on a trivial Errand: becauſe he ſhould not hear the approaching Paſſages, and ſee where my dear *Belleraiza* comes; Oh, how my Heart pants with uncommon Joy which my hopes give me of my good Succeſs—ſhe Weeps, hah, and looks pale—and talks with Paſſion; perhaps theſe Devils may have wrong'd her Vertue——Oh, Hell, if that be ſo, I'm loſt for ever; *I* am afraid to hear, and yet muſt liſten.

Enter Cardinal *and* Dutcheſs.

Dutch. Thus every hour they torture me, firſt, they fright me with my Lord's being Taken, and then follows the Villain's Brutal Love.

Card. Let your kind Heart with this aſſurance reſt, he yet is free and ſafe.

Dutch. Bleſt be that Tongue, the pangs and hourly ſorrows I muſt ſuffer for him, now I ſhall bear the better—for I expect this Evening a freſh Onſet, another odious Love-ſollicitation, and now I am prepar'd.

Mat. Prepar'd for it! how my Impatience burns me—I'll go forward and try her now my ſelf.

Card. Oh, this perfidious wicked faithleſs Wretch! he ſwore to me, and bound it alſo with ſolemn Vows and ſerious Proteſtations, to be the Author of no more vile Actions; he promis'd to lay down Arms too, and then take up his old Mechanick Occupation—but his unbalanc'd Head forgets it; thus want of Honour in all baſe Born Creatures, make 'em ſo little value things ſo Weighty.

Dutch. Yonder another of his Engines comes—Oh, how I hate that horrid baneful Face, and the more horrid purpoſe he's employ'd in, which rather than conſent to, or be forc'd, I've yet a means left in my power to help me, one dear, dear Remedy I've yet obtain'd, to keep my Faith to my dear Lord, and free me. [*Shews the Viol of Poiſon*] *Card.*

Card. Take heed best Daughter——how you offend the Deity, or doubt the aid of Providence, by using Violence on your self, you have heard self-Murderers Punishment.

Dutch. Oh, preach it not, good Father—Heaven were unmerciful; cruel Extent, to expect gen'rous Vertue should wait to the last Moment for a Miracle.

Card. Heaven guard ye sooner, I do not doubt it will—your Business seems with us, Sir—what's your Commission?

Matal. The General expects a private Conference with the Lady—the Business is not proper for your Ear, my Lord.

Card. If 'tis a sin Affair, as I suspect, it is most proper that I should be near, with holy Admonitions to prevent it.

Mat. Prevent the sallies of hot Love, my Lord, with cold Divinity, 'tis vain, vain Labour, good your Grace retire——to you Madam, I am to tell this News—your Lord is Taken, and by the General's Order, Dies to Morrow, unless to night your beauteous Charms repeal it.

Dutch. Peace, horrid Screech-Owle——Oh, for a Basilisks Eyes to blast the Author of the dreadfulest Tydings that e'er forc'd through the Ear into the Heart. [*Weeps*] What think ye now, My Lord, of patient Virtue, waiting for Champion Guards sent down from Heaven, one Hours delay may cause the brave Intention too late to be effected; the Ravisher's coming, Hells Gates are open, and he rushes in, methinks I hear him already, no more hope of Divine help then—but be sudden. [*Apart.*

Mat. My Lord, your Absense will be very requisite.

Card. My Presence is much more——I will not still—but with my Bosom bare, oppose the worst that Lust and Rage can offer to her Chastity. Oh, thou bright Mirrour of Celestial goodness, thou Pattern in perfection of blest Women, think not I e'er will leave thee till I'm Dead, no, we'll both die e'er Villainy shall Prosper; then when the Beams of Immortality have rarified this Clod we wear below,

The glorious Stars of Piety and Love,
Shall we mount upwards, and be fix'd Above.

Mat. Madam, you see the Cardinal's Old and Obstinate, I hope you will consider better.

Dutch. It is, it is resolved, I'll do it with a Smile, and calm as Infants in a Lethargy—and so prevent the Death of that good Man—that honest Bishop, for he's one I'm sure.——I have consider'd, Sir, [*To* Mataloni.

Mat. Now hold my Temper———well, Madam, what's the result?

Dutch. Why, Sir, Extremity conquers all Resolves—my Husband's Death and my own Misery, are things of Weight———pray take aside the Cardinal, and mould him but to give me Absolution, only to satisfie a scrupulous Conscience, and then I'll give an Answer satisfactory.

Mat. Tho that dire Answer gives me Life or Death—my fatal Curiosity must hear it.—A word, my Lord [*Goes to the Cardinal—then she pulls out the Viol.*

Dutch. Now aid me, Love—ye Powers that value Honour, strengthen my Heart and Hand. [*Is preparing to drink.*

Card. Away—hold, noblest Daughter, dash the Poison down, famish Despair, still let us trust to Providence.

Mat.

Mat. Hah—the Poiſon——Almighty Powers, what had *I* like to have done! Oh, thou ſweet Angel. [*Ruſhes to Embrace.*

Dutch. Stand off, blackeſt Devil. [*She puſhes him back.*

Mat. Off my Diſguiſe——Oh, let thy ſight be free, whilſt to thy panting Heart, *I* give thy Husband——thy Love, thy *Mataloni.*

Dutch. *Mataloni*, Is't poſſible! Oh, thou Extream of Joy! [*Embraces him eagerly.*

Mat. My Wife, my Soul, my deareſt *Belleraiza*—forgive my late Curioſity, which but for this good Lord's preventing it, had damn'd me paſt Redemption——Oh, thou beſt of Women.

Card. This is th' exacteſt work of Providence.
The ſacred Grace was here ev'n to a Miracle.

Mat. How I've adventur'd, and what Dangers paſs'd, I'll tell at better leaſure, let it ſuffice now——this Ring gives means for your delivery, which we'll this Inſtant put in Execution.

Dutch. New Joy ſo crowds my Heart, *I* cannot bear it.

Mat. Hark'e, ſome body's coming ſure.

Mat. 'Tis ſo; here's th' *Secretary*—hah, and that Villain Jeſuit that broac'd the late Conſpiracy—ſtand ſtill, my Love, I'll get but th' Wind of 'em—and then we are ſafe enough. [*Goes behind the Door.*

Enter Rock *and* Genovino.

Rock. Look'e, they're together ſtill——*I* think the Devil's in theſe Cardinals—when once they get a Woman into their Clutches, they'll never let her go.

Genov. Why, Sir, I hope you don't doubt but we can diſtinguiſh Bleſſings Sir, of which a Woman is not *I* think, the meaneſt, when ſhe is Beautiful and Kind which this muſt be through meer neceſſity, ſhe knows ſhe's in the Trap.

Mat. And ſo are you—good Pole cat, and your Fellow Vermin there. [*draws.*

Genov. Horror——who is't *I* ſee—the Duke of *Mataloni.*

Rock. The Devil.

Mat. Stir not a Foot, Villains——for if you do, your Souls follow the Motion; and tho your Crimes deſerve immediate Hell, yet from the noble hand of *Mataloni*—thus grovelling down, your baſeneſs keeps ye ſafe.——Come my fair Love, and my moſt honoured Father, this is our happy Moment, let's purſue it. On my Diſguiſe once more, and in my Chamber I've one for thee, my Bleſſing; then through the Guards we'll haſte to th' Vice-Roy's Caſtle, and leave theſe lock'd up cloſe to plot new Miſchief. [*They lock* Rock *and* Genov. *in, then Exeunt.*

Card. Heaven's Care, admir'd *Mataloni* —— go lead on.

Dutch. Thus does juſt Heav'n atone for cares of Life,
With the beſt Husband,

Mat. And moſt Charming Wife.

Rock. We have made a rare hand on't; a Plague on your Mouſe-trap, you ominous Vermin, let's ſee now if you can C[illegible] here: let's hear your *Sophiſtry*; break open the Lock there, with a Pox t'e.

Genov. I might as well Curſe your dull Pate, Sir Scribler, to let a ſlight Diſguiſe out-Wit ye thus——how came he into Truſt?

Rock. Why the Devil ow'd me a ſpight; *I* brought him to the General firſt, tis true, miſtaking him for a *Banditto*——and finding him even bloated with a Diſcovery;——but what's that to the preſent purpoſe? What buſineſs had you there

there with the Dutcheſs? 'Twas to know that, drew me hither after ye, *I* had been ſafe elſe.

Genov. *I* had particular Order, *I* was to Pump her.

Rock. Were ye ſo, *Timothy Tranſub*——were ye ſo indeed; and for which pumping Deſign, there's a good Thump for ye Raſcal: d'sheart, another Interloper in my Buſineſs, come on Rogue, are ye good at Procuring, as ſoon as ever ye have got into the Bobtail'd Mode, a ſwell'd Noſe and a black Eye, are proper for ye; I'll make ye look a right Baud preſently. [*They Fight.*

Genov. This Purſe ſhall do me Juſtice inſtantly—I'll be reveng'd, nay, tho *I* looſe the Money, the Spirit moves now, and thou ſhalt feel my Anger.

[*In the Scuffle puts a Purſe into* Rock's *Pocket; they fight on.*

Enter Maſſamello with a Key.

Maſſ. Heated with Wine, and fit now for the purpoſe; Where is this Charming Dutcheſs, whoſe bright Beauty e'er ſince I ſaw her, has inflam'd my Heart; my Heart, that has poſſeſſion of all Pleaſures that Greatneſs brings in its full range of Power, ſhall Sate its Wiſhes with one Bliſs beyond it, the beſt and deareſt, a fair Ladies Love, then *I* may boaſt, *I* have been truly Happy.—The Cardinal is gone hence, but where's the Lady; and where my Creatures, *Rock* and *Genovino.*

Rock. Ah, he's Fluſter'd, *I* ſee—we ſhall have a rare time on't——would *I* were any where, but where *I* am, tho 'twere in an Oven that had juſt been heated, *I* could not be in a greater Sweat I'm ſure.

Maſſ. Hah, are not theſe they—or do my Eyes deceive me? Is not that *Rock?*

Rock. The Ghoſt of *Rock*, and pleaſe ye, but not the real Subſtance, that was frighted away with an Apparition of the Duke of *Mataloni*, that was here juſt now.

Maſſ. How he tortures me———what, *Mataloni*, Dog-bolt.

Rock. Why Sir, in ſhort then, ſince it muſt out, the *Banditto* Captain that you have Entertained and Truſted—was that Devil, Duke of *Mataloni* in Diſguiſe.

Maſſ. Hell blaſt thy Tongue, and where, where's the Lady, Raſcal?

Rock. Gone, gone, Sir, gone——he threatn'd to Murder us if we cry'd out or ſtirr'd, and then took her away, and Lock'd us in——and by virtue of the Ring you gave him——they're paſt the Guards by this time.

Maſſ. How my Rage Choaks me—*I* could tear my ſelf, daſh my beſotted head, and with theſe hands pull from their Sockets theſe dull uſeleſs Lights——that could not guide my ſenſe in ſuch an Exigent—Senſe, Death and Hell, *I* had no Senſe---no Soul; for had *I* either, or my Sight, or Feeling---*I* muſt know what my Nature ſo Abhorr'd——through the meer force of ſtrong Antipathy. Hah, but now *I* think on't Dog, 'twas your Officious Villany firſt brought him to me———how came it? Anſwer that Slave.

Rock. Alack, by chance, my Lord———meer chance; he ſaid, he had great Buſineſs with ye.

Genov. Ah, Mr Secretary, no more Deceits, reſpect your Conſcience, good Mr. Secretary.

Maſſ. What ſay'ſt thou, art thou privy to any thing? Does he play Falſe with me?

Rock. Not *I*, my Lord, upon my Soul. What does that Raſcal mean?

Genov. My Lord, though *I* ſee his Conſcience is quite ſear'd, yet *I* muſt eaſe my

my own——the Man is Guilty——Accomplice with *Carraffa* and their Faction——and brib'd to aſſiſt the Dutcheſs's Eſcape.

Maſſ. Oh, monſtrous Hell-hound.

Rock. Here's a damn'd Rogue, for ye, here's a Prieſt for the Devil——*I* hope your Excellency won't believe him——for may I be Parboil'd, or Roaſted upon a Grid-Iron my Lord, if ever I ſaw *Carraffa*.

Genov. Oh, vile, vile Sinner,—dar'ſt thou look in my Face and ſay this?

Rock. Look in thy Face—why thou confounded Villain——*I* confeſs, thy Impudence does dazle me—but I beſeech ye, my Lord don't believe him.

Genov. Not believe me, why, my Lord, he own'd it a little before you came, upon which, my Choler being rais'd, we had a Buſtle and ſome Blows, which is the occaſion of this my diſorder both of Head and Habit:—But for a more convincing Proof, ſearch him, my Lord, and without doubt, you may find *Carraffa's* Purſe, in which the Golden Bribe is now about him.

Rock. Search me, *Satan*——ſend all thy Imps to do't, *I* fear 'em not——but come, I'll do't my ſelf——I'll make a plain Diſcovery, my Lord, Empty my ſelf before ye——Oh, Murder, Treaſon. [*Pulls out the Purſe.*

Maſſ. The very Purſe, by *Jove*——and with *Carraffa's* Cypher on't; Oh, damn'd, damn'd Traitor.

Genov. You have made a very plain Diſcovery, in Troth, Mr. Secretary.

Maſſ. *I* will be ſo reveng'd.——Here Father. [*Gives him the Purſe.*

Rock. I am Bewitch'd——I'm not able to ſpeak—Oh, Dog, Dog, Dog.

Maſſ. This Key unlocks all the Doors——where are my Guards there.

Rock. *I* beſeech your Lordſhip, hear me but a word. [*He unlocks the Door.*

Maſſ. Away Contagion——Seize that Traitor there, Whip him round the Market-place, then Hang him in Chains, for Crows and Daws to feed on.

Enter Biſſignano, Pedro, Bartallo, Jacomo, Gaſpar, Scipio 2*d.* Jeſuit *and Guards.*

Genov. *I* think now, Friend, *I* am better than my Word — *I* only promis'd ye a Whipping, you know——and now have added ſomething more.

Rock. Oh, that my hands were at Liberty, Devil.

2 *Jeſ.* Alack, is he th' occaſion of thy Sentence? have Patience a little, and my tender Conſcience ſhall help thee to a Revenge—My Lord, be pleas'd to read that Paper. [*Gives* Maſſaniello a Paper.

Maſſ. What's here! a Liſt of the Conſpirators in the *Powder-Plot*, and *Genovivino's* hand amongſt the foremoſt——'Tis ſo, I know his Character, and this the Fellow that the Cardinal ſpoke of, who made the firſt Diſcovery——Guards, take that Jeſuit too, and uſe him like the other——

Genov. Oh, Devil, haſt thou deſerted me at laſt?

Rock. So, ſo come along Prieſt;——we ſhall ſee how that ſleek Back of yours can bear the Laſh—and your Neck become a Halter——and now you may give your ſelf to the Devil too, if you pleaſe.

Genov. Well, the gaping Raſcals ſhall not hear me confeſs any thing; however, I'll be true to our Order—who *I* know, will all vouch my Innocence, pray my Soul out of *Purgatory*, and make me a Saint for ever into the bargain.

[*Exeunt Guards, with* Rock *and Genovino.*

Don Tib. These were both Rogues, and have deserved their Punishment. But now, Sir, to some Business of more Weight; the Vice-Roy and Great Colateral Council—have caus'd the Articles to be Engraved like those of Old of *Charles* the Fifth and *Ferdinand*, all that your Heart can wish, to free the People——is there Inscrib'd with care and diligence. A Marble Monument is Erected likewise, where in large Golden Letters is Decyphered the Infranchisement of *Naples* from all *Gabells*——by Great *Massaniello*.——You are desir'd therefore to meet in the Cathedral Church to Morrow, where after high *Mass* and Celestial Musick, the Deed's to be on both sides Sealed and Ratified.

Mass. I'll hear no more of trifling Business now, my Head contains a Tempest, my Brain burns fiercer than *Ætna* or *Vesuvius*'s Mounts——I'm mad with Rage, and therefore let all Nature, like me, be in Confusion; he that speaks of Order and discretion in Affairs, is my Foe; my hour, shall be Mankind's, and in that moment when *I* Wisely act, let them be struck with endless Lethargy:——am *I* not here Supream? I am; and yet my Soul Wishes to Sway the rest——and that the Globe obey'd my Will—*I* would confine the Winds——stop the due course of Seas, and make the Sun influence the World by my peculiar Order; but since that cannot be, let this suffice——

That with a Nod, vast Legions I Command,
And from Tyrannick Yoaks have freed the Groaning Land.

Pedro. My Lord, You must not mind what he says now. [*Exit* Massaniello. Love, Anger and Clarer, have made him at present a little out of Order, but you shall see he'll quickly come to himself again.

Bart. He talks none of the Wisest now, 'tis true, but for all that, I'll wage a fat Bullock against one of thy Sacks of Meal, Neighbour, that he goes to Church as soberly to Morrow as the Cardinal himself.

Jacom. Oh, no doubt on't, no donbt on't.

Scip. Where's *Valasco*? I warrant now his Master's gone to be Hang'd, that poor Rascal will be out at Elbows agen.

Gasp. Ay and out at heels too, if thou out of thy Noble Compassion do'st not help to mend him, Cobler.

Don Tib. Well, Friends, you'll put the General in mind then, you know 'tis a Business of Concern.

Jacom. We will, we will, my Lord.

Don Tib. He has sworn to lay down Arms, and yet *I* doubt him, for Power, like new Wine, in so young a Head, may well intoxicate and turn the Brain—yet not to do't, ushers his certain Ruin; for let Rebellion revel for a while, and by th' Almighty's Suffrage——plague a Kingdom, there will be yet an hour mark'd out for Vengeance; this then I Prophecy for *Massaniello*;

Though high on Fortune's Wheel he's seated now,
A time soon comes, when he must fall as low. [*Curtain falls*

The End of the First Part.

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